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The Saturday Review of Literature

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TENTH ANNIVERSARY

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FALL ANNOUNCEMENT NUMBER

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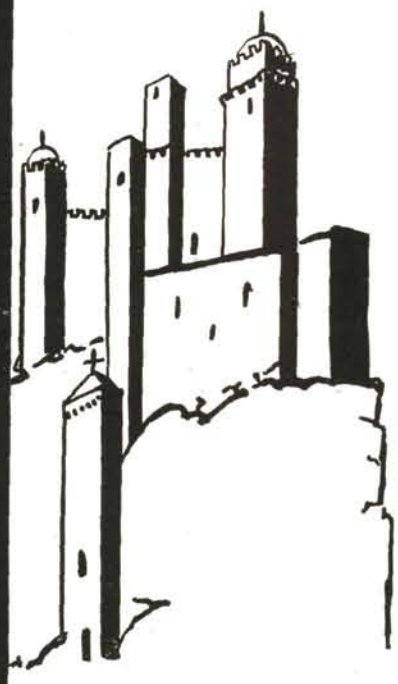

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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME XI — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1934 — NUMBER 12

The Battle of 1936 Begins

THE CHALLENGE TO LIBERTY. By Herbert Hoover. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1934. $1.75.

NEW FRONTIERS. By Henry A. Wallace. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

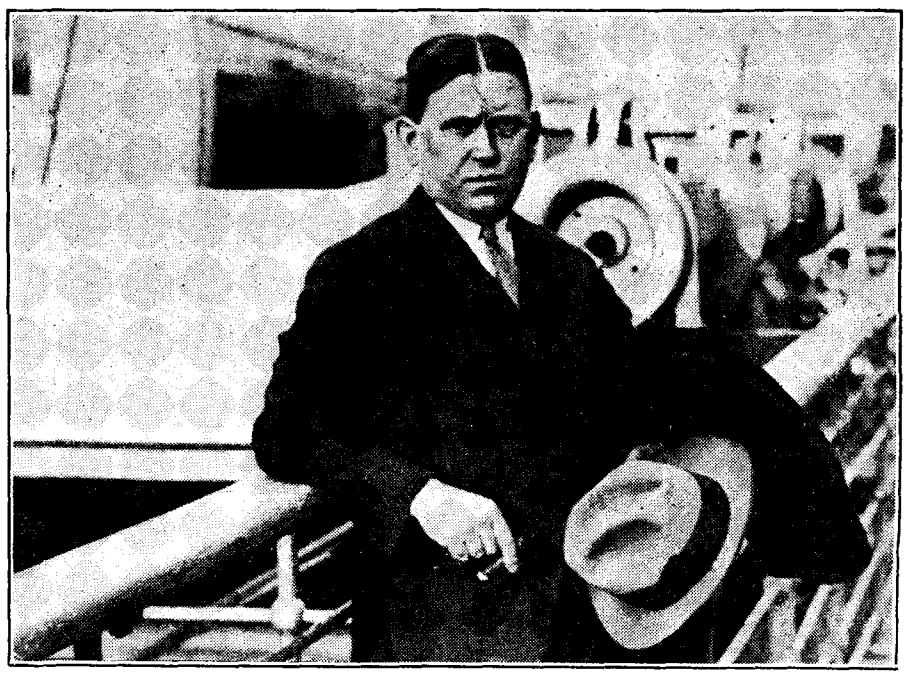
THESE two volumes may be regarded as the opening guns in a great battle which will rage with increasing fury till after the election of 1936, if not longer. The controversial literature upon the New Deal constantly thickens, but till now it has been written by economists and journalists. Here we have an attack by the last President, the titular head of the Republican Party; an explanation and defence by the Secretary of Agriculture, a former Republican who left his party in disgust and is now one of Mr. Roosevelt's most effective associates. Both are able books. They do not quite come to grips. It would be very surprising if they did, for their authors walk in two different worlds. But they show with impressive clarity that America has indeed come to a parting of the ways; that she faces a choice between two radically different philosophies of government, two wholly disparate conceptions of the future of business, agriculture, and the common man in America; and that since Mr. Roosevelt entered upon the Presidency with his amazing program this choice can no more be evaded than the choice between slavery and emancipation could be evaded once Lincoln had entered the Presidency. Written by party leaders, they are in effect ringing appeals for an alignment between conservatives on the one hand and progressives on the other.

The intense earnestness, the fervent conviction with which both Mr. Hoover and Mr. Wallace write, befit their themes and the immense importance of the options which lie before the American nation. Both books were prepared for the moment; much of both (and especially Mr. Hoover's) will read queerly a few years hence. But in both the argument is dignified by the passionate concern which the authors feel for the future of the country. Neither man descends for a moment to personalities or the ordinary level of campaign challenges and battlecries. Under the circumstances, Mr. Hoover's elevation of tone is particularly praiseworthy. After performing a long series of great and patriotic services for his country, he was subjected to more abuse, vilification, and sneering detraction than any President since Cleveland. He suffered even more from popular identification with calamities of which he was not the author. The sneering references to "Hoover prosperity," the fashion of dubbing camps for homeless and jobless men "Hooverville," the innumerable other gibing thrusts, must have been more bitter to him than even his defeat by the unprecedented vote of forty-two States to six. But there is no trace of rancor in the book. Its dignity and restraint are maintained with a scrupulosity which even interferes somewhat with its effectiveness. The author does not once mention Mr. Roosevelt or any other high officer of the Administration by name, and does not speak directly of the NRA or AAA. His insistence upon dealing with principles and principles alone deserves the utmost praise. And Mr. Wallace's volume, while written with more verve and imagination, is equally elevated in character.

Mr. Hoover's book is frankly an appeal to old standards, old aims, and old traditions: the traditions of Harrison and McKinley, of Taft, Harding, and Coolidge — but not of Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson, to say nothing of Franklin D. Roosevelt. If his moral earnestness is striking, his tenacity of opinion is even more so. There is no essential idea in this book of 1934 that he did not express in his chief campaign speeches of 1928 at Palo Alto, Newark, Elizabethtown, Boston, New York, and St. Louis. It was noted after his defeat in 1932 that he nailed his flag tighter to the mast than ever; that in his last four months as President he altered not a single tenet and enforced all his old policies as vigorously as before. He still clings to them. The text of this book might be found in a paragraph of his New York address of October 22, 1928. He there mentioned that Alfred E. Smith thought that state sale of liquor would be better than prohibition; that Mr. Smith had an agricultural program which meant that the government should "directly or indirectly buy and sell and fix prices of agricultural products"; and that Mr. Smith favored power production at Muscle

(*Continued on page* 168)

Iowa farmers drag judge from court when he refuses to suspend foreclosure; force a deputy to kiss the flag. Acme photo, from "The Roosevelt Year" (Funk & Wagnalls).



Illuminators of the Abyss

BY H. L. MENCKEN

SO far, the loud outcries for a proletarian literature do not seem to have produced anything of shining virtue, at all events in this country. There has been, to be sure, a large effusion of emetic short stories about life on the one-crop farms and in the steel mills, and now and then a full-length novel has come out in all the glory of a drugstore dust-cover, but whenever this stuff has been readable it has turned out to be full of bourgeois adulterants, and whenever it has met the specifications of the Moscow Holy Office it has put the reader to sleep. The American theologians of the movement, as if in despair of conjuring up anything worth while by exhortation, now resort to the capitalistic infamy of offering cash money, and there is announced a prize of 750 baloney dollars for the best proletarian novel submitted before April 1, 1935. But though a baloney dollar is still worth a quart of rubles, and radicals love money above the common, the judges plainly suspect that April 1, 1935, may be only another April Fool Day, for they are careful to add that they "reserve the right to reject all manuscripts." It is a prudent reservation, for all proletarian writing puts a cruel strain on the psyche, dangerous if prolonged, and the worst of it is the fiction.

Why this should be so I don't know, but there is the fact. If you doubt it go to the nearest bookshop specializing in sexology and revolution, and take a look at the current radical periodicals. One and all, they are dull beyond description. Not the slightest novelty or pungency of thought is in them, nor any charm of manner. The ideas they offer are simply the worn-out imbecilities of the Fathers of Utopia, and the phrases all sound alike, and are equally devoid of music. Here are propagandists with a cause full of emotion, and it would surely not be unreasonable to expect them to get some of its warmth and color into their prose, but all they ever show is the puerile clumsiness of a child struggling with a half-learned lesson.

That this stodginess is inseparable from the revolutionary temperament is certainly not true. There have been world-savers who had their say in very pretty terms, and some survive to this day. I need point only to Upton Sinclair. The facts he relies on so confidently are often mingled with fancy, and his arguments are seldom models of logic, but he at least knows how to snuffle and gargle words, and sometimes he is also amusing, though usually only unconsciously. The brethren who got out the *Masses* in its early days were of the same sort, and had even more notable gifts. They fell upon capitalism with a great bounce, and wrung many a guffaw from the gallery. Some of their phrases are remembered to this moment, and when the police lassoed them at last it was their wit far more than the Constitution that saved them. But all these bright lads have now been purged from the movement on orders from the Moscow Habbukuks, and their successors show none of their engaging liveliness. The *New Masses*, indeed, is one of the dullest sheets ever heard of, even in radical circles. There is no more gaiety in it than you will find in the proceedings of the Lake Mohonk Conference.

The purging aforesaid is probably to blame for the change. It needs a man

Photograph of H. L. Mencken by Keystone.

This Week

TWO TRAMPS IN MUD-TIME
By ROBERT FROST

THE AGE OF CONFIDENCE
By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
Reviewed by Sinclair Lewis

MORE HARBOURS OF MEMORY
By WILLIAM McFEE
Reviewed by Archie Binns

TWENTY-SIX ESTIMATES OF OUR FIRST TEN YEARS
Letters from prominent literary figures

THE PHŒNIX JUMPS OUT OF HIS NEST
By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT
Photographs by ROBERT DISRAELI

JAMES G. BLAINE
By DAVID S. MUZZEY
Reviewed by William Allen White

RETREAT FROM GLORY
By R. H. BRUCE LOCKHART
Reviewed by Harold Nicolson

CAPATAZ DE CARGADORES
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week or Later

THE SMART SET
By BURTON RASCOE

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without humor to take unintelligible orders docilely, and a man of the congenitally subordinate and third-rate sort. The old-timers, if there had been any Moscow then, would have bidden it be damned, but the newcomers appear to sing whatever hymn is lined out, though always a couple of measures behind the beat, and in a faltering key. There hangs about all of them a kind of natural nonentity, like that of soldiers in a file, though many of them bear distinguished (albeit largely bogus) Anglo-Saxon names. No doubt they cherish their dreams too, but it is easy to see that if the day of Armageddon ever comes they will not do any lolling on the red plush of the Washington Kremlin. Indeed, they seem to be debarred even today from the cataracts of champagne and the caviare as big as golf balls of the Soviet Embassy. They may be entertained there, but if so it must be in the garage.

The truth is that most of the brethren have failure written all over them, and are engaged in saving the proletariat only as a surrogate for doing something for themselves. Nearly all the fictioneers among them, before they joined the Volga school, made unhappy attempts to adorn the *Cosmopolitan* school, and most of the poets, before they began to write dithyrambs of revolt, made a mess of writing sonnets. It is an ironical fact, testifying to the malice with which the world is run, that the chief poem of the movement, and indeed its only poem of any bulk and beam, is the composition of an elderly and immensely respectable gentleman who is a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters and a Litt.D. of a Baptist university. Its great proletarian novel, when it comes at last, will probably come from a source quite as heathenish. There is unquestionably a first-rate novel in the woes of the Chandala, and a very moving one—given a novelist competent to surmount its obvious difficulties. But that is precisely the sort of novelist the movement can't produce. It is full of reporters who see what isn't there and report it inaccurate-

[illegible] human significance.

The so-called critics of the so-called revolution are even more plainly inferiorities. There are few among them who practise the liberation of the lowly as a first choice; nearly all began on higher levels, trying to do something for themselves. It is a common belief among young men with a disinclination for steady jobs that they are gravid with novel and important ideas about *litteræ humaniores*, and that the art of criticism needs them, and will reward them richly. Unfortunately, it is a much harder trade than it looks to be, and so there is a considerable wastage among these volunteers. After two or three dizzy appearances as blurbists, and a couple of fan letters from members of the League of American Penwomen, they discover to their dismay that the world in general is cold to genius. In brief, they make no impression, and what began as a career ends as a job. And very often even the job slips from under them.

What to do? Two courses are open. The first is to submit to fate, and so slide down to the lower reaches of journalism, with maybe an occasional check from a pulp magazine to help boil the pot. The other is to shock the world into attention by turning Mormon or cannibal. This turning Mormon or cannibal is an ancient device, and has protean forms, but fashion controls it from time to time. There was a day when Imagism was the magic word, and Amy Lowell the reigning priestess. I can recall acres of furious writing proving that she was a better poet than Shelley, and more acres arguing that anyone who doubted it was insane, criminal, and illiterate. But the world continued to doubt it, and so Imagism passed out, and the embattled seekers had to find a new arcanum.

Some enlisted under the eagle of Professor Irving Babbitt and made the gory campaign for the New Humanism, now almost forgotten. Others took to religion and declared themselves High Church Episcopalians—despite, in many cases, inconvenient surgical evidence to the contrary. Others made the grand leap into the awful arms of Holy Church itself—but not many, for Holy Church, in this country, wisely prefers other fishing, and seldom wastes a good fly on malarious intellectuals. If Technocracy had lasted long enough it would have fetched scores; unfortunately, it blew up before they could get aboard, and they had to turn to other revelations, some foreign and some domestic. A large number embraced Sexology, which had been lurking in Greenwich Village for years past, slowly developing from a sport to a science, and now had many customers, and promised easy money.

The buglers of a proletarian literature run true to this ever hopeful but never rewarded type. There are, of course, some among them who actually issue from the one-crop farms and steel mills, and thus come by their esthetic theory honestly, but they are not numerous. The norm is an apostate from more urbane and plausible ideas, and he commonly carries with him the rancor of one who found them unbearably complex and onerous. So he turns to the childish simplicities that are the essence of all quackery, and whoops them up with the scientific passion of a corn-doctor at a county fair. The very banality of his thesis is its sufficient certificate to muddled and yearning minds. *Credo, quia absurdum.* Write your symphony in the proletarian key of C major, and you will be better than Brahms, who was a mercenary of capitalism and prostituted his talents to the bourgeois keys of D, E minor, F, and C minor. The important thing is not the symphony but the key. Any symphony in the right key is good; any in the wrong one is bad.

Unfortunately, the world continues to admire Brahms, and with him all the other vultures in the proletarian aviary. Worse, it refuses to admire the canary-birds set up to devour them. The new proletarian literature, like the literature of the other revolutionary arcana that I have mentioned, turns out on examination to be amateurish and preposterous, and in large part downright idiotic. It is full of discoveries about *Homo sapiens* that were stale to the more subversive loafers in the barber shops of Nineveh and Tyre. It is done only too often in English that seems to be a bad translation from the Yiddish, and it is incompetently organized and quite lacking in dramatic design and emotional horse-power. There is in it, at times, some of the raw materials of literature, but you will find the same in any newspaper. Its chief charm to those who can endure it at all is probably the flavor of pornography that is in most of it—but the pornography of lowly life is much more artfully purveyed by authors who view their proletarians with a sardonic eye, and put them closer to the polecat than to the cherubim.

This banal indecency also gets into the dialectic of the movement, often with grotesque effect. Some time ago one of its Taines printed a series of brief characterizations of various American authors who regard it unfavorably. His obvious effort was to be witty, and he strained himself pretty hard to concoct wisecracks that would be recognizably intellectual and yet safely proletarian. Well, in twenty-three times at the bat he had to resort to sexual or scatological ideas no less than ten times. What Freud would make of this I don't know, but I suspect that there is more in it than meets the eye. Certainly it can't be without significance that the movement has got more recruits from Sexology than from any other quackery. There is visible in it, on all levels, an adolescent yen to shock and scare, and the chief sorrow of its fuglemen seems to be that the bourgeoisie refuses to be alarmed about it, but takes it with bovine indifference.

How long will it last? Probably not more than a few years. Long ago I drew up and printed a sort of chronological chart of American quackeries, including the literary. It ran back for two decades, and showed a surprisingly large number of entries. There is always something new in that line, but by the same token what is new today is stale tomorrow. The average duration of life of such things is certainly not more than a few years. The New Humanism, in fact, rose and fell within twelve months, and Technocracy was here and gone in five or six weeks. When the literature of the proletariat was discovered I can't tell you, but it was probably not more than two or three years ago. The pother about it has thus passed its noon, and will presently subside, as all other such uproars have subsided in the past.

The end may come by slow decay, as in the case of the High Church movement of the *Hound & Horn* altar-boys, or it may come by catastrophe, as in the case of the parlor socialism of twenty years ago. On April 5, 1917, the pale Marxism then prevailing in the land was almost as fashionable as squash, and in its literary *corps d'élite* were many sharp and glowing pens. But by April 7 it had virtually vanished, and all the pens were consecrated to the war to end war. Something of the sort may happen to the revolutionists who now tell us in such shaky English that only bad writers can really write, and only the low-down are worth writing about. On some near tomorrow the Brain Trust may discover them, and they may be taken into the New Deal in a body, each with his travelling expenses, his mahogany desk, and his stenographer nominated by himself. Or on some rather remoter tomorrow, the cops may turn Nazi and get out of hand, and prudence may suddenly consume the passion for Service, as in 1917.

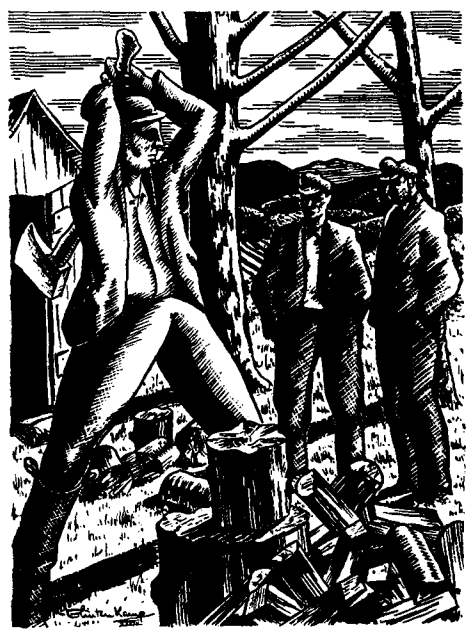
There is, indeed, never much heroism in literati. Those who have rich fathers to rescue them do not hesitate to pull a constabulary whisker now and then, but the rest seem to have little relish for the barricades. Their job is not to fight, but to think. They do it badly, but still they prefer it to carnage.

Two Tramps in Mud-Time

And caught me splitting wood in the yard.
And one of them put me off my aim
By hailing cheerily "Hit them hard!"
I knew pretty well why he dropped behind
And let the other go on a way.
I knew pretty well what he had in mind:
He wanted to take my job for pay.

Good blocks of beech it was I split,
As large around as the chopping block;
And every piece I squarely hit
Fell splinterless as a cloven rock.
The blows that a life of self-control
Spares to strike for the common good
That day, giving a loose to my soul,
I spent on the unimportant wood.

The sun was warm but the wind was chill.
You know how it is with an April day:
When the sun is out and the wind is still,
You're one month on in the middle of May.
But if you so much as dare to speak,
A cloud comes over the sunlit arch,
A wind comes off a frozen peak,
And you're two months back in the middle of March.



Drawn for The Saturday Review
by H. Glintenkamp

His song so pitched as not to excite
A single flower as yet to bloom.
It is snowing a flake: and he half knew
Winter was only playing possum.
Except in color he isn't blue,
But he wouldn't advise a thing to blossom.

The water for which we may have to look
In summertime with a witching-wand,
In every wheelrut's now a brook,
In every print of a hoof a pond.
Be glad of water, but don't forget
The lurking frost in the earth beneath
That will steal forth after the sun is set
And show on the water its crystal teeth.

The time when most I loved my task
These two must make me love it more
By coming with what they came to ask.
You'd think I never had felt before
The weight of an ax head poised aloft,
The grip on earth of outspread feet,
The life of muscles rocking soft
And smooth and moist in vernal heat.

Out of the woods two hulking tramps
(From sleeping God knows where last night
But not long since in the lumber camps).
They thought all chopping was theirs of right.
Men of the woods and lumber-jacks,
They judged me by their appropriate tool.
Except as a fellow handled an ax,
They had no way of knowing a fool.

Nothing on either side was said.
They knew they had but to stay their stay
And all their logic would fill my head:
As that I had no right to play
With what was another man's work for gain.
My right might be love but theirs was need.
And where the two exist in twain
Theirs was the better right—agreed.

But yield who will to their separation,
My object in life is to unite
My avocation and my vocation
As my two eyes make one in sight.
Only where love and need are one,
And the work is play for mortal stakes,
Is the deed ever really done
For Heaven and the future's sakes.

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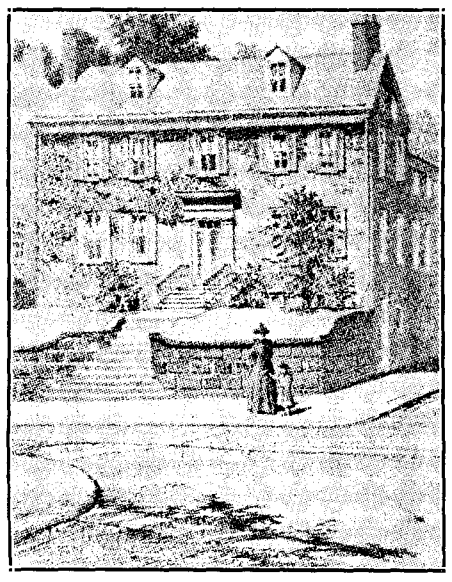
Nostalgia for the Nineties

THE AGE OF CONFIDENCE. By Henry Seidel Canby. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by SINCLAIR LEWIS

HERE in the Vermont hills, this September, I have been reading four opera all mixed together: "Appointment in Samarra," the recent first novel by Mr. John O'Hara; a review of that novel, by Mr. Henry Seidel Canby; "The Age of Confidence," a biographical history of the 90's by the same Canby; and "Kubla Khan," by Mr. Coleridge. (But—no—to the grief of all judicious men in the business of professing English, I did *not* get the most excitement, the greatest invocation of beauty, from the last of these!)

I started out with Mr. Canby's review of Mr. O'Hara's novel. I gathered that he did not like Mr. O'Hara's novel. He said, among other indignant things, "There is



Drawings by Albert Kruse from "The Age of Confidence."

a thorough-going vulgarity in this book, characteristic of its class, which is a symptom of a lack of knowledge of the novelist's real art . . . an insufferable vulgarity which has crept into so many of our supposedly advanced novels that someone not squeamish, not unread in earlier literatures, must protest against what is cheapening American fiction. . . . No excuse for making what they call art out of plumbing. . . . Do they think we are going to be content with sour pap like this?"

I sighed, then. "It's the same old story. This Canby is another academician. He has the same startled-fawn naiveté that contemporary reviewers exhibited when Hawthorne discovered that clergymen may sin, when Howells hinted that even handsome young American lovers may wear pantaloons and suspenders instead of azure robes, when Dreiser grumbled that ladies of uncertain reputation—which, of course, means of a decidedly certain reputation—may yet be practically human, and when Mark Twain asserted that youths of the hobo class sometimes say 'damn.' They always scold thus at anything new and fresh and fine."

But then, unfortunately, I read "Appointment in Samarra," and there wasn't anything new or fresh or fine about it, and Mr. Canby was completely right. Most of the Advanced Reviewers had whooped for Mr. O'Hara, lest they be thought timid and virginal . . . a crime now as shameful as unvirginality two decades ago. Mr. Canby was one of the few ranking critics who had the sense to see that this book, for all the cleverness of its observation, the deftness of its tempo, the courage of its vocabulary, was inherently nothing but infantilism—the erotic visions of a hobbledehoy behind the barn, even though the barn does figure in the novel as a "country club."

But Mr. Canby did not sufficiently condemn the title of the book, which is bad art, atrocious philosophy, and—since it is both meaningless and difficult to remember—shockingly bad box-office. In this Coolidge-neighboring Vermont, since we could never remember whether it was Assignment in Samarra, or Absurdity or Appointment or Action or Asininity or Abomination or Androgyny in Samarra, we finally christened the book "Assignation in Abyssinia," as being both easier to remember and more accurate as an analysis of the contents.

Now what Mr. Canby particularly dislikes in the characters of Mr. O'Hara is that "they have no values." If he makes such an accusation, it is only fair to examine this peculiarly personal and intimate book by Mr. Canby himself, this "Age of Confidence," to see whether he has "values"—a word equally useful and dangerous, like strychnine. Well, he has.

"The Age of Confidence" is a Landscape with Figures. The landscape is Wilmington, Delaware—but really it is all of the non-agricultural Eastern seaboard north of Carolina—in the 1890's and the adjacent years; and the figures are those of all of us, at least all of us above the barber and truckman social line, who are from forty to fifty-five now in 1934, and who were fumbling for knowledge in that era. It is not a biography. It is not a history. It is not an illustrated book of travels. It is a little of all of them.

Books of recollections by literary persons are as common as autumn leaves, and about as valuable and enduring. Most of them have a jolly air of desiring to share whimsically with the reader the experiences of the author, but actually their subconscious purpose is to inform the world how importantly, with what important persons and events, the author has been associated. . . . Isn't it amusing that when I was but nine, my teacher should have prophesied that I would be the best-known poet of Southwestern Arkansas?— . . . I never shall forget that dinner in London. Poor little me, I was the only unimportant guest, yet somehow they all seemed to turn to me—that whole wonderful, glamorous gathering: Bernard Shaw, whose beard was still red; Thomas Hardy, who leaned over me laughingly and said that he was just getting used to his new false teeth; my dear friend Sybil Colfax——

In Mr. Canby's book there is none of this, none at all. Nor again is there any long, abstract, entirely subjective whimpering about the Time that is out of joint, oh cursed spite. The book is, thank Heaven, as objective as a sound novel: what he—what more or less we—wore and read and rode. The religious denominations of the town, and the evolution of Baptist into Episcopalian. Warfare between the Micks and the young burghers of the Quaker school. The state dinners for which the good old silver was brought out. The moral revolution symbolized by the change of the Parlor into a Living Room. The ticking rhythm of the long quiet day, from the first barking of the dogs released at six to the late evening when every one was asleep and the house seemed to slumber with them. The romance and romances of Walter Scott—so tempting in a solid and slightly stuffy commercial epoch that was just expanding into Big Industry—and their sequels in "Richard Carvel" and "Monsieur Beaucaire"—and "reading 'The Last of the Mohicans' in a savage hemlock forest toward dusk in a northern summer," which "sent thrills through the bones which still faintly vibrate"—and the final discovery of the possibilities of a livelier existence as ballyhooed by the newly erupted Bernard Shaw. That leafy red-brick town, that spacious contented house, that assurance of the permanence of Home and Family, that Age of Confidence which is utterly gone now in the 1930's and which we may not see again, unto our children's children's children.

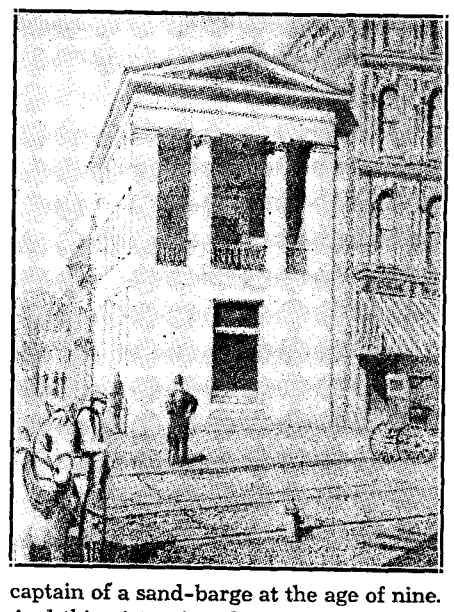
Mr. Canby's purpose, I take it, is dual: the artistic compulsion to describe that life, those people, for the sake of the portrait in itself; and the desire to interpret the children who today are fifteen or twenty or twenty-five to themselves, by explaining what and how and why their elders were at those same ages. What did We think then about our parents, about the theology and the science that were doled out with about the same stinginess, about the quiet of woodland and hillside, about the Importance of Being Successful, about economic entities that went somewhat beyond the limits of our town? Whether these brats will profit by "The Age of Confidence" to understand themselves the better by understanding Us, who reared them, I do not know. But I do know that I had the liveliest interest, the lustiest crop of reflections, in here rediscovering for myself my own generation.

Mr. Canby has devoted much print and even more lucidity to the relationship between parents and children in the 1890's as contrasted with the 1930's. He indicates, and stimulatingly, that the revolution in family life was quite as much due to the desire of the elders to remain young as to the desire of youth to seize the freedom of maturity. It is a situation with, often, more comedy than tragedy; parents insisting on making Jolly Pals out of children who, a little bewildered, would rather have the security of reverence than the breeziness of an enforced intimacy.

In one thing Mr. Canby is completely wrong about his own book. Says he, "I had thought at one time of calling this book 'Nostalgia,' but realized before I had written a chapter that this title would be utterly false." Well, he should have re-realized, after he had written a lot of chapters, that no title could have been so true. At least to one reader, this reproduction of the age both of innocence and confidence brought a decided nostalgia, and he swore that the whirr of bicycles heard from a "front porch" on a summer evening had a magic more real and compelling and enduring than the whirr of Cadillacs, the blatting of radios, heard today from a chromium-and-black-glass-café on Fifth Avenue.

But of the four offerings which I was reading all at once, I have said nothing of "Kubla Khan." I don't know that in the most insinuating and nostalgic pages of Mr. Canby there is any particular glimpse of flashing eyes and floating hair. Yet it seems to me that considerably more than the floating-hair boys, he has veritably drunk the milk of Paradise. There were books then, instead of radios; there was time to walk through softly breathing woods instead of, with a fantastic devotion to nothing whatever, being impelled to follow the gleam of a Grael V8, New Model.

There has always, in recollections of American life, been rather a lot of flashing eyes and floating hair. So recently as this autumn, considering the jackets of new books, I have found it accounted an important virtue for an author to have been born in a sheep-pen or to have been



captain of a sand-barge at the age of nine. And this virtue is enhanced if the young Dan'l Boone of letters has, after his pioneering among the grizzlies or the sea-lions, also pioneered spiritually by going abroad and conquering the choicest European circles—Ezra Pound from Idaho puissant in Rapallo, Glenway Wescott of Wisconsin in quite the most native espadrilles on the Riviera.

It is a relief to be reassured that one may lead a sober, industrious, and even flagrantly respectable life, answer one's letters and pay one's debts, and still in the spirit wander incessantly through a savage place, as holy and enchanted as e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted. And it is a refreshment to discover that not all of the American Tradition is determined by P. T. Barnum and Huck Finn and Jim Hill but that also, for some four hundred years, there has been, in many Wilmingtons, a tradition of quiet civilization.

An Important Phase of Maritime History

MORE HARBOURS OF MEMORY. By William McFee. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARCHIE BINNS

TO one who spent some of his seafaring years in the engine-rooms of steamships this book awakens a certain homesickness (I think it is called nostalgia nowadays) for the sound of auxiliaries and pumps answering each other with almost human voices in the iron forest of an engine-room. Also, because it is honest and vivid, it evokes a sense of relief in one who had escaped from a delicate and exacting profession which has a way of turning incredibly brutal and laborious at the most unexpected moments.

The unique nature of Mr. McFee's place in sea literature is not, I believe, generally appreciated. There are a number of writers who have depicted sea life from the viewpoint of the deck with fidelity and true understanding, but to my knowledge there is no other writer who gives a satisfactory account of the engine-room. And it is to the engine-room that we must turn, despite howls from the deck, to learn what has been going on in the change from ships that depended on vagaries of the wind to ships that depend on the vagaries of Diesel power. In his introduction Mr. McFee discovers he is neither young nor ultra-modern. If he were, it would be our loss, for he could never have given us the very sound and smell and flavor of an important phase of maritime history which otherwise has no satisfactory treatment. Someone else may yet interpret the soul of the squealing, high-speed turbine or the Diesel motor, but Mr. McFee is the undisputed interpreter of the reciprocating steam engine, which man made in his own image — with calculable, stamping, piston-rod legs, cross-head elbows and knees, and a warm and simple heart.

To passengers and potential passengers of steam and motor ships the more technical essays in this collection are recommended for particular reasons. In a very real sense modern passenger ships are designed, built to enormous proportions, and filled with longshore comforts and gadgets by the travelling public which knows nothing about naval architecture but knows, or thinks it knows, what it likes. To the same public, periodically bewildered by the suicide, burning, or sinking of foolproof, fireproof, and unsinkable ships, I would particularly recommend "Engine Room Stuff." " . . . in the last analysis, at the critical moment in the imminent deadly breach, it is the man, not the mechanism, that counts. And nobody will ever anticipate, by as much as a split second, the critical moment in the engine-room at sea."

Others of these essays are undiluted by any conscious wisdom, and they are wise and rich indeed:

> Memories arise of quiet harbors around the shores of the ancient sea where we put our knees under the heavy tables in some Iberian wineshop with an earthen floor, where the wineskins leaned like bloated dusky swine against the whitewashed wall. . . .

And consider the extraordinary wreck of the *Cuckfield*. She went ashore on the Isle of Man while her captain was below, drinking with his devoted old wife. All hands reached the foot of the cliff by means of a ladder from the forecastle, while the sea foamed dramatically at their feet with the aid of beer from stove-in barrels in the punctured forehold. Afterward the crew carried their sea bags across a potato field to a farm, where the captain, in nightcap and nightshirt, asked for a private room for a lady.

In short, this grand collection of essays contains true wisdom, clear-sighted integrity for the present, and a realization that for the past there is a continually expiring statute of limitations. And when good and evil expire with that statute the erring captain of the *Cuckfield* is remembered with warmth and affection while others are never heard of because they brought their ships safely into port.

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Archie Binns is the author of the recently published novel, "Lightship."

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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The Saturday Review in An Age of Experiment

The ten years since *The Saturday Review* was founded have approximated the era of the so-called "lost generation" of American writers. But what an irony of misnaming that the term "lost" should have been applied to the youth of the one great Western country that did not lose its young in the war, but kept its oncoming generation, disillusioned, discontented, yet able to propagate both their own successors and a new literature! And indeed these ten years which the *Review* and the war generation have lived together, have been rich not sterile, creative not decadent, a decade in which it was good for a literary journal to be alive.

1924-1934 saw Dreiser recognized, Sinclair Lewis come to the peak of his achievement, Robert Frost and Willa Cather round into maturity, Elinor Wylie [illegible] That decade a fiction of the proletariat, and the groundwork of a Marxian critique of American literature. It witnessed the end of prudishness, Eliot and the intellectualists, the creation of *The New Yorker* our first adequate magazine of satiric humor, the founding of *Fortune* which represents the first efficient use of the methods of scholarship in journalism, a new literature of economics and a new literature of psychology. It saw the revival of biography for popular reading, and history, with science behind it, made again into an art. The American generation that became of age in these fertile years may have been confused but was certainly not lost.

Still more significant in this decade have been the new forces released and stirring. It has been a period of equinoctial, the intellectual climate of which has changed from storm to storm; indeed its marked characteristics have been a sense of change in the air, a wide restlessness, and a reawakening of spiritual energy long drugged by great expectations of profits and an overweening confidence in American materialism.

The writer responsible for most of the weekly editorials in the *Review* for these ten years, looking back over his contributions, feels like a recording barometer suddenly become conscious of the surprising dips and rises its pen has marked. With surprise, but not with shame, he notes false starts, mistaken interpretations, tentative prophecies not realized. The infallible factotums of literary criticism in earlier days have one by one been exposed by a more scientific scholarship. Their omniscience has been proved hollow, their dogmatic interpretations of their own times, which for a while deceived history, have too many of them been exploded. It is better to have been consistent in reaching after elusive truth, than to have attained, as many of them did, a magnificent consistency of error. Nevertheless this *Review's* ten years of judgment exercised by editors and contributors working together has not been without its own consistency. It will be clear to the reader looking backward that our barometer has not failed in sensitivity to important currents in the literary life of these interesting years. We have believed that change is a vital element of literature. We have welcomed change whose roots were nourished in a rich and authentic past. We have been aware that change may be from better to worse as easily as from worse to better, but must be accepted (like the universe), yet need not be approved simply because it is change.

Any attempt to sum up in advance of history what has most significantly changed in literature, and especially in American literature, in this decade, can be only a guess. We guess then, that what happened in 1924-1934, was that our writers then prevailingly turned their gaze from a fascinated contemplation of their own emotions, and, startled by the shock of the war, and the boom, and the depression, began to look out and around and beyond themselves with a nervous resolve to see more clearly. They gave up and indeed forgot those agreeable phantasies of what life should be like which the decades before 1914 had supplied so abundantly, and began to turn a thousand sharp-lensed kodaks on society regarded, really for the first time in America, as a complicated structure governed by scientific laws of cause and effect. They saw discontent where their predecessors (and their softer contemporaries) romanticized, they found disillusion in communities hitherto depicted as quaintly sentimental, they discovered tares in the wheat and bad in pretty much everything. In order to philosophize their revolt, they took to abstractions and formulas. The young novelists worked out their perspectives with the aid of principles acquired from Marx and used or misused to make a pattern. The new poets borrowed the physicists' habit of representing the symbolism of natural objects by a formula, and wrote their poetry accordingly. The new journalists, who in this decade became dramatists, novelists, or critics as easily as caterpillars turn into which was now their master. The new playwrights turned to the movies, developing there a speed of story-telling which resembled the new tempo of transportation which carried them from New York to Hollywood in the time of reading an old-fashioned novel. The serious-minded (which means, most, even of the flippant) who wished to make social history out of literature, became excitedly conscious of the rise of a new class, and wrote books about their discoveries in a sub-civilization, which the proletariat, obstinately unliterary, never thought of reading. Satire, coming to its own, became an American style, instead of a trick permitted only to irresponsibles like Mark Twain or Mr. Dooley. Since "looking them over" was the literary fashion it was sure to prosper, and so was biography, for when contemporary life began to be more closely scrutinized it was inevitable that we should have to revalue the celebrities of the past. Literature in America became objective at the moment when Proust and Joyce abroad were carrying it inward, yet the difference was chiefly between an interest in the class in contrast to the analysis of an individual. Yet all the while that the new school was thus experimenting, the great craftsmen (now passing middle age) of the period, were quietly perfecting a summary of what America had been up to the present, and still largely was, in spite of swift change on the horizon. Booth Tarkington had probably done his best work, but Willa Cather, Robert Frost, Ellen Glasgow, E. A. Robinson, and others, were in their prime.

This last was absolute gain for letters; just as the experimenting of the Hemingways, Faulkners, MacLeishes, *et al.*, was potential gain, especially in their frank realism, their vigorous diction (in which Ezra Pound had a hand), their freedom from literary convention, and their escape from that part of tradition which had grown stale. Tradition, for the moment, went underground, regretted by the reading public which had a pardonable liking for books that they could understand about lives that appealed to them. But the strong current of tradition keeps its power even when it runs in a conduit instead of on visible wires. It will be tapped again.

So much for gains, but there were losses, —losses in dignity; in sheer interest of reading; in subject matter, for the characters which interested the strongest of the new writers seem to have been limited to the maladjusted, the discordant, and the defeated, of which it is true the first especially had been much neglected before. One loss in particular seems to us to be in its way the distinguishing feature of the negative side of the whole performance.

Something happened in '24-'34 to the inner life of the younger American writers. Leaving out of the list a few conspicuous exceptions, it would seem that they had none. There is plenty of ego, but no confidence of inner living in the new writers of this decade. They write like sensitive typewriters operated by forces outside themselves. They are sometimes intensely subjective, but find nothing inwards that does not shock, or confuse, or distress them. They have no standards, no faith, no certainties, and this after the war and the depression is natural, but also no faculty of resting upon an inner confidence in their own existence as a soul and mind alive, reflective, philosophical against fate, and capable of pleasure in being and thinking in despite of circumstance. They have a fierce passion for experience, but naturally no joy in life. Is it the vast confusion they discovered when they began to look beneath the forms of established society that thus cancelled their own sense of personality? Or was it a confusion in their own emotions which led them to drop their own "I am" in the attempt to analyze the woes of the classes? One does not know, but the fact is evident, and if this generation was "lost," this is what it was losing. Confidence. Not confidence in a social structure, or in a revealed God, or in leadership, each of which has often been lost, and must be lost in order that a new confidence may follow. But confidence in the possibilities of the state of being a man. Certainly that inner life so manifest in the leaders of the last age of intellectual revolt in America—in Thoreau, Emerson, Melville, Whitman—is woefully absent in the new American literature, and this is what makes the daring exploits in new areas of the human consciousness so frequent in these new books seem often harsh and unlovely, brittle and unreasoned. For if it is hard to write regularly and consciously for two million magazine readers without acquiring a standardized imagination, it is even harder to depict truly and sympathetically and prophetically the life of others without a rich, vivid, and confident inner life of your own.

Such a shrinking and such an aridity of the inner life of the imaginative artist in words, such a rich and varied and pugnacious assault in new realms of social experience and human nature, such a crashing down of inhibitions, such a release of active intellects afraid of nothing that happens so long as it is human, it has been the privilege of this *Review* to witness and record and comment upon, with what wisdom has been vouchsafed to it, in the age of literary experiment, the decade 1924-1934.

To the Editor: *An Irish Scholar; What Burke Meant*

Michael Monahan

SIR:—It has often entertained me to speculate about the periods in history in writer and editor of note, and of whom a bust by Edward A. Minazzoli is to be presented this week to the library in New Canaan, Conn.

Michael Monahan was that rare personage amongst us today—the positive man: he refused to be negative and noncommittal; in the opinions he held there were no shadings nor shiftings; he swung between the poles of enthusiasm and scorn. I always decided that Michael would have been most at home in medieval Europe—the Europe of clerks and scholars. He believed that that Europe was correctly pictured in "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," and praise of the thirteenth century always seemed to him the emptiest claptrap. Nevertheless, his true kinsmen were the scholars and poets who went from university to university, lecturing in Latin, disputing in Latin, drinking in taverns, men of great erudition and manifold enmities, but with, as a core to it all, a real belief in and love for Christ and a devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Yes, Michael was of that goliardic brotherhood, one of these footloose Irish scholars whom a Church Father denounced as "porridge-eating, pot-bellied, pugnacious Scots."

Twenty hours before his death I was with him: he was tired, but he roused himself from time to time and spoke with an enthusiasm so subdued that it was pathetic when I thought of his old-time gusto, and with what was for him a sort of impersonalness. I think that only a part of him was fully conscious, the part of him that loved and venerated a few men. He spoke of Dickens, of Thomas Moore, most memorably about Horace.

Then when he lay back tired, sinking into a doze as soon as I turned away, I thought "This is the real Michael Monahan, this man of strong affection, this devotee of character and creativeness."

PADRAIC COLUM.

New York City.

Indicting a Nation

SIR:—For a prominent place among ordinary misquotations, familiar to reviewers, I nominate "You cannot indict a whole nation." In the first place, Burke didn't say it; secondly, he didn't mean by it what he is presumed to have meant; thirdly, if he had, it wouldn't have been true.

Burke was arguing for a certain policy toward the insubordinate American colonies. In his argument he considered the policies proposed by others. One was that of prosecution under the criminal law of England. To this Burke objected as a [illegible] was to consist in the regularity of its form; and Burke objects that for the present case no such customary and regular form exists. The question is one of forms of procedure under the English common law, and the answer is irrelevant to procedure in the republic of letters.

The words, altered so as to destroy their specific appropriateness to Burke's purpose, are quoted as if they meant "you cannot denounce a nation as such." But you can; everybody does. Read the Hebrew prophets; if you haven't time just now for the whole, read the first two chapters of Amos. See what the little nations of Greece said of each other in Thucydides. Get Polybius's candid opinion of the Cretans or the Ætolians. See what Burke himself, two dozen years later in his life, said of the doings of the French people at that time. . . .

Of course there can also be unjust accusations against a nation. But that ought to be another story.

STEPHEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, Mass.

Poets and Practical Men

SIR:—Mr. James Stephens's remark under his picture in the issue of the *Review* for September 15 seems to me all wrong. What would be pertinent might be phrased thus: "The poets and artists must take hold of the world; it has been run too long by 'practical' men."

CARL P. ROLLINS.

New Haven, Conn.

A Lee Bibliography

SIR:—Some of your readers may be interested to know that a complete bibliography of printed books and articles on General Robert Edward Lee, and also a census of Lee manuscripts in the hands of libraries and collectors, is being compiled at the library of Washington and Lee University in Lexington, Virginia. The project has been under way for more than two years and definite progress has now been made. Correspondence and suggestions looking to the uncovering of obscure material is cordially invited by Washington and Lee Library.

BLANCHE PRICHARD MCCRUM, *Librarian.*
Washington and Lee University,
Lexington, Va.

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Twenty-Six Estimates of Our First Ten Years

Letters from Prominent Literary Figures, Here and Abroad, on the Occasion of The Saturday Review's Tenth Anniversary

THE tenth birthday of a magazine may (in America today) be regarded as indicating an age old enough for retrospection, young enough to take advice. On the occasion of our tenth anniversary, the Editors of The Saturday Review *asked those who cared to write letters to be free in their criticism, while not allowing undue reticence to interfere with any expression of approval of the policy and achievement of* The Saturday Review. *We wish to express our thanks, not only for the kind words, but also for the suggestions and for the criticism in general. We have a policy, a program, and a past, but also a future in which constructive criticism as well as friendly support will be valued and valuable.*

"Character, Tact, and Acuteness"

SIR:—It was with lively interest that I learned that *The Saturday Review* was about to celebrate its tenth anniversary, and I hasten to send my most heartfelt congratulations on the event and best wishes for the future. Each time that I have had occasion to read this noted weekly, I have come away with the impression that, thanks to an editorial direction of exceptional ability and breadth of view, it takes rank not only with the outstanding literary organs of America, but with the leading reviews of the world. At this time of intellectual perplexities and confusion it is America itself which one must congratulate on a periodical which follows and interprets literary events with so much character, tact, and acuteness. From the bottom of my heart I hope that the decade on which it is now entering will see its task, never more difficult than today, as well fulfilled as the last, and that it will meet then as now with the acclaim and success it deserves.

THOMAS MANN.

Küssnacht-Zürich.

"Material for Literary History"

SIR:—My feeling is that a future historian who might wish to review the literary life of the decade just past would find virtually all the needed material in the files of *The Saturday Review* for this period. That is to say, these files constitute a most important historical document; the historian would find in them, not only the literary feeling and opinion of their time, but also the very life itself of their day.

This life, moreover, would not be a local one, but, on the contrary, cosmopolitan; for the field covered would be of universal extent. In other words, the historian just imagined would here find considered virtually all that has been considered in the books of this period and would thus have before him, condensed, the decade's essential human thought so far as it is in the power of print to express it.

BOOTH TARKINGTON.

Kennebunkport, Maine.

"No Labor-Saving Mental Devices"

SIR:—I have read, I think, every issue of *The Saturday Review* since it began with Dr. Canby as editor. At the end of each week I have looked for my copy with pleasure, and turning immediately to the editorials, I have been seldom disappointed. Dr. Canby's commentary on the age has been filled with sound sense and sharply pointed with insight.

The general tone of *The Review* is tolerant, judicious, and hospitable to a diversity of opinion. Among the more important contributions, I put first the essays by Santayana, one of the great philosophers of all time, and the most distinguished living master of English prose. Other articles I enjoyed were by Harold Nicolson, James Truslow Adams, Archibald MacLeish, H. M. Tomlinson, J. Donald Adams, John Chamberlain, Allan Nevins, Horace Gregory, and of course Christopher Morley.

But what I like best in *The Saturday Review* is its loyalty to the republic of letters through a period of riot without revolution, when everything except writing is supposed to be literature. For it appears that every branch of art nowadays has become, as Virginia Woolf once remarked of the art of fiction, "infinitely accommodating." So accommodating, indeed, that to hold any standards at all about anything in the world is the quickest way to attract disaster in criticism. That *The Review* should have held standards and still survived proves both its vitality and its usefulness. As long as we continue to live in an age of the amateur, and mediocrity, if only it does not modulate its voice, is assured of an audience, it will be adequate praise of any literary journal to say that it has never offered its readers the cheap modern substitutes for the effort of thinking, or employed a single one of the various labor-saving mental devices.

ELLEN GLASGOW.

Richmond, Va.

Would Like Unsigned Reviews

SIR:—The best weekly journal of literary criticism in English that I ever saw was the *Athenæum*, as it existed in England before the war. (In its later form after the war, it was a caricature of its former self.)

The *Athenæum* which lasted through most of the nineteenth century, was authoritative, dignified, yet never dull.

The Literary (Weekly) Supplement of the London *Times* at present is better than anything we have in America; though it leaves much to be desired.

I am forced to the conclusion that a literary journal consisting largely of book reviews, gains in influence and in value if *all the reviews are unsigned.* The reviewer himself is free to give a franker opinion and is also not so eager to show off his own brilliant wit; for perhaps a majority of book reviews in America are attempts on the part of the reviewer to ape Jack Horner.

Furthermore, the journal itself gains in influence because it is quoted for itself and not because of a particular reviewer. *The Saturday Review of Literature says,* etc.

I congratulate you on what you have accomplished with *The Saturday Review;* in every issue there are things not only worth reading but worth preserving. I think, however, it should be literary and not colloquial in tone. No one loves slang in intimate talk more than I do; but I think it is quite possible for literary articles to be both vigorous and interesting even when written in good English.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

New Haven, Conn.

"The American View We Desire"

SIR:—Your *Review of Literature* has one fault, there is not enough of it. It is very welcome on this side, as far as it goes. What I enjoy most in it are its editorials, its special articles, its correspondence, and its advertisements. They give the American view we desire. In its broad survey of literature and the tendencies of modern opinion, it measures by reference to the established bearings those traditional values which have survived ages of earthquakes and revolutions. I have no confidence in those who can tell us by happy guesswork where we are, without resource to those obsolete data, the meridian and the horizon.

As to reviewing, on your side as on this it has fallen to a level where nobody who knows the tradition would expect to find good work. There is plenty of knowledge, and confidence which is near to bumptiousness, but little understanding. We never listen for the sound of Apollo's bowstring today. Usually a modern review makes a noise more like a dropped tea-tray; no need to look to see whether a shaft has hit the gold. Anarchy is doing its worst with literature as it is with politics. Still, the reviewing in the *S R of L* compares easily with the best on this side. It has good humor and sobriety, virtues growing as out-of-date as reason itself. The revolt against civilization is growing more and more violent, so, my dear Canby, you have got your work cut out. Hold on!

H. M. TOMLINSON.

Croydon, England.

"Sincerity Never Questioned"

SIR:—I congratulate you warmly on the tenth anniversary of *The Saturday Review.* In it you have made a fine contribution to our journalism. An independent literary weekly in America was certainly greatly needed; and you have created it and demonstrated its ability to survive these most difficult times without currying favor of the publishers by, for example, suppressing unfavorable reviews. *The Saturday Review* is both liberal and catholic in its taste; nor is it doctrinaire. It is a good deal to create nowadays in this field a journal whose honesty and sincerity have never been questioned, and you and your associates may well take pride in the achievement. I wish for it another equally successful ten years,—with a sharpening of its editorial pencil as the years lapse.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD.

Thomaston, Conn.

"Vacillates Between Gossip and Controversies"

SIR:—I can't pass judgment on the way *The Saturday Review* has reflected the literary life of the past decade in the sense of being able to refer back to specific controversies and deciding how *The Review* has met them. It has not had that value for me. I have read it for its occasional pieces, longer, more exact, and more scholarly than those of the book sections of the newspapers—reviews which sometimes, as in the case of Hook's piece on modern socialism, Josephson's on Dos Passos, several of Chamberlain's, gave you a feeling that a specific literary question was being examined as a whole, and being really clarified as a result. Reviews of this character, actually critical essays, have been the most distinguished contribution of *The Review,* and in presenting them it has performed a service no other American publication could offer.

But I have been increasingly conscious of a sense of impatience and disappointment at a kind of editorial extravagance in the magazine, at the waste of so much precious space on wearily-whimsical columns, photographs, bookstore gossip, at a time when so many critical problems are knocking at our doors. *The Review* has seemed to vacillate between being a forum for critical controversies and a vehicle for literary gossip—and not sharp, provocative gossip, of the sort that's really tied to the dominant cultural movements of the present and in which the New York literary world abounds, but incidental, irrelevant, and generally gentle stuff. When I think that *The Saturday Review* is the only specifically critical weekly in the country, it seems to me that it falls far short of its opportunities, no matter what point of view it expresses. It has little prestige with the writers of my generation, I think because they draw back from its blank spots rather than because they consider it too conservative or too liberal—a strong and consistent and well-integrated opposition would stimulate them to reply, would force them constantly to examine the bases of their convictions.

ROBERT CANTWELL.

Carmel, Cal.

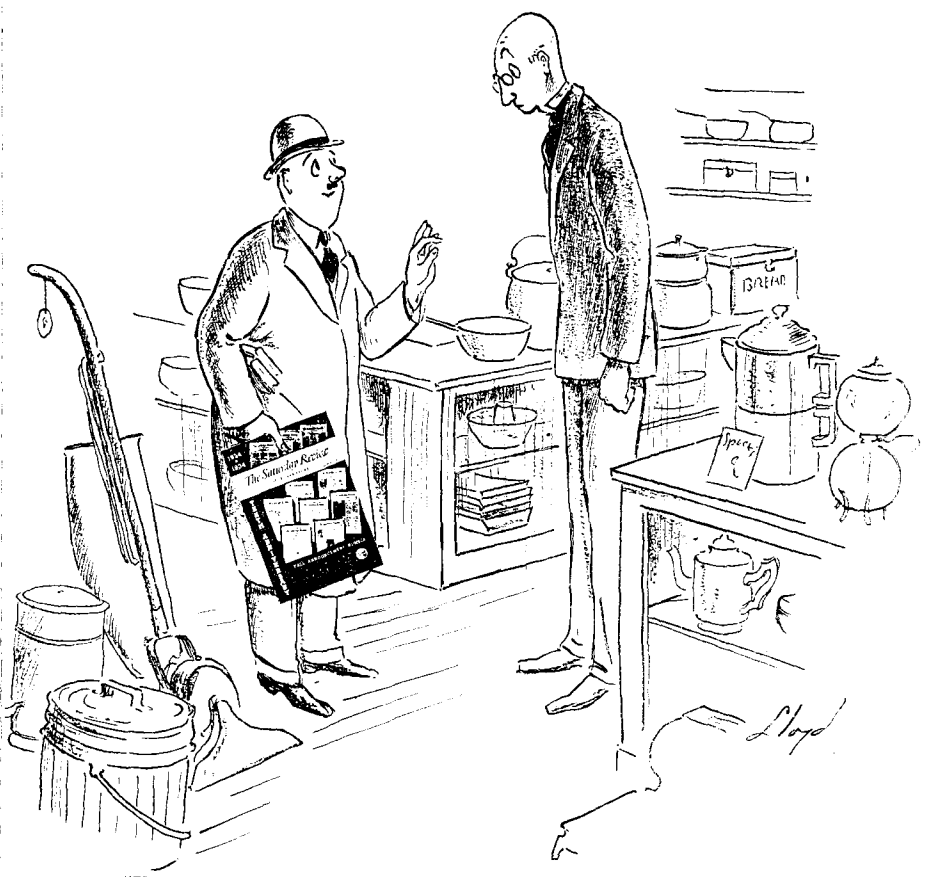
"Chronicle of the Literary Scene"

SIR:—It would be quite impossible for me to visualize the literary scenery of the past decade without *The Saturday Review of Literature.* Other American reviews have devoted themselves to sheer reviewing with no general comment or they have carried book reviews only as news. With still others, reviews have frequently been merely a sideline department in small print, a sop to readers, who, supposedly interested in the various social phenomena of their own times, might also be expected to take a cursory glance at contemporary literature. American reviewing has suffered by consequence from a too journalistic and newsy appeal, from a confusing eclecticism or, in the opposite direction, from a too stringent professional or propagandist approach. The general shuffling about of reviewers from one organ of opinion to another has also by no means tended to clarify, although it has sometimes helped to enliven the scene. To most of this *The Saturday Review of Literature* has been a valuable exception.

As far as I know it has been the only publication in the United States which provided a justly moulded "matrix" into which the current comment on contemporary literature in the form of reviews, articles, letters from readers, and other brief topical matter could be freely poured and yet still remain contained in surroundings that have always been—at least—an intelligent reminder and assertion of literature as a living continuum.

This "matrix," provided by the editorials, the reviews, the articles, and the comments of the permanent staff, has to a surprising degree successfully graphed the tide of thought of the past decade. Not always brilliant, the content of the magazine has seldom been dull and there have

(*Continued on page* 180)



"HAVE YOU SOMETHING NICE IN TIN FOR A MAGAZINE?"

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From Cotton Fields to the Cotton Club

CANDY. By L. M. Alexander. Illustrated by Rockwell Kent. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Revieved by CHARLES MCD. PUCKETTE

IN his remarks at the Pulitzer Prize dinner last year Mr. T. S. Stribling said that the South was so rich in story material and color that it was easy to write interestingly about such a region. Now comes another prize winner from the deep South, for Mrs. Alexander won the Dodd, Mead $10,000 competition with this novel about the people and the places which recently have provided the theme of such a wealth of creative literature. The mine apparently is inexhaustible.

Mrs. Alexander's story of Mimosa Hill plantation, on the South Carolina bank of the Savannah River, is dramatic in that it places in contrast the negroes who remain in the cabins and the life of the South, and the expatriates who have moved to New York's Harlem. The return visits to their folk of the colored people who have been North have been a not inconsiderable influence among the negroes in recent years, along with other sophisticating experiences. And Mimosa Hill is one of those decaying plantations, the scene of a hopeless fight of "Little King," the owner, to hold his own in the planting of cotton (apparently the time of which Mrs. Alexander writes was before the A. A. A.) It is all too easy for the flashily if dubiously prosperous agents of the Harlem night clubs and policy games to dazzle the eyes of the plantation folk no matter how strong their loyalty to the plantation and its owner.

The story of this book is essentially, however, that of Candy whose virtue was that she loved only one man at a time. A vivid, passionate personality with strong loves and hates, she stood out among the cabin people. Betrayed by her latest shiftless lover, to whom she was faithful, Candy, in her loves and in her bitter griefs, is a figure drawn with sincerity and power.

Mrs. Alexander paints in the white folk of Mimosa Hill sparingly, and only as they are seen through the eyes of her colored people. Her story is that of the negroes and she finds ample material in their simple tragedies. The juxtaposition of the Northern sophisticates and the plantation colored folk is dramatic, even if in some details it is unconvincing.

Nor has Mrs. Alexander relied greatly for her interest upon the superstitions, the customs, and ways of her characters as they differ from ours. Likewise she spares the reader the difficulties of low country dialect, perhaps too much so.

It is hazardous to challenge only from one's own belief the report of an eye-witness like Mrs. Alexander, but an occasional detail of her canvas leaves one incredulous. For example, the thought of a plantation negro woman and man, before Harlem had come into their lives, doing an interpretive costume dance styled "Temptation" is difficult to believe. The simple rural negro is decidedly prudish with respect to such a display, especially when in good standing in the church.

This, however, is but a minor point to raise against a study which is essentially sincere and sustained. Mrs. Alexander's novel, because of the manner in which she has contrasted the deep South and Harlem, brings a fresh interest to the literature of the negro. And she is genuinely successful in the clarity with which she has portrayed and made alive many of the characters of her story besides the colorful Candy.

Tight Little Island

THIS LITTLE WORLD. By Francis Brett Young. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by STANLEY WENT

THE theme of Mr. Young's latest book is contained in its title. "This Little World" is the Worcestershire village of Chaddesbourne D'Abitot, a microcosm of the English country life that to so many lovers of it is England itself, the only England that exists for a writer like, for example, Archibald Marshall. When it comes to sentiment the Englishman is likely to forget that with the industrial revolution he changed, in the mass, from a rural to an urban dweller. When he thinks—this average Englishman—of England, it is of the broad acres of plough or grassland, the rolling woodland, a picturesque village nestled on its slopes, all complete with church steeple, hall, and rectory and, above all, the ubiquitous and convenient "pub." This was what, subconsciously, they thought they were fighting to save in the war—not the bleak-looking, smoke-ridden cities from which most of them drew their livelihood, not even the Empire which for many of them was a matter of theoretic pride but practical indifference, but the peaceful, smiling English countryside.

counties of England) is for thousands of his fellow-countrymen a true microcosm of England itself. It is true that the life that he describes is passing; but in the imaginations of Englishmen it still has definite reality, and in actual fact it still retains more reality than many suppose. There are still hundreds of Miles Ombersleys, small squires making a brave struggle for continued existence on ancestral acres. It is almost certainly a losing struggle, and the Hacketts—the *nouveaux riches* of Mr. Young's story—must take their place if the old houses are to be maintained at all. In the main it is the story of this struggle that Mr. Young tells, in a leisurely, slow-moving tale that has constant interest and at times an almost poignant beauty.

Home-Folks in Iowa

THE FOLKS. By Ruth Suckow. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by ALVAH C. BESSIE

RECENTLY there has apparently been a feeling among novelists—and it has obviously extended to critics and publishers as well—that any novel under five hundred pages in length does not stand a chance of survival; and conversely, that any story that runs over five hundred pages is destined for immortality, as though sheer bulk were a guarantee of intrinsic worth, as well as of sincerity and hard work. That this is a misconception is so obvious as to need no illustration, but it has not deterred the continued production of novels of "epic" scope and "monumental" virtues.

Miss Suckow's novel is physically enormous, running to over seven hundred pages of compact composition; it employs a host of characters and it covers an ample space of time and distance. Unlike many others, however, it does not lack the design that may be found even in such mammoth achievements as "War and Peace," "The Brothers Karamazov," and "Ulysses," but the design is considerably less than perfect. There is economy too—the economy of one family, the Fergusons of Belmond, Iowa, and their immediate relations. But despite the two indispensable virtues of economy and design, the novel lacks a structure that would have required even more work of Miss Suckow than she has obviously performed. For the method she has employed, of considering the various members of the family separately—the story of Carl and his repressed wife; of Margaret, who followed romance to the bitter end; of Bunny, the youngest, who more than any other escaped the family traditions into the arms of a young communist bride—this method makes it inevitable that by the time the reader has finished one of her long sections dealing with Carl or Margaret or [illegible] when, the children having effectually disappeared from the story over two hundred pages before, the narrative closes with the return of the old folks from the first vacation they have ever had.

It is not impossible that this novel might have been written in considerably shorter space (and it is difficult to believe that Miss Suckow deliberately padded it), and the case for this contention is strengthened by consideration of another of her virtues which, paradoxically enough, works to her detriment as an artist. She has been so thoroughly successful with her home-folks—Iowans, descendants of early settlers—she has so meticulously explored their little activities, their small minds and smaller imaginations, their conversation, their clothes and food, their petty aspirations and concerns, that for long stretches at a time she bores her readers most insufferably. She has made herself one of the home-folks, and it may be that she found richness and enduring beauty where the normally intelligent reader finds platitude and boredom.

But where the reader's interest flags for chapters at a time, it rises again when Miss Suckow considers, with a talent for retrospective analysis as keen as her talent for factual reporting, the inner conflicts of Carl and Margaret, who were both permanently maimed by the "wholesome" folksy life of their town, and the bewilderment of Bunny, faced by the choice of two loyalties—one of which appealed to his mind and heart as truth, the other of which was bred into his bone and could not be escaped. These chapters are the most vital and moving of a book that, more than most others of our time, is deeply bedded in the American scene, that could only have been written by an American, and in our time.

Maine Coast Village

MARY PETERS. By Mary Ellen Chase. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THIS quiet, sympathetic story of Maine and the sea has qualities of its own, and other qualities which remind the reader of Sarah Orne Jewett. Beautifully written in a minor key, it is notable for two elements: its effective rendition of the atmosphere of time and place—particularly of shipboard life and of the coast where pine and rock meet the salt marshes; and its delicate analysis of psychological states of a quite normal type. The author of "A Goodly Heritage" has given us another book in the best tradition of New England fiction. Its vivid but unforced evocation of land and water, village and farmstead, is ably done; the [illegible] greater ability. It is an unpretentious but distinguished novel, by no means lacking in color and drama, but most striking for fine brushwork and careful detail.

As the title indicates, it is above all the story of one character. "Mary Peters first saw Cadiz in 1880," it begins. "That shining whiteness she was never in all her life to forget." Born in the harbor of Singapore on her father's ship *Nautilus* in 1871, for many years she shared her father's life on the sea. It was not a tempestuous stepmother to her; its discipline gave her not adventurousness, but rather endurance, steadfastness, and love of order. Even Cadiz, which made such an impression upon her childish mind, was not a place of glamour and exotic challenge; it remained, the author writes, "through many and varying years as the imperishable symbol of security, stability, and quiet order—a place both unassailable and unafraid." In these respects it was symbolic of Mary Peters's mind. The childhood and youth of the heroine, delineated at great length but never tiresomely, are presented as the key to the later development of her character.

The study of Petersport is as charming as it is obviously faithful. In these pages we see again, as probably nowhere since Miss Jewett ceased writing, a typical Maine-coast village of the eighties and nineties. With loving touch the author presents the beauty of sea and field and the quaintness of a decaying community as the background of Mary Peters's later life. To most people it would seem an uneventful life. But its hidden drama and romance are well brought out. Mary's career becomes entangled with that of a man whose character is largely antithetical to her own. When we take leave of her, widowed and in some degree disillusioned, eking out an existence by weaving rugs in a village now given over to summer residents and their dependents, we feel that she had after all lived a full and satisfactory life. We feel, too, that this dignified and delicate chronicle is a genuine addition to the New England shelf.

The Sophisticate

By CLARENCE DAY

JUDGING by the things we buy
Or the rulers we elect,
We're more child-like, you and I,
Than you and I suspect.

Even the sophisticate
Has a self that's simple-minded.
See it, ready for the bait,
Waiting to be blinded.

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My Early Years in Reading

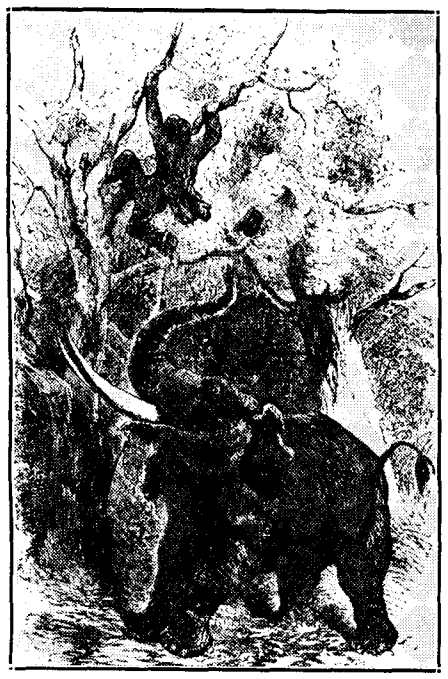
A LETTER FROM THOMAS W. LAMONT

(This letter of Mr. Lamont's was a purely personal one, commenting on the editor's recent article in The Saturday Review, *entitled "What They Read in the Nineties." The letter is, however, such an interesting record of the reading in the background of an American mind that we have asked Mr. Lamont's permission to print it.)*

DEAR H. S. C.:

Your "What They Read in the 90's" has interested me a good deal. It recalls much of my own early years in reading, though of course mine were on the average perhaps a decade or more before yours. And while yours were in Wilmington on the Delaware, mine were in scattered towns along the Hudson River —in a Methodist parsonage whence cards and dancing had been banned, where even walks "outside the yard" on Sunday were frowned upon, but where books came in importance close behind godliness and cleanliness.

My father, as it so happened, had been a teacher of Greek before he became a clergyman, so perhaps it was natural that in our household collection there was a fair sprinkling of Greek and Latin classics, both in the original and in translation. At morning family prayers my father used to read chapters from a little, leather-bound copy of the Greek Testament, which had been picked up in a Rebel rifle pit at



"NEARLY CAUGHT"
From "In the Wilds of Africa"
(London, 1872)

Gettysburg after the retreat of the Confederates. Father always used to say that the Greek text of the Testament was poor Greek, but when I came to study Greek at school I found the Testament fairly early on the curriculum.

Now, as to further comparisons with your list, there was a lot of history on our shelves, Macaulay's "History of England" of course, fascinating whether accurate or not; Hume's "History" which you mention; James Anthony Froude's "History of England" in half a dozen red-cloth volumes; Gibbon's "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire"; the Prescott of which you speak; Bancroft; Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic" and others. That 1875 Encyclopædia Britannica of yours must have been a treasure for you. We had to content ourselves with Chambers's Encyclopedia, "A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People,"—published in London in 1877 and out of print ages ago, I suppose.

As to my own early reading, I am glad to say that it seems to have been much akin to yours, though it never led me towards the paths of a man of letters! But there are a good many titles which you do not mention but which I am sure excited your youthful imagination. The first real book—outside of childish stories—which I mastered, at the age of seven, was "In the Wilds of Africa," by W. H. G. Kingston, an English writer still remembered by my generation in England, His elephants, lions, and gorillas still live in my imagination, and to this day any story of African life draws me as with a magnet. In the late '70's and early '80's Paul Du Chaillu, a real explorer in African jungles, also had a lure for young people of my age. And I devoured David Livingstone, and a decade later the Henry M. Stanley volumes of African exploration to which you allude. Was it upon Stanley's tomb that were written those lines from Browning?—

> —Who never turned his back,
> But marched breast forward.

St. Nicholas Magazine—yes, indeed! I probably read as current issues some of the bound volumes which were on your shelves. All edited by Mary Mapes Dodge, author of "Hans Brinker or the Silver Skates," a mighty good story. Everybody read that in my boyhood, but for these spicier days I suppose it's far too flat. But J. T. Trowbridge in *St. Nicholas* was a corking good writer for boys. So was Noah Brooks, the author of "The Boy Emigrants" —six fine young Americans (Brooks must have been one of them!) who in the gold rush of '49 trekked out to California in a covered wagon. To this day, I can almost recite whole pages from that vivid tale.

Then there was a perfectly thrilling series of stories of life in Casco Bay in Maine, written by the Reverend Elijah Kellogg. The Casco Bay series and the Big Ben series told of life in a primitive American region in the generations just following the American Revolution. Big Ben was not a clock, but a young man of gigantic stature and prowess who was good as gold, had the disposition of a saint, and performed the most marvelous feats of strength and endurance that one could possibly imagine. I spend my summers in Maine, but I have never been able to find any traces of the Rev. Mr. Kellogg,—of blessed memory for me.

What about "Robinson Crusoe" and also the "Swiss Family Robinson"? You surely must have had them knocking about somewhere in the house. You mention Louisa Alcott whose "Little Women" has been such an enormous success on the movie stage. Both "Little Women" and "Little Men" seemed to me more for the girls, but of course I read them. "Oliver Optic" I always had a sneaking fondness for, but was told he was a waste of time, and so with rather a sigh I gave up Tommie Toppleton and Waddie Wimpleton, and turned like a good little boy to improve my mind with "The Boys' King Arthur," "Froissart," and their ilk. But they left me rather cold. It takes an artist to make over Sir Thomas Malory and keep the flavor of the original.

But when it comes to the history of the American Revolution, give me every time C. C. Coffin's "The Boys of '76." I had it by heart before I was ten, and I'll wager you can't stump me on either the battles or generals of the Revolutionary War. "The Boys of '76" (there were four particular favorites and two of them died a hero's death, much to my anguish) got me so thoroughly interested in the American Revolution that as a matter of course I later read maturer works on that period—a jolly good thing for me. Coffin also wrote "Old Times in the Colonies," the period of the French and Indian Wars, and "The Boys of Sixty-One." But neither had the zest of "The Boys of '76." I considered General Gage, the British commander at Boston, little less than a scoundrel. Howe and Clinton weren't much better in my eyes, but I was always a little sorry for Cornwallis—he was such a perfect dub.

Isn't it a little queer that you don't mention those great standbys of the youth of my time and even yours—"Tom Brown's School Days" and "Tom Brown at Oxford"? The days of that great headmaster of Rugby, Thomas Arnold, are worth anybody's reading, and Tom Brown at Rugby was a real fellow. But when he reached Oxford he seemed to go dead on his feet, so to speak—at least the Oxford phase lacked most of the savour that the Rugby days gave. Kipling's "Stalky & Co." came along forty years later than Tom Brown. It was manifestly in and for another generation, and with all its liveliness never commanded the attention that Tom Brown did in the early '80's.

In this same period, at least in my home, along came Captain Mayne Reid. Weren't you on friendly terms with "Children of the New Forest" and all the others? There again, for boys of the present day, I suppose they are dead, but nevertheless they are rattling good stories of adventure.

I had almost forgotten Jules Verne who put a great kick into my young life. He was the man whose dreams came true. The first of Jules Verne's that came my way was "The Survivors of the Chancellor,"

"THE SACRIFICE"
Drawing by Thomas Nast, from an 1867 *edition of "Hans Brinker."*

a title one almost never hears mentioned nowadays. This was a moving tale of fire and shipwreck at sea, the survivors on one great raft enduring hideous agonies of famine and thirst—all this in the South Atlantic, somewhere off the coast of South America. And then, just as all of them are finally perishing from thirst, one falls overboard—and the water is fresh! They are off the mouth of the mighty Amazon, still out of sight of land, but with the flow of the great river eddying miles out into the ocean. Then after the Chancellor came "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea"—Captain Nemo and the first submarine; "The Mysterious Island"—a grand tale; "The English at the North Pole"; "Around the World in Eighty Days"; "Journey to the Centre of the Earth" (my! how that boiling lava seethed up around their frail copper-sheathed raft a thousand miles under the earth's crust!); "From the Earth to the Moon"; "Michael Strogoff" (years after I saw this superb Russian hero on the stage and got a thrill all over again); and so on through the whole lot.

Now as to Charles Dickens, do your friends in England tell you, as mine do me, that of all the early Victorian novelists, Dickens is the only one that still commands a strong following among British youth of the present day? I am not surprised: my generation took Dickens seriously and continuously. I had reached the mature age of ten when I was introduced to him through the pages of "Old Curiosity Shop." It was a cheap paper edition, poor type with folio pages about half the size of your *Saturday Review of Literature.* But to an eager boy little Nell was a very living creature. Then followed in order "Oliver Twist," "Great Expectations," "David Copperfield," "A Tale of Two Cities," "Dombey & Son," and so on through the whole lot, winding up with the unfinished "Mystery of Edwin Drood." Half a century is the deuce of a long time to look back, and why I should have cluttered up my brain with memory of the order in which I read my first six volumes of Dickens is a mystery, but that seems to be the way things work.

After Dickens, in my scheme of things, came James Fenimore Cooper and Scott, all mixed up together, rather badly assorted, to tell the truth. "The Spy" was my first essay in Cooper and I still think it his best. Living on the Hudson River as I did and knowing something of its Western hinterland from summer visits to ancestral haunts in Delaware and Schoharie counties, the scenario of many of the Cooper tales came close home to me, and gave me thrills which far more than offset the ponderous moralizing of many of his chief characters. And I made the mistake of over conscientious youth in taking these long harangues of Natty Bumppo *et al.* far too seriously and never skipping. Great mistake. I made the same mistake with Scott, but after all time was cheap for a boy of eight to thirteen in a country parsonage.

I think I took Sir Walter Scott with a considerable sense of duty as well as pleasure. "Ivanhoe," of course, came first and "Quentin Durward" second. Neither the dark-eyed beauty Rebecca nor the fair Rowena ever ravished me exactly, and Front de Boeuf was hardly my idea of heavy villain, even in the age of chivalry. Nevertheless, I must confess myself upholding the Scott tradition and when the time came, not long after college, to go abroad I chose a little old, uncomfortable (3000 tons only) Anchor Line vessel—the *Anchoria* ($65 first cabin, one way—what does Chris Morley think of that?) to take me direct to Glasgow. And Edinburgh the next day and Abbotsford the day after that—a good long day there, too. Thirty years later I went there for an hour and could hardly stand it at that. But on that memorable first trip, every stone was a memory, the rustling of every curtain a whisper from the Middle Ages. And it was on that same trip that I got my first set of Scott. Walking along the Roman Wall of old Chester, I espied a small and ancient book shop below me. For me its chief treasure was a Cadell & Whitaker Edition of Scott (twenty-four volumes), little squat books, type small but clear and legible, and the old steel engravings intact in each volume. I got it for a shilling a volume and still have it! Sounds to me a good deal like your family set in Wilmington.

Now again as to that wretched habit of reading every word in a book, that pernicious conscience that followed me through Cooper and Scott—I was still under its sway when I came to the Bible, for that I read through twice before I was fourteen, only omitting portions of the Kings and Chronicles on the second trip. What a wicked waste! How much better, had I let the ancient Hebrew sovereigns go soak and learned great passages of Job and Jeremiah and the P
Testament! In those da
rect thing to read the F
the fashion was dying
and I am inclined to think I must be one of the few survivors of it.

How much do our youth read the Bible nowadays, aside from prescribed courses at school or college? I am sure I don't know. Not much, I guess. In my boyhood the saintly women whom I used to know turned to it for comfort, solace, refuge in every time of trouble or even joy. A later generation found the King James Version being urged upon us as an example of noble and wonderful English, but not as a daily preceptor. How many of us in these recent years of depression have been able to follow the example of Jacob—"and he took of the stones of that place and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that

(*Continued on page* 184)

"THE NIGHT FAG"
From "Tom Brown's School Days"
(London, 1871)

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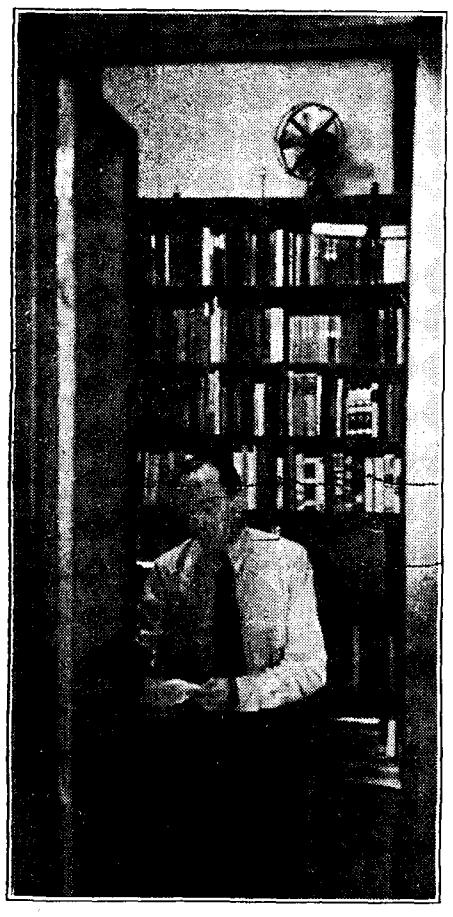
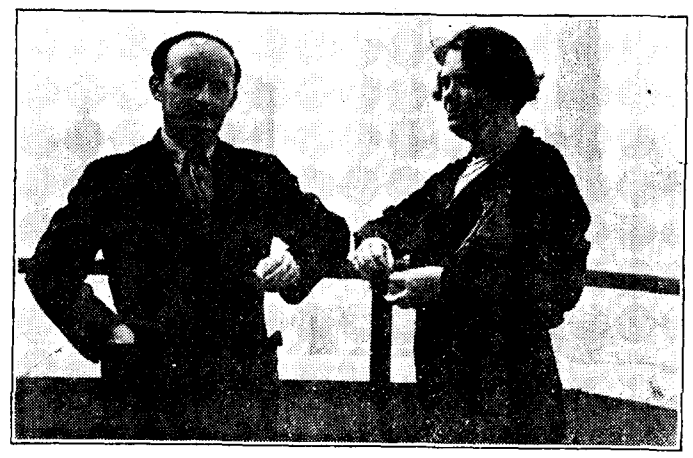
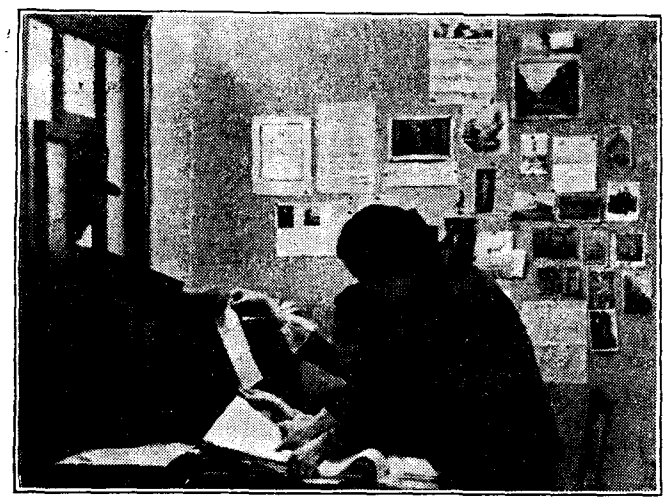
Robert Nathan meets Irwin Edman in the Saturday Review *office. They're both poets; but Robert Nathan is better known as a novelist, and Irwin Edman as a philosopher. (Right) Dorothy Canfield Fisher, on a visit from Vermont.*



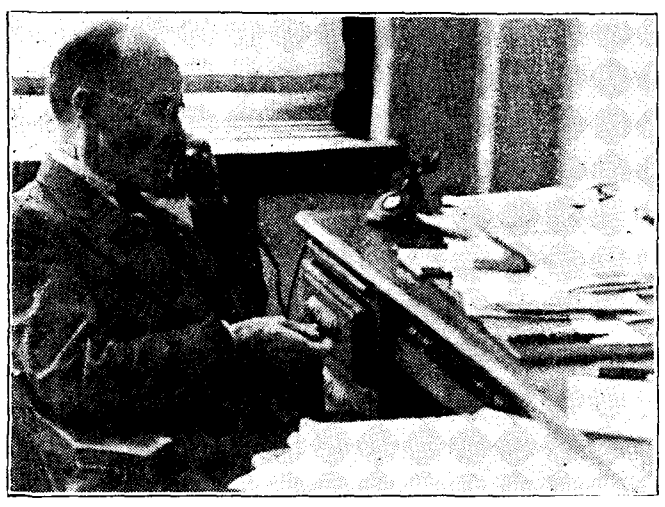
The Phoenician in his habitat caught in the very act of composing the opus that appears on these pages.



The reviewing Colums—Padraic and Mary. Below, one half of the Compleat Collector—John T. Winterich.



The mermaids swim through the flood of incoming mail, much of it Personals. (Right) Louis Greenfield puts another bookstore on the map of S. R. L. sales outlets.



The Editor consults his watch—literature can be timely or timeless. (Right) The Criminal Recorder in action.

The Phoenix Jumps

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THOUGH I left New York at 4:00 P. M. and arrived at 11:00 P. M. in Kansas City—
In fact, had I wings of a dove
Or a luxury airliner (which I haven't, the more's the pity!)
I should fly through the heavens above
With a silver trumpet at my lips, though my flight were erratic and jerky,
Announcing in accents shrill
From the frozen tundras (wherever they have frozen tundras) clear down to the chaste adobes of Albuquerque
That this is our Tenth Anniversary or What You Will.

This ode is in the modern style—
All detonation, reverberation, and flash;
And you will easily perceive that I am leaning for awhile
Upon the classical rhythms (Oh boy, what classical rhythms!) of Mr. Nash;
But that is perhaps as well as fluting my laud in
The manner of the poet of the hour, Mr. W. H. Auden,
Who is apparently trying to save John Bull
From losing his wool,
But whose verse, like the grating of a grasshopper's hind-leg or mandible,
Seems rather more persistent than understandable.

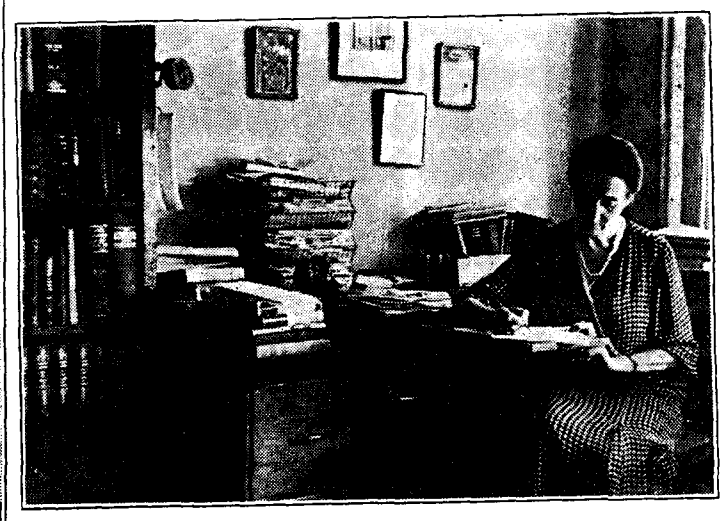
But enough of the choice of manner!
Merely permit me here to flourish the banner
Of the *Saturday Review;*
I do honestly hope you won't be annoyed if I do!

We are now quite old,
We wear the bottoms of our trousers rolled,
We dare to eat a peach
And indulge ourselves in rather free speech,
And, despite the strong suspicions of Mr. Michael Gold,
We are not in the pay of Mammon,
For, if the truth were told
Now that we have come of age,
And if the salaries of the editors were to be printed on this page,
Any such adherence to the Golden Calf would appear as obvious gammon.
We have endeavored
To deal fairly with all theses,
To weigh the merits of all men's *obiter dicta;*
And, in the process, hardly any friendships have been severed,
Though we have—from time to time—been accused of most crimes from bribery and corruption down to senility and paresis,
And have been advised on the one hand to be much more radical; and, on the other, that we should be a great deal stricter.

Such is the fate
That lies in wait
For any struggling journal of letters.
So here we salute our elders and our betters
With a touching smile of confidence on our face—
And to our juniors,
In token of amity, we proffer a bouquet of purple and white petunias.
Pray for us in this Year of Grace!

Would you like to see a
Bird's-eye view of our militant staff?
I wonder whether I could give you the slightest idea
Of what we are like, in the minute and a half
Now allotted me for speaking.
There, with his various phonin's
Sits Henry Seidel Canby, like Jupiter Tonans.
Practically without one creditor
He directs the lightning, rules the storm, and is our infinitely tactful editor;
He is always seeking
For you, our subscribers, the most fascinating material,
And explaining to sensitive writers why we can't use a four-page poem or a six-month serial.

And he who doth our path chart,
Through the hebdomadal tussle
To make every issue tell, is our publisher, Mr. Cathcart,
Noble in name and nature and a man of mental muscle;
And she who never sets herself above man
But with admirable modesty considers most writers her betters
Is Amy Loveman.
There she sits, dictating letters.



That's just poetic license about Amy Loveman dictating letters—what she's really doing is editing copy from the four-decker basket in the center of the picture.

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Out of His Nest

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT DISRAELI

And he whose grievin's
Result in action and greater improvements in make-up
Is George Stevens
Giving to each week's material an enlivening shake up.
And with Ariel on an aërial just outside his window
With the latest news from Indo-
China or the Seacoast of Bohemia,
Toils for us the illustrious Christopher Morley,
Though often sorely
Beset by visitors, yet always too appetent for anaemia. . . .

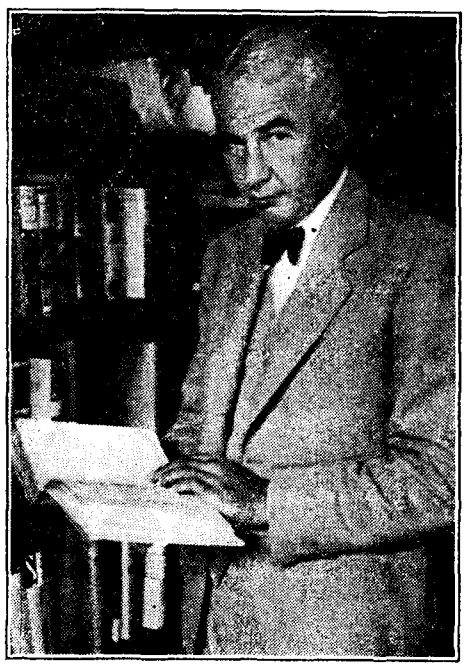
Those are merely a few
Of the *Saturday Review*
Crew.
How tell a man
In this restricted space of the activity
Of, for instance, George Elliman,
Who guides our advertising up the acclivity
Of months and years—
How express, even in brief staccato cheers,
The swell idears
Of Louis Greenfield
Who finds the province of literary journalism no mean field;
Why comment palely
On the astonishing photographic feats of our own Disraeli!

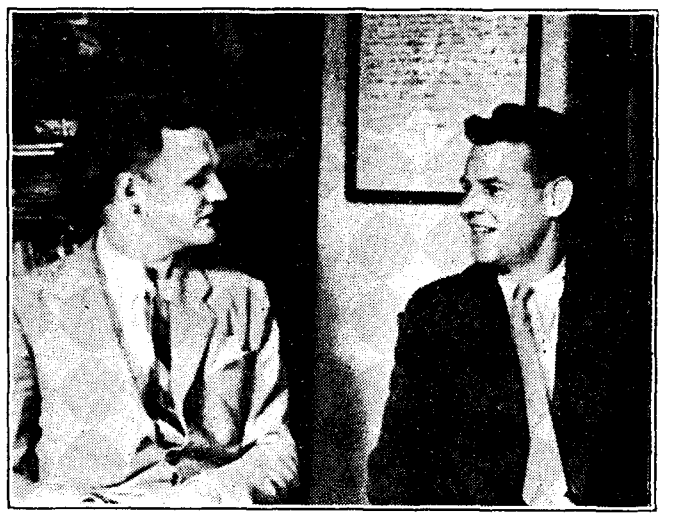
Other extended comment we must omit
Would praise the crit-
Ical acumen and wit
Of various reviewers. More than traces
Of gleaming new and "old familiar" faces
These pages show, the physiogs
Of those who roll no logs
And neither pedants are nor mystagogs.
Regard how Edman doth converse
With Robert Nathan;
How Untermeyer beams no whit averse
To the Younger Generation;
Lo where brave Davis and stout Redman stand,
Grave arbiters of writing, and
Please note how the Olympian lightning-levins
Play on the brooding brow of Allan Nevins!
The Crime Detector with his awesome mask
Here tracks the culprit to his last resort,
And at their appraising task
John Chamberlain quips with Basil Davenport.
But stay—that is enough
About these critics—lest I get too rough!

And then there are the ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence on the casual caller
And calm the blighters.
They pound typewriters,
Each is of waste of time a prompt forestaller.
Without vexation
They take dictation,
Keep up the files—
And there is George our Mercury who runs for miles and miles
On errands into various nooks
And does up endless packages of books.

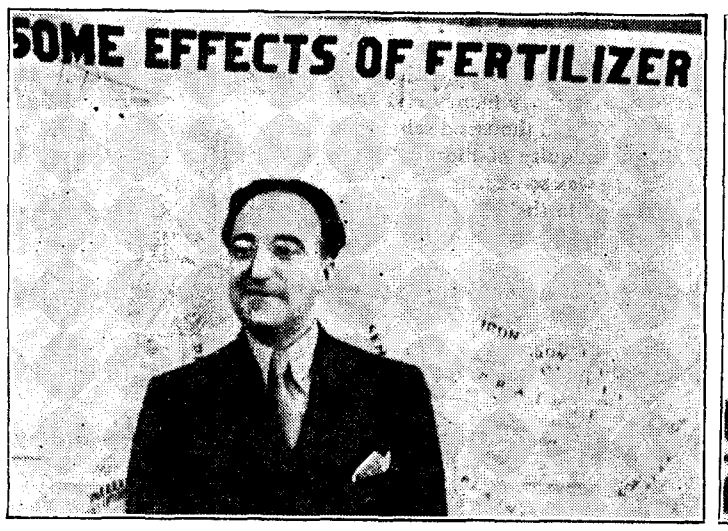
Such is the fibre
Of our far-flung and useful personnel;
Nor would I be a briber,
Through any such statement, of your contribution
To our increasing bursary—
Yet would I yell
(By which undignified
Term a politer paean is really signified!)
The worth to each subscriber
Of the *S. R. L.*
On its tenth anniversary
As an enduring institution.

And so I come at len'th
To my peroration,
And, to be brief, acclaim the tenth
Anniversary (if an old man may be permitted to repeat)
From my recumbent station
At your feet.
Please pardon me if I have been too fervent . . .
Ladies and gentlemen, your humble servant!



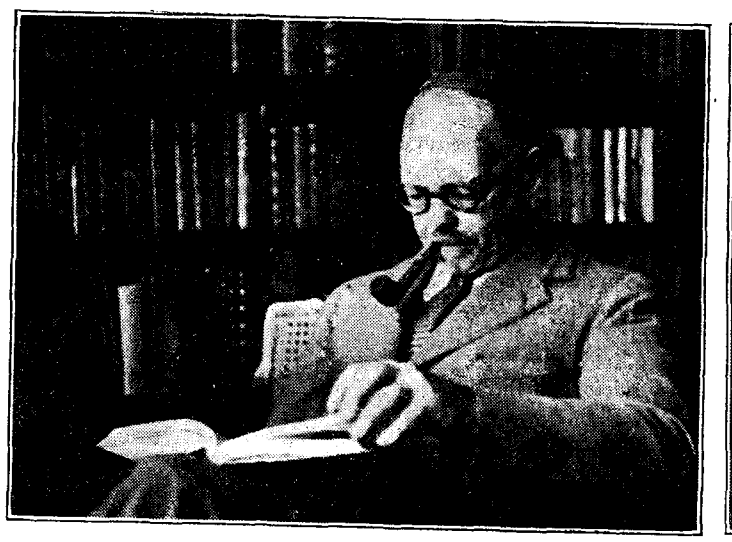


Two of the younger critics—Basil Davenport and John Chamberlain. Mr. Davenport does much of our fiction reviewing; Mr. Chamberlain, who writes "Books of the Times," contributes political and economic reviews to the S. R. L. (Left) Elmer Davis.



Louis Untermeyer thinks this is a funny background for a photograph. (Below) The other half of the Compleat Collector, Carl Purington Rollins.

Allan Nevins and (below) Stephen Vincent Benét—both Pulitzer Prize winners.



The managing editor and Mr. Schmidt, compositor, croon lullabies to our favorite magazine. (Left) Ben Ray Redman, the critic who used to be a publisher.

Mr. Morley tells Mermaid G. how long he plans to stay out for lunch. (Right) George Elliman about to flush a covey of advertisers at 386 Fourth Avenue, popular publishers' address.

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The Era of Pachyderms

JAMES G. BLAINE. By David S. Muzzey, New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1934. $4.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

IN American politics, where a politician depends upon votes for political life, his career generally ends in either death or defeat. American politics as a career is an airplane without landing wheels, fine sailing but always with trouble ahead. James G. Blaine had something in the equation of his remarkable qualities which had no answer but tragedy. As a political figure whom posterity must call a statesman, Blaine ranks decently with those major aspirants to the White House who failed: Hamilton, Webster, Calhoun, and Clay, and in our day and generation, William Jennings Bryan. But each of their lives, unlike Blaine's, may easily be depicted as a generally ascending curve with a short sharp fall at the end. The curve of Blaine's life contained many loops of tragedy and the bitterest of all was the tragedy at its close. For he left the stage an old man, broken in health, with the untasted cup of Presidential fame falling from his enfeebled hands. Time and again, he grasped eagerly for the prize. Twice it barely escaped him. There was tragedy after tragedy in these Sisyphean exploits. But—greatest tragedy of all—when he might have had the cup, he could not hold it. The surcease of his last sleep was the only joy at the end of the broken years that closed a long dramatic life.

Dr. Muzzey's book is an attempt by a successful academic historian of the first rank to gather carefully, with infinite pains, all the relevant details of Blaine's life and many irrelevant details from the background of his times into one coherent narrative of Blaine and his day. Others, notably Charles Edward Russell, have made more illuminating pictures of Blaine, clearer, more "speaking" portraits. In several other books than Dr. Muzzey's, Blaine stands out more clearly as a human figure, with his wonderful eyes, with his slowly graying red beard, with his fine blonde skin, with his commanding figure, with quick elastic footsteps, with his magic voice and the magnetic charm of his personality all glowing through their pages. Some of these former biographers of Blaine have preserved the romance that was James G. Blaine, ready-made, for some artist of another day who may wish to turn it into a moving story for the stage or the novel. But the dramatist or novelist will have to go to Dr. Muzzey's book to make the figure historically comprehensible; to put life in the bones and breath in the body, and the reason for the allurement of those gorgeous eyes. For Dr. Muzzey has done for Blaine what his partisans, with all their eagerness to serve, have failed to do. He has made Blaine a logical historical figure, growing with all his faults, with all his virtues, out of the faults and virtues of his day.

It was a strange day that gave the nation James G. Blaine. Of all the romantic periods of American history—the periods of colonization, of revolution, of constitutional stability, of slavery agitation, and of Civil War—none is more resplendent with romance, even if tarnished romance, and glory, even with gaudy, tinseled, pinchbeck glory, than that period when Blaine rose from the end of the Civil War in 1865 until the panic of the early nineties. In those two and a half decades the railroads were completed, the trans-Mississippi cities all founded, the Missouri Valley states all carved out, the great trans-Mississippi country settled (and after a manner civilized). The plunder and loot and spoils of a really great endeavor all were garnered safely in the chests of the robber barons to be kept and cured and respectabilized by their innocent heirs and assigns. To understand Blaine, one must realize that he was a major leader, perhaps the one major leader of that quarter of a century first following the war between the states. The soldiers who quit fighting at Appomattox turned to two tasks; those who wore the gray had to rehabilitate the South which after four years of war was almost as bare a wilderness as the West, where the soldiers who wore the blue allotted to the second task hurried pell-mell across the Mississippi to settle on the free lands in the Missouri Valley, in the mountains, or in the mild and lovely climate of the Pacific Coast. Billions of capital from the East and from Europe poured into these two regions, bringing railroads, telegraph lines, cities with modern improvements, electricity, skyscrapers, sprawling castles in the suburbs, street railways, boom towns, boom farms, boom states, a vast booming, bustling America that was grabbing those invested millions and smearing a raw, new civilization across the landscape—with no questions asked! And out of this civilization came its booming politicians. They were middle-aged soldiers of the Civil War familiar with foraging. They charged upon Washington, exuberant, starry-eyed, mad with a lust for place and power, easy money and special privilege. Yet ten thousand schemes conceived in the iniquity of those boom days were born to wax strong, useful, and even virtuous despite their sinful origins. It was a mad world. Such a hegira as that which followed Appomattox the world had never known before. More men moved forward, and carried on their shoulders as they went a higher type of civilization than ever before was transported in one trek of a quarter of a century on this planet. And of course they dropped money as they went and politicians picked it up. When these politicians came to Washington, they found as a leader there, James G. Blaine, a really powerful, talented man, more scrupulous than his times, but not invulnerable to the weakness of his times, better than his day, but nevertheless taking the coloring of his environment.

Politics were purely personal in those days. The Republican Party was in control. It was torn with factions, but the factions professed no fundamentally different principles. They gathered around aspiring leaders and generally most of the leaders hated one another. Hate was a factor in politics in those days. Hate, greed, and ambition were the mainsprings of political action. Blaine seemed to hate the South. He waved the bloody shirt. He was the idol of the soldiers in blue, who won the victory of the war. No one can doubt that Blaine was despised beyond words by the vanquished South. Associating with men who were chiefly out to get rich, he could not help being touched with the pitch of their almost carnal love for loot. But nevertheless Blaine was a statesman, a far-seeing statesman in terms of years, possibly in terms of decades. He was wise in his day beyond his time. Certainly he was as farsighted as Webster. He was as consistent and courageous in his ideals as Clay. As surely as Clay and Webster incarnated the drama of their times, so Blaine is the dominant figure of his generation. More typical of the times than Grant who was after all, at best, a soldier, or Hayes who was more or less sporadic in his lonely honesty, or Arthur who was a political accident, or Cleveland who belonged not to Blaine's day but to another day, and saw the beginning of another era, Blaine stands out in the perspective of sixty years, the high peak of a volcanic chain.

This book of Dr. Muzzey's will be slow reading for the generation that wants spice and drama and movie-tone tableaux in its history. But it is, nevertheless, an earnest, honest record of a strange period in American history. For short one may call these times dishonest, crooked, ill-omened if one does not go more deeply under the surface of events. But if one examines tolerantly the forces beyond good and evil which inexorably made Blaine's day what it was with no free will to guide it from the primrose path it took, one may understand the necessary place this period took in the evolution of American life. It was the age of pachyderms.

Dr. Muzzey's picture of Blaine does not jump out from the canvas, does not project him as a human creature separated from his background. Rather has Dr. Muzzey made a tapestry with Blaine woven into the social, political, and economic warp and woof of a colorful, interesting, important time in American history. It is an authentic literary Gobelin.

THE BLAINES ENTERTAIN THE HARRISONS AT BAR HARBOR, 1889.

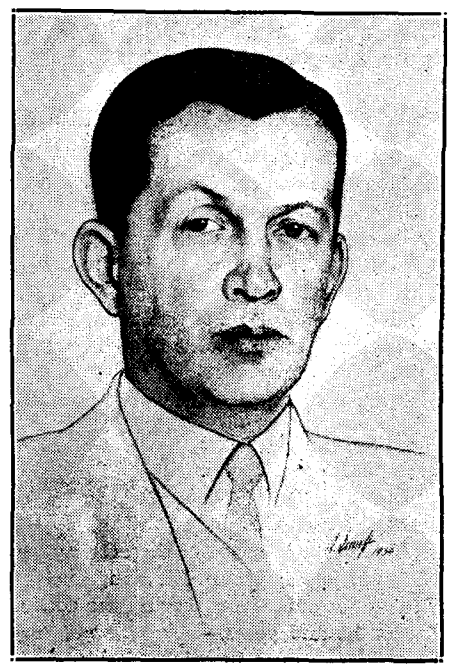
The Sequel to "British Agent"

RETREAT FROM GLORY. By Bruce Lockhart. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by HAROLD NICOLSON

MR. BRUCE LOCKHART'S "British Agent" achieved a resounding success in two continents. The immediate reasons for this success are not hard to seek. In the first place the book gave us an intelligent and very vivid account of the Russian Revolution and its main personalities. In the second place it possessed a romantic interest which was dramatic, consistent, and intense. The reader felt that he was being admitted to the secrecies of an actual love story and was at the same time able to identify that story with events of wide historical importance; the demands both of emotion and reason were abundantly satisfied.

The sequel to "British Agent" bears the ingenious title "Retreat from Glory." The content of this sequel is bound, at first, to cause some disappointment. The events recorded are less dramatic, the issues involved are less important, the personalities described are neither so famous nor so interesting, the love-motif, to say the very least, is variable and is dispersed. In the first volume of his autobiography, Mr. Lockhart startled us by his modesty and self-exposure; against the smoke-laden background of those tremendous happenings, through the splutter of machine guns, and the bark of murderous revolvers, that cheerful face, that shrewd Scottish voice, came to us as a soothing antidote, as something courageous, comforting, and calm. To his second volume there is no such background of intense and persistent danger. In place of the smoke of battle, we have the gentle morning mist at Prague and the picture of Mr. Lockhart returning to breakfast with his evening tie a trifle disarranged. In place of the cold menace of Peters or Lenin, we have the affable solicitations of Czechoslovak company promoters, and the picture of Mr. Lockhart wondering whether, after all, he possesses any marked gift for high finance. In the first volume, his modesty struck as magnificent; in the present volume, his self-depreciation may suggest, if only for a moment, that he is lacking in average reticence and self-respect.



R. H. BRUCE LOCKHART
From a drawing by V. Somoff

Such criticisms are inevitable. They will be advanced by many serious people, and by many serious people they will be regarded as true. I feel myself that they are based on an underestimation of Mr. Lockhart's purely literary talent. As a memoir, this book may perhaps be less startling than its predecessor; as a work of art, it is without question superior.

Mr. Lockhart, in this second volume, has set out to describe the deterioration of moral fibre which was so distressing a factor in the Europe of 1920-1930. With great skill and self-sacrifice he has symbolized that deterioration in terms of his own character; in demonstrating his own loss of self-respect he has made it clear to ourselves, as to our children, how exactly it arose that men and women of integrity lost, during those unhappy years, their idealism, their rectitude, and their dignity. It would be a purely superficial criticism of Mr. Lockhart to accuse him of lack of reticence or seriousness; it is with real generosity that he has taken his own retreat from glory as an illustration of other retreats, more inadmissible, less humorous, and far more damaging. As an exposure of post-war psychology this volume is a valuable historical comment.

It is to be feared also that many readers will fail accurately to assess the literary merits of Mr. Lockhart's work. He never indulges in the temptation to "write lovely" and the flow of his sentences is so natural and so limpid that, in observing the absence of all deliberate artifice, we may fail to observe the presence of deliberate art. Mr. Lockhart is humorous, witty, conversational. Yet behind his apparent laxity of construction is a firm and cultivated brain. Other books of this nature can be read with equal enjoyment and ease; they leave but a momentary impression on the mind; the impression left by Mr. Lockhart is not momentary; it has an outline which retains its shape in memory.

The ultimate impression is not, therefore, one of frivolous flexibility. It is the impression of incessant alertness, of an intelligence vitally interested in human conduct, of a sympathy acutely sensitive to the composite elements of human temperament. As a picture of post-war mentality this picture could scarcely be equalled. Yet as a commentary upon the nature of man it has a value which transcends purely topical or temporary associations. Those who read this book as a mere record of events and personalities may well be disappointed; those who study it as a subtle demonstration of character will find that their memory reverts to it with fascinated persistence.

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The Bowling Green

V.
Capataz de Cargadores

IF you were bred in the publishing business you very likely associate new scenes with book titles or tags of quotation. And it is silly to suppose that only the books you have actually read have influence upon you. One of my treasures of resource, for instance, is that I've never read *Nostromo,* though I've got a general hearsay notion of it, and the musical phrase "Capataz de Cargadores" was often in my mind on this voyage. In fact I don't think I was ripe for that book until I'd had a glimpse of South America.

As we approached Panama I found myself saying privately, "Sunlight in New Granada." That also was the title of a book I hadn't read; by William McFee. I've read it since and can truthfully say it should be in the hands of every Caribbean traveller. I don't need to tell you that McFee always writes well, but something in his Latin-American theme moves him here to special harmony of word and insight. And there, far off to our left, was a mountainous coast which I supposed might be New Granada (as Colombia was once called). Was it the peaks of Darien? I had a Keatsian thrill. But the chart outside the smokeroom convinced me it was probably the San Blas mountains behind Porto Bello.—*Porto Bello Gold,* I said to myself, by Arthur Howden Smith.

And on the other hand the map-reader was satisfied to note the Golfo de los Mosquitos, where history makes its first record of those punctual insects. The diminutive *-ito* (*mosca* = fly) always carries to my mind a feeling of affection, misplaced here. I put down without shame my small increments of language, for at least one purpose of these notes is to teach myself a little Spanish. Up to the time I describe, our three solid gains were *Desayuno, Almuerzo,* and *Comida,* together with *Santa Maria's* excellent menus for those three meals, usefully printed in parallel columns of English and Spanish. *Sopa* and *Leche* and *Huevos* were fairly easy acquisitions; so also *Jamón* and *Tortas Calientes.* Uncooked breakfast foods we found were *Cereales Crudos Norteamericanos* which admirably conveyed a Castilian hauteur. *Papas Fritas* or *Tocino a la Parrilla* give the etymologist a little more to think about. *Riñones* was one I never could remember, and didn't have sense enough to connect it with the French *rognon;* many times in Lima I would order that dish, hopefully believing it something I hadn't tried; it was always kidneys. There's a little rhyme you hear on the West Coast that embalms the perplexities of the beginner—

Where the *sopa* isn't soap
And the *ropa* isn't rope
And the butter's meant to kill ya—

which, I'm sorry to say, is a pun on *mantequilla.*

❧ ❧

So it wasn't strictly New Granada, and it wasn't sunlight, for the afternoon was muggy and overcast. It was the rainy season on the Isthmus, and our first impression of the Canal Zone was intermittent shower all evening as we strolled the official quarters of Cristobal and the arcaded sidewalks of Colon. We came alongside the handsome big piers at Cristobal just at dusk and a noticeable surprise was the number of Hindoo longshoremen with turbans. It seemed somehow to justify old Columbus's notion that this was the way to the Indies. An umbrella hooked over one arm is the frequent companion of the Canal Zone worker. That was an accurate bit of stage business in Somerset Maugham's play *Rain,* for a tropical drench comes down as suddenly as when you turn the handle in a shower-bath.

The surprises of a tropic scene never lose their delight to northern gaze; and perhaps particularly when you go off the ship as we did, at night; explore your way through the dark and gradually identify the unfamiliar vegetables. The glorious royal palms, mango and almond trees, hibiscus hedges, are wholesome aperient to the constipated mind. But even on that first evening ashore there was a blunt reminder of the political tightness of the world. We were with shipboard friends who were returning to their Canal Zone job and had gone to the railroad station to telephone to their home on the Pacific side. At that moment arrived the evening train from Panama City, and there was a brisk explosion of latent small boys. They seized bundles of newspaper from the baggage car and scattered in all directions, crying emergency. It was the late edition of the Panama *American* (a double-ended newspaper, beginning English one way and Spanish the other; a journalistic Janus) with headlines of a War Scare in Europe. That was the evening of July 26; I would have to look up files to remember exactly what the crisis was; but I suppose that all over the globe the evening newspapers of that date carried messages of alarm. I sat on a bench in the railroad station of Colon and wondered whether 1914 had come round again. We had not been

devoid of news on the way down: in the very seas that are haunted by pirate memory we read (in our mimeographed newsbulletin at breakfast) of the death of a contemporary outlaw, Dillinger; but we had the comfortable abstraction of the vacationer; what happens while he's away, he prefers to think, will not really matter.

I do not attempt to conceal the perfect simplicity of the innocent eye. You will forgive it in one raised on Philadelphia's sacred Main Line when I confess my first thought on seeing the long lines of freight-cars on the pier at Cristobal. P. R. R. they were lettered, and for the division of a second I thought it was enterprising of the old Pennsy to have grabbed off the Isthmian trade.

Perhaps this is the place for a literary note. Just across from the railroad station in Colon is a book and stationery shop. The three most conspicuous volumes in the window were Aristotle's Works, a Winston Dictionary, and an Oxford Press edition of Emerson's Poems. The Emerson had evidently been there a long time. Other titles on show were *The Culture of the Abdomen, Synopsis of Midwifery, Muséo Secreto de Nápoles, Poems by James Whitcomb Riley,* and miscellaneous books by Ruby Ayres, Elinor Glyn, and J. S. Fletcher. And also, if an old publisher's reader can speak his heart, a dusty copy of a gay sentimental little romance that Gene Saxton and I fell in love with in MS, twenty years ago I guess, out at Garden City—*Bambi,* by Marjorie Benton Cooke. Mr. Saxton, I'm sure, hasn't forgotten that he wrote a charming booklet for the trade about that novel (under the reversed initials "S. F. E.") and after reading the MS we sent the author a telegram: *Bambi is ours. Love at first sight.* One reason perhaps why I never got so much steamed up about an agreeable German book with the same title, a few years ago, was that I had given my youthful heart to the earlier *Bambi.*—I rather suspect that this odd mixture of books gives as good a clue as anything else to Panama's gamut of tastes.

❧ ❧

Twenty-four hours or so before reaching the Isthmus steamship passengers begin talking with anticipation of cabarets and night clubs. At Colon most of the gang hasten off to the Atlantic, or to famous bars such as Bilgray's; the favorite among the waitresses, as soon as they finish duty, is "Kelley's Ritz." I couldn't imagine anything I was less anxious to see than a typical tourist cabaret, but I was greatly interested in a glimpse of one of the fine clubhouses run by the Canal Zone administration (for Canal Zone employees only) and where, as also in the huge Commissary Stores, the C. Z. staff can buy both amusement and necessity at substantial discount. The Commissary is like a big department store, and the Canal Zone employee pays his purchases with folders of scrip. All sorts of goods seemed to be there, from clothes and furniture to groceries and toys. It was stupid of me not to ask our friend Warren Pitman, who was kindly showing us round, whether books are also commissary.

But what fascinated me most—far more than the shops of linens and laces and souvenirs, where dark merchants all accost you as you pass with "What you say, Chief? What you say, Big Boss?"—was the pier itself. Now I saw *Santa Maria* at her actual job, which is shifting cargo. I stayed up late to watch the orderly rumpus. Under brilliant lights the clusters of white booms forward and aft were like a clump of tall birches. Enormous crates marked DODGE (tractors, I think) had to be diagonaled out of the hatches; a group of passengers watching burst into clapping when they finally eased off one monster. The mate was pleased, but said that wasn't so much. "Wait till you see us handle airplanes, or a whole trolley car." In the long shed every pile of merchandise was ticketed for its destination. That incredible warehouse of goods was a perfect Mercator's Projection. A great flock of iron-tripod cooking pots, singularly primitive in look, and to be used I suppose in Indian villages, had come from Wapping per S.S. *Dakarian* from Liverpool, now to be transshipped to Punta Arenas. (Would there be anything at the Atlantic Night Club more interesting than just that one word *Wapping,* with its various kick-back into literature? I went to Wapping once, with H. M. Tomlinson; he showed me the very docks where Conrad used to tie up, and the pubs frequented by W. W. Jacobs's sailors.)

To make tally of all the stuff on that pier would fill a whole chapter. Bales of cotton, bundles of barrel staves, sheets of corrugated tin, casks of gum rosin, cans of Borden's Dry Ice Cream Mix going to Amapala (never heard of that place), cases of Heinz's Olive Oil to Natagalpa. In the stupefying warmth of the pier it was ironical to see boxes stencilled KEEP FROM FREEZING. I can tell you, if you want to know, what they're drinking nowadays at the U. S. Legation in Bogota—our minister there has sound taste, for I observed cases of Graves and Beaune and Three Star Cognac. I should like to be assured, if it was a *white* Graves, whether it was a reliable *cru,* for there has been a good deal of complaint in regard to the cheaper white Graves; it sometimes is a bit sulphury. If a good wine it is preferable to Sauterne. But the legation's idea was reasonable: a Bordeaux, a Burgundy, and a brandy are the very least that a diplomatic dinner can get by on; and it was pleasant to think that the new President of Colombia, then about to take office, would undoubtedly be formally pledging some of the contents of those very cases I was studying on the pier. I warn our diplomatic service however to be wary of the word *Beaune,* which requires further qualification to be certain of honest vintage. I recommend Volnay, Pommard, Corton, Aloxe-Corton, or Savigny. If in doubt, communicate with M. Chauvenet at Nuits-St. Georges or M. Chevillot of the Hotel de la Poste in Beaune itself. The word Beaune without further identification means about as much as the word cheese.

❧ ❧

Most of your fellow-passengers, buying silk shirts or driving in open carriages over to see the hotel on the water-front, will think you quite mad to loiter on a hot pier taking inventory. But after all it's no hotter than the New York subway on a humid day, and it gave me a memorable picture of what a cheerful busy place the world is when given a chance. The bulletin board at the checking shed (some way up from the piers, by a railroad siding) notes every day how much work is on hand. At dusk there is a great squawking of parrakeets in the palm trees as you read the notice:—

10 *Ship Gangs Tonight*
Stanley, Robert, Chase, Willie, Lucas, George, Sam, Chunga, Parvis, Trumpet.

Those being the names of the native foremen. I inquired about Trumpet, and was assured that was his real name. Chunga, perhaps, is the Hindoo with turban and huge beard who looks like Santa Claus—a fine figure of a Capataz de Cargadores.

And they're all much too busy to wonder or worry why you ramble along those rows of freight. Here are piles of cocobolo logs going aboard a northbound ship. Wonderful dark wood, iron-hard. When I used to pore over Sears Roebuck catalogues as a kid, pocket-knives were always said to have cocobolo handles. "Some day I'm going to make me a cabinet out of that stuff" said a C. Z. policeman who noticed me admiring the grain of the logs. Here are bales of hides, sacks of coffee from Salvador to New Orleans, crates from Japan to Barbados. There are several bags of mail from Valparaiso to Tegucigalpa; who would have supposed so much correspondence between those two? Pilchards in tomato sauce going to New York, where from I could not tell. I don't often hear about pilchards; does New York eat many of them? California is sending sardines, asparagus tips and evporated milk to Callao. Coffee also from Salvador to Trondhjem and Bergen and Oslo and Barcelona. Oil going to Salaverry—which amused me; it's like coals to Newcastle or fleas to Buenaventura. Rolls of roofing and automobile tires to Callao. Calculating machines to Curaçao. Boxes, contents not stated, from Hongkong to Kingston, Jamaica; and to Demerara. Other boxes carefully marked *Stow Away from Engines and Boilers.*

Good Lord, I said to myself, is anyone fool enough to want to start another war and break up this orderly flow of trade?

And, since passengers must be amused, here are movie films addressed to the Purser, S. S. *Santa Lucia,* Wilmington, Calif. So I can tell you what pictures the *Santa Lucia's* crowd were looking at on their voyage East. The cans were marked *British Agent, Whale of Yarn, Shuffle to Buffalo, Beauty Spots of World.*

The United Fruit Company's *Santa Marta* was berthed just ahead of us at the pier. Was it the same *Santa Marta,* or an earlier one, that took Bryce to Panama in 1910, when he made notes for the finest descriptive piece that has ever been written about the Isthmus? The Canal wasn't then finished, but his chapter might well be reprinted in any anthology of prose.

(To be continued)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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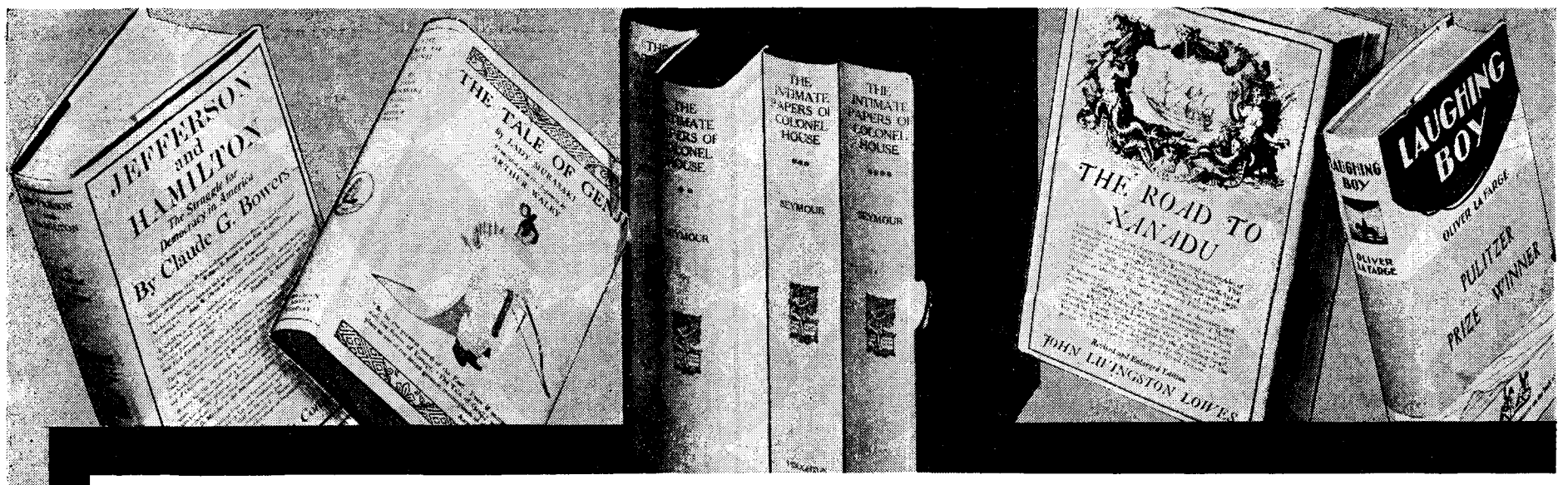

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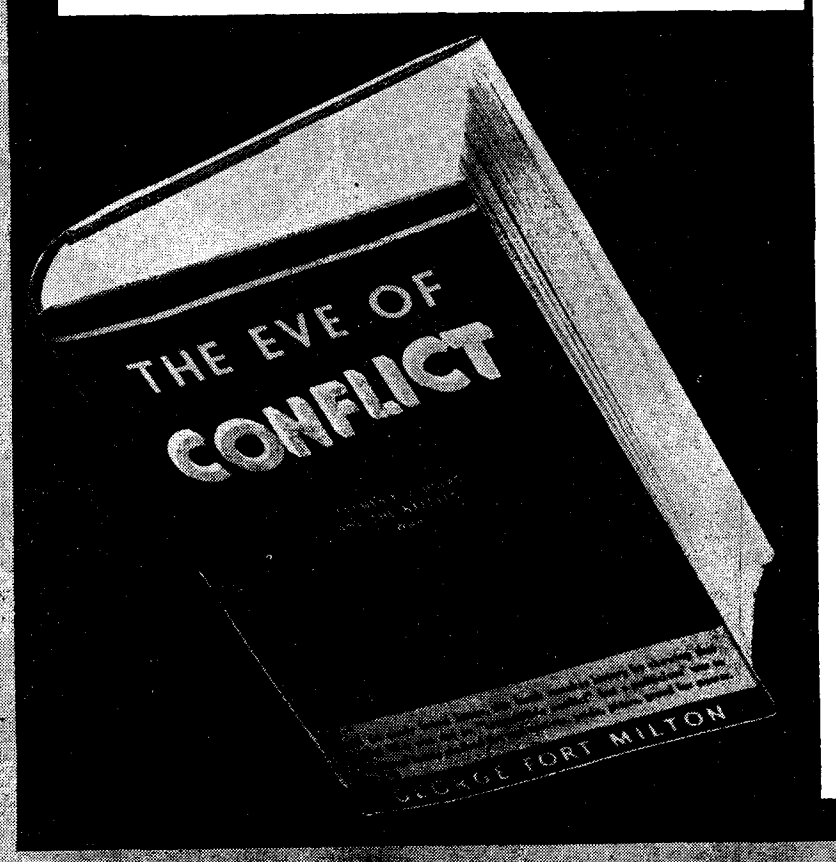

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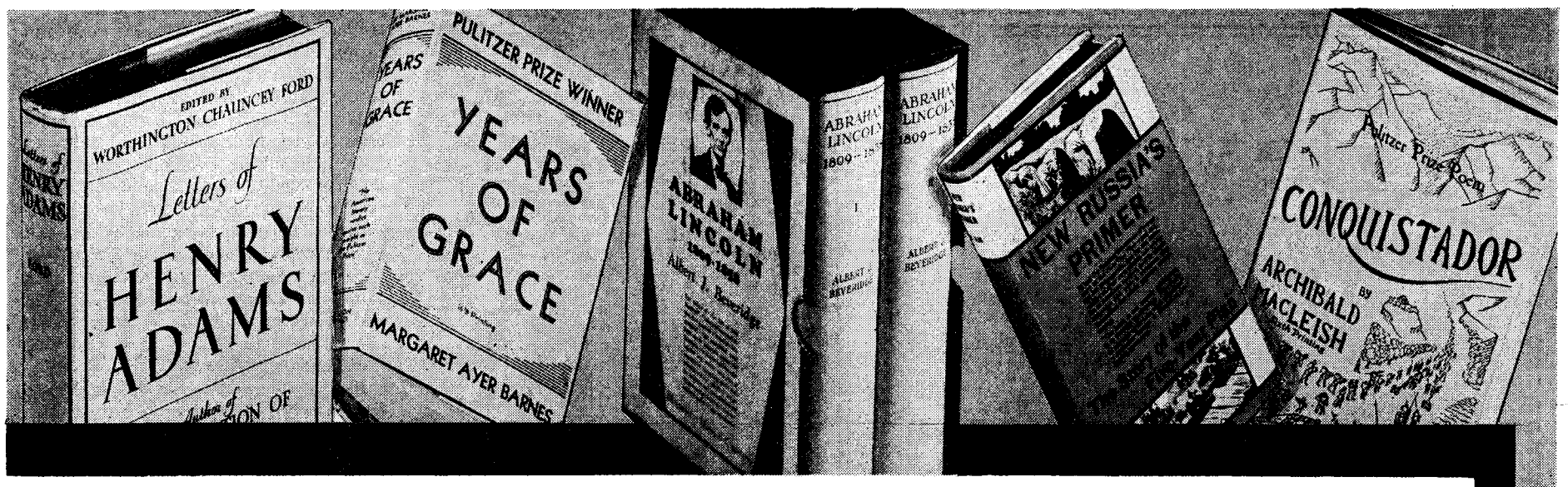

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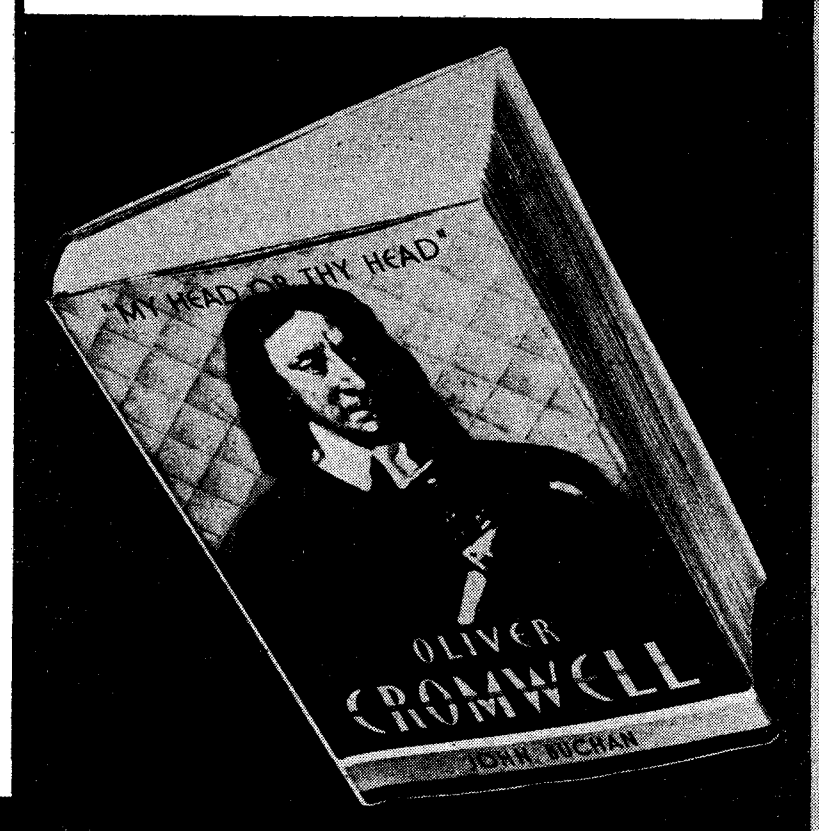

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The Battle of 1936 Begins

(*Continued from first page*)

Shoals. He declared that this "huge program of government in business" was a "false liberalism," and went on:

> Bureaucracy is ever desirous of spreading its influence and its power. You cannot extend the mastery of the government over the daily working life of a people without at the same time making it the master of the people's soul and thoughts. . . . Every step of bureaucratizing the business of our country poisons the very roots of liberalism—that is, political equality, free speech, free assembly, free press, and equality of opportunity. It is the road not to more liberty but to less liberty. Liberalism should be found not striving to spread bureaucracy but striving to set bounds to it. True liberalism seeks all legitimate freedom first in the confident belief that without such freedom the pursuit of all other blessings and benefits is in vain. That belief is the foundation of all American progress. . . .
>
> For a hundred and fifty years liberty has found its true spirit in the American system, not in the European system.

If Mr. Hoover thought that Mr. Smith represented a "huge" program of governmental intervention, we can imagine his horror over Mr. Roosevelt's program! He asserts that if continued, it will be "a vast casualty to liberty." He states that liberty is always struggling against two encroaching forces. One, which he regards as much the lesser and which in numerous passages he minimizes, is the force of plutocratic greed, of economic exploitation. The other, here described in very alarmist terms, is the state. To him, as to Herbert Spencer, government is in great degree a necessary evil. That is, he thinks of it not as an agency of, by, and for the people, but apart from and often inimical to the people. He contrasts our American System of 1921-32, which he regards as generally admirable, with various other systems which he says are now offered as challenges to it: Communism, Socialism, Fascism, and Naziism. He describes these at sufficient length to indicate that he thinks they are really serious challenges. In so doing he adroitly conveys a sense that any deviation from the old American System is likely to lead to evils not unlike those of Communism or Naziism. He then launches into a vigorous assault upon a more immediate menace, National Regimentation. He assumes (for Mr. Roosevelt's followers will deny he comes anywhere near proving) that the New Deal means such regimentation. Upon this assumption he posits his deduction that the New Deal, like Communism or Hitlerism, involves "the servitude of the individual to the state." And he closes with the question: Can we keep down the abuses of liberty through the principles of our old political tradition and mechanism, or must we sacrifice liberty and embrace regimentation as our only salvation?

This brief and we trust fair statement of Mr. Hoover's position alone suffices to indicate some of the weaknesses of his book. But some of them deserve a brief analysis.

It is no news that Mr. Hoover wishes to go back to the so-called American System of the years following 1921. When the depression began in 1929, he and the ruling groups aligned with him held that our governmental and economic arrangements were basically sound. Indeed, he had said in his acceptance speech of 1928 that "no one can rightly deny the fundamental correctness of our economic system." He at first took the view that we could quickly weather what he regarded as a mere speculative collapse in the stock market and return to the old days and ways. When the depression persisted and grew worse, he introduced a new explanation. Europe was to blame for its persistence; except for the financial troubles in Austria, Germany, and Great Britain we might quickly have conquered it, and returned to our old system without essential change. If Europe would only regain a little stability, we could still thus return. But in the winter of 1932-33 the depression grew worse than ever, and the American nation plumbed depths of misery never before touched. For this Mr. Hoover now has a third explanation. Our system still possessed "fundamental correctness." But the American people in the fall of 1932 had the folly to demand a change of administration; tremors of fear at once ran through financial circles; and the general collapse of March, 1933, was primarily due to the political overturn and the uneasiness generated by Mr. Roosevelt's utterances! How much candor and accuracy there is in this explanation of the breakdown of our banking system, the informed reader may safely be left to judge for himself. But the interesting fact is that Mr. Hoover went out of office cherishing three different excuses for his system. Stock gamblers, European troubles, and Mr. Roosevelt's election on a platform of change were to blame; the system was "fundamentally correct."

It is safe to say that this view of the old system is not shared by most Americans. The election of 1932 was an emphatic pronouncement in favor of far-reaching alterations in it. Mr. Hoover himself is for minor reforms. He declares for new laws upon banking and public exchanges, and also for "revision and coördination of our State and Federal regulatory laws in many other directions," including railroads, electric power, natural resources, child labor, and sweatshops. But these reforms would not touch some of the cardinal defects of the system existing before the crash of 1929. They would not touch that absurdly paradoxical national policy which tried at one and the same time to collect foreign debts, sell huge quantities of goods abroad, and exclude foreign commodities by higher and higher tariff walls. It is charitable to Mr. Hoover to suppose that he signed the Smoot-Hawley Bill against his better judgment, as he signed it against the advice of every trained economist in the country. But the country now realizes that a great creditor power which collects debts, forces up exports, and refuses to accept enough goods to pay both bills, is riding for a fall. The reforms he mentions would not correct that other cardinal error of letting agriculture sink into an abyss of poverty while boasting of our industrial prosperity. Mr. Hoover, wiser and more humane than Mr. Coolidge in this respect, himself by 1928 recognized this error. He saw that if one-third of the American people were left to sink lower and lower they would pull the others in after them; he made belated and inadequate efforts to retrieve the balance. But it was an inherent defect of the system of which he speaks that it favored the interests of business as against every other interest, and especially as against the farmer. To save American agriculture, in the present world-wide overdevelopment of land, will require radical and far-reaching changes in our governmental and economic arrangement.

Nor would reform laws and the "coördination" of regulatory enactments touch that other great problem which the depression has driven home to the national consciousness—the problem, in our economy of rapid technological advance, expanded power, and mass production, of keeping the buying-power of wage-earners and others close behind our ability to produce goods for sale to them. That problem must somehow be solved. It is highly improbable that it can be solved without governmental aid. Still another urgent problem is presented by the wastes of competition and the iniquities of unfair competitive practices, which last alone (as in the case of bituminous coal) have sometimes sapped the vigor of whole industries and brought them to ruin. Mr. Hoover again and again in this volume writes as if a rigid enforcement of anti-trust legislation were still indispensable to national health. But as long ago as 1912, Van Hise in his "Concentration and Control" showed that rigid enforcement of the anti-trust laws would be futile, anachronistic, and enormously damaging; Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt were recognizing that the Sherman Act must be sharply modified, and that the government must curb excesses of competition no less than excesses of monopoly. Under Wilson the country accepted a new attitude toward competition in the legislation for the Federal Trade Commission. Great further strides have long been overdue. Mr. Hoover himself was responsible for some slight progress in his coöperation with trade associations. Had more been done between 1921 and

(*Continued on page* 170)

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The Battle of 1936 Begins

(*Continued from page* 168)

1933, some of the necessarily hurried experimentation and blundering of the NRA would have been avoidable. But we cannot now simply scrap the NRA and go back to the Sherman Act; we must meet the problem constructively, and that means government action.

In short, Mr. Hoover's book is defective both in its recognition of pre-depression shortcomings and as a program for the future. Too many millions of Americans in the past six years have been through hell to be satisfied with this complacent view of the old American System. Unless their temper changes, the Republican Party will have to offer more positive plans and vigorous promises than these in its platform for 1936. But after all, Mr. Hoover is not yet writing a platform. The main object of this book is criticism of Mr. Roosevelt's program. The core of the volume is the seventy-five pages headed "National Regimentation." What of the strength and weakness of this criticism?

Some of it has very real strength; but one primary weakness has already been suggested—he does not prove regimentation in any really important or alarming sense. The American people are a singularly hard people to regiment. They have just rebelled against the regimentation of prohibition. Mr. Hoover makes some just and spirited remarks about the writers who set up a straw man labelled *Laissez Faire*, and then maul it unmercifully. As he says, *Laissez Faire* in their crude sense simply does not exist. But is not his National Regimentation fully nine-tenths straw man? It may be well to warn us against its possible emergence; but to declare that it is already upon us is a different matter. If it were, the quick instinct of Americans would have produced a very different attitude toward Mr. Roosevelt's administration than is now evident.

One difficulty with Mr. Hoover's indictment is that, while he occasionally uses the word emergency, he overlooks the emergency nature of much his successor has done. A feature of the volume which will strike all readers is the way it glosses over the crisis of 1933. No one would guess from it that when Mr. Roosevelt took office our banking system was in collapse, fourteen million people were out of work, our industry was half paralyzed, our courage was giving way to despair. Unexampled calamities, which even yet are a nightmare when we think of them, required unexampled remedies. Mr. Hoover gives a long list of new grants of authority to the President, saying that they furnish "a vast concentration of power." But many of them were made for limited periods of time; others were emergency grants—guns behind the door—that have never been used. As Mr. Lippmann has pointed out, Mr. Roosevelt had the insight in March, 1933, to see that the crisis was fundamentally political in that the people had become confused and frightened over the paralysis of government. Realizing this, he asked for a concentration of power in the executive. When he got it and began to use it the panic ended, courage revived, and the nation rallied about the government. To Mr. Lippmann this was one of Mr. Roosevelt's chief strokes of statesmanship, and history will probably take the same view. It is useless to pretend that the crisis did not exist, and it is unfair to treat an emergency assumption of authority as a calculated and sustained assault on liberty. Mr. Hoover upbraids Congress for permitting executive encroachments upon its functions. He reminds us that when the Roman senate abdicated its authority, the Roman state became a tyranny! Mr. Hoover's experience with two Congresses, one of which paid little and the other absolutely no attention to his wishes, should have taught him that there is scant danger of a permanent eclipse of that branch. It also bowed to the crisis. But we may be sure that before long it will be as cheekily independent toward a mere President as it has usually been ever since the day that the thwarted Washington walked out of the Senate "in a fret."

Mr. Hoover, like most opponents of the New Deal, takes his chief examples of "National Regimentation" from the NRA and AAA. Whatever of regimentation may exist under the NRA expires, so far as the present law goes, on June 16, 1935. A law limited to two years is hardly a horrible example of tyranny. Whatever of regimentation may exist under the AAA, and whatever force of any kind it may have, expires under the law as soon as the value of each specified farm commodity returns to the 1909-14 level—a very modest level. Doubtless the NRA will be continued by a new enactment this winter. Labor is already pledging Congressional candidates for its extension, and the United States Chamber of Commerce is discussing ways of improving it. But it is clear that the new NRA will be much more modest in scope and cautious in method than the old. In fact, the old NRA has already been heavily reduced by successive steps—the exclusion of "service" industries, the exemption of most industries in towns of less than 2500 people, and so on. Some sad errors were unquestionably made by the NRA heads, and for a time it seemed to bear with special harshness on small businesses. Great achievements must also, as the president of General Motors and the president of the A. F. of L. both assert, be credited to it. But now it is in a state of flux. Every interest concerned will be heard as it is remodelled. It is not a vast and sinister instrument of regimentation, but simply an experiment—and a much-needed experiment at that.

Toward the AAA Mr. Hoover is especially harsh. He apparently forgets that his own plan for producing farm relief by buying and storing surpluses had utterly failed, at great cost to the government, when he left office. A much bolder plan was indispensable. And yet he writes:

> Instead of temporarily reducing the production of marginal lands by measures of relief pending world recovery, the great majority of farmers were regimented to reduce production from the fertile lands. The idea of a subsidy to the farmer to reduce his production in a particular "staple commodity" was expanded by requiring a contract that he would follow orders from the Secretary of Agriculture in the production of other "staple commodities."

It is not clear how marginal-land production is to be reduced by "measures of relief." By driving farmers off such land and supporting them by charity? That would be cruelly hard on self-respecting farmers, and would be a dubious means of reducing crop-totals. And it is of course quite untrue that the government "requires" any contract. Any farmer may sign or refuse to sign. He may go his independent way as much and as long as he likes. In the cotton areas the Bankhead Act, to be sure, does introduce a certain amount of compulsion. That law was pressed upon the reluctant Administration by an overwhelming majority of Southern cotton-growers who insisted on it as a means of estopping a small minority from getting a free ride. Mr. Wallace speaks of it with distaste. In other words, it is not a piece of regimentation forced by the government on the people; it is an act that the people forced upon the government. And so far as regimentation goes, it must be remembered that AAA administration is primarily in the hands of county committees chosen by the farmers themselves—just as the NRA codes have largely represented the long-urged demand for "self-government of business." Mr. Wallace quotes a farm-agent as saying of the corn-belt committes: "If this were a bureaucratic program imposed on the farmers from above, the government could not hire men to work the way these men are working." There is probably no one in the world more individualistic than the American farmer. If he felt in danger of regimentation, farm leaders and farm organizations would not be coöperating with the AAA with their present enthusiasm.

In regarding the AAA, above all, we must bear in mind that nobody has said more forcibly and frequently than Mr. Wallace that its program is strictly an emergency program; that it does not provide a permanent solution; and that the Agricultural Department intends that it shall give way to other measures as fast as they can be applied. One of these measures must be lower tariffs (or Mr. Hull's effective substitute) to provide for larger

(*Continued on page* 172)

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BEST SELLER TO INTELLIGENCE

"The other evening I had the great good fortune to read 'What's to Become of Us?' It was my lucky hour. I have read hundreds of articles explaining, or attempting to explain, President Roosevelt, the New Deal, etc., and this is the only one that rang true in my judgment. . . . I think it is a great contribution to current thought on our present national situation."

A. W. ROBERTSON, Chairman
WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MFG. CO.

"Exciting stuff the feuilleton FORTUNE dished up about the New Yorker and its $40,000 a year editor, Harold Ross . . . proving a successful editor does not have to have the glossy severity of an evening shirt."

—O. O. MC INTYRE

"I read the July issue of FORTUNE from cover to cover. I found it intensely interesting. You have made an extremely valuable contribution to a better understanding of the extraordinarily interesting experiment being conducted in Italy."

—OGDEN L. MILLS

"I think FORTUNE has done a very fine study on the Russian situation and the cost of Building. I have already commented on both, especially the latter, in public meetings. . . ."

—NORMAN THOMAS

"The articles from which we shall quote appear in the February issue of the American magazine FORTUNE and they are exceptionally well informed. It is refreshing to read in an overseas journal of a non-technical nature such an admirably true description of life and work on a rubber estate . . . ."

THE STRAITS TIMES (Singapore)

"Today, for radical reading, turn not to the New Masses, or to the Daily Worker, or to the Nation; turn to FORTUNE, that well-groomed organ of Big Business which sells for a dollar and to which we award the 1934 Pulitzer Prize for its article 'Arms and the Men.' It is something when FORTUNE, born into the lap of capitalism and nurtured at the breast of salesmanship, begins taking the profit system apart. If you want a success story of depravity and connivance, read that article. It tells of the great armorers of the world, and of the only business in which an order by a competitor increases that of his rivals. We not only give it the prize, but we recommend it as required reading in all colleges and as the opening lecture in a new course called 'The History of Treachery.' "

—THE NEW YORKER

"The excellent article in the January issue of FORTUNE entitled, "Bryan, Bryan, Bryan" is one of the fairest and most comprehensive pictures of . . . farm unrest that we have ever seen."

—W. E. DRIPS
(WALLACE'S FARMER AND IOWA HOMESTEAD)

"You will find a remarkable article on Lourdes in the January issue of FORTUNE. Like all the magazine's work, it is splendidly illustrated. The article is not the mere casual sight-seer's patter. It is the fruit of careful study and investigation of the facts; as accurate and comprehensive a summary as you can doubtless find in any magazine article of recent times, with many new and interesting data. . . ."

—AMERICA, A CATHOLIC WEEKLY

CALVIN COOLIDGE said: "The business of America is business". ➢➢ The man of letters said: "Business is business. And life is something else." ➢➢ Perhaps both were wrong. At any rate, there is a magazine called FORTUNE. In its pages, people read about business as if it were part of life and they read about life in our times as if business were a part of it. ➢➢ FORTUNE is, therefore, a radical magazine. It propagandizes no theory of life. It propagandizes no theory of economics. Only, by its existence, and by its now well-understood activity, it propagandizes the proposition that any and all business is today invested with a public interest. ➢➢

Of course business is interesting—to all who are aware that they are alive in the Twentieth Century. Nevertheless to write about it vividly, concretely and with understanding is the most difficult journalistic assignment in the world today. The Editors of FORTUNE have been working on the job for five years. They begin to get somewhere. They believe the readers of The Saturday Review who do not read FORTUNE are missing something which they would not knowingly miss.

➢➢The price is $10 a year. The Publishers regret that this price should prevent any intelligent person from becoming a subscriber. But the FORTUNE subscriber has this assurance—that after he has paid his $10, the publishers owe no man anything—except to make the magazine worth the price of the subscription.

Fortune

130 East 43rd Street, New York City

"The magazine is something, indeed, to be proud of and I read with great interest the results of your canvass of what Big Business really thinks of the NRA. The results are rather astonishing, but I think it is commencing to get over as to why this position is being taken. I saw a review of the article in the Washington News last night."

—SENATOR JAMES COUZENS

"I have read the story (on the Aluminum Company) very carefully and I am very much impressed with the fairness and broad-mindedness of the whole article, as well as its definite thoroughness of detail. . . .

"Would like to add just a word of congratulation on the way your magazine is adding to its authority with each issue, and in a constructive rather than bombastic or sensational way. I wish we could get the same usefulness of viewpoint into the automobile and railroad businesses that your group is putting into publishing."

—WILLIAM B. STOUT
(STOUT ENGINEERING LABORATORIES, DETROIT)

"I wish to congratulate you on the excellence of your article on radium which appeared in your February issue. I have heard most favorable comment on it from many sources, and I personally appreciated reading it. It is undoubtedly the best article on this subject that I have seen in any lay periodical. It is accurate, comprehensive, and presented in a most attractive style. . . ."

—MAX CUTLER, M.D.
(DIRECTOR, TUMOR CLINIC MICHAEL REESE HOSPITAL)

" 'One of the greatest hokum games of all time' is the way FORTUNE, in a current article, describes the hairdressing business in the United States, with its customary enlivening of big business subjects."

—N. Y. WOMEN'S WEAR DAILY

"Finally Miss Detzer again tackled the leonine Borah. 'When are you going to speak for our *resolution?' she asked. Borah brushed by without answering. But under his arm was a copy of FORTUNE magazine containing an expose of the munitions industry. With it, Borah went immediately to the Senate floor. There he delivered one of the most powerful speeches of the last session. It swept away all opposition. The resolution was passed overwhelmingly."

—"WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND" (syndicated feature)

*to investigate the armaments trade

"In case you never learned the 'Internationale' at your mother's knee, and in case it should ever take the place of the 'capitalistic' Star Spangled Banner, you might like to read a verse of it, as it appears, complete, words and music in FORTUNE, as surprising, in that one dollar a copy monthly for industrial millionaires as would be a recipe for pickled pigs feet in the Koran."

—ARTHUR BRISBANE

"I wish to say that FORTUNE is the finest magazine it has ever been my pleasure to read. The article on crime was splendidly presented. Am enclosing herewith my check for $10. . . ."

—LEWIS E. LAWES
(WARDEN, SING SING PRISON)

"I enjoy the privilege of Premier Mussolini's friendship and I have had the honor of his confidence. There is very little of substantial interest in and about Italy with which I am not fairly familiar.
"It is with great pleasure, therefore, that I take the liberty of congratulating you and your associates on the successful achievement of that monumental issue of the July 1934 FORTUNE (on Italy). . . ."

—JAMES P. ROE

" . . . the August copy of the magazine with its extraordinarily interesting story on crime prevention from the new Federal angle. It is one of the most illuminating, carefully worked out and informing articles on the subject I have ever seen and I congratulate you on having so competent a person on your staff to prepare so important a paper. . . ."

—GEORGE W. ALGER
(ALGER, PECK & GRAFTON, COUNSELLORS AT LAW)

"The article is a glaring expose of the armaments merchants and their unscrupulous methods. I have brought it to the notice of Clergy, Bankers, Merchants and Diplomatists; and they have been greatly impressed by the facts set forth."

FIELD MARSHAL LORD ALLENBY

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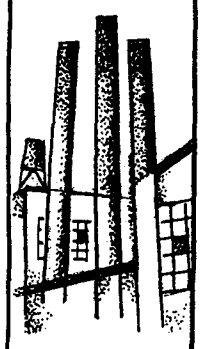
"I HAVE GONE QUIETLY MAD,"
says Alexander Woollcott,
"over LOST HORIZON
by the author of
GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS"

LOST HORIZON

James Hilton has recently won
THE HAWTHORNDEN PRIZE
with this unusual novel
THE HAWTHORNDEN PRIZE EDITION...at all bookstores



Important French Critics are Cheering

this magnificent novel and many have endorsed it for the Goncourt Prize. With eloquence and understanding, it depicts the effects of a strike on the people of a French textile town. The author's achievement is not sociological but human and real and his characters live, love and hate with an intensity that is heightened by the crisis in their lives. $2.50.

WHEN THE LOOMS ARE SILENT
by Maxence Van der Meersch

A Masterpiece of Sensitive Prose

Kathleen Coyle, gifted Irish author, tells the deeply moving story of a mother's struggle to save her son from an unnatural attraction. $2.00.

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Author of "Flock of Birds," etc.

Widespread Acclaim for a Superb Novel:

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VAN DOREN.....("*Masterly*")
CANFIELD.....("*Stirring*")
PATERSON.....("*Exquisite*")
RASCOE.....("*Human*")
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THE COLD JOURNEY
By Grace Zaring Stone

One of Our Most Brilliant Minds,

author of "A Journal Of These Days," takes us with him and discourses charmingly on France, French and American history and the inimitable Pantagruel. $3.50.

A JOURNEY INTO
RABELAIS'S FRANCE
by Albert Jay Nock
With 63 Drawings by Ruth Robinson

"One of the Great Books of This Year"

says the London Evening Standard in selecting as its Book of the Month this absorbing English novel by the author of "Return." $2.50.

IN THIS VALLEY
by Michael Home

AND PUBLISHED BY MORROW

The Battle of 1936 Begins

(*Continued from page* 170)

farm exports. Another may be a program to encourage subsistence farming along lines which the TVA is testing. But meanwhile the AAA is raising prices and saving great bodies of farmers for whom the old "American System" did nothing.

Just one additional word. Perhaps the harshest of all Mr. Hoover's strictures are upon the Administration's monetary policy. He declares that "the wounds to liberty in these monetary actions are myriad." His treatment is extremely brief, coming to only ten pages in all, and even if it were more extensive and analytical the subject is one to be left to the experts who have been quarreling so bitterly over it. Mr. Vanderlip and Mr. Warburg do not share Mr. Hoover's opinions; others do. Had the view in 1928 that our system was "fundamentally correct" been modified sufficiently to permit of a program of banking reform, or even to permit a sterner attitude by the Federal Reserve Board toward the demoralizing speculation of the winter, spring, and summer of 1928-29, a vast deal of monetary confusion might have been avoided. But one protest against Mr. Hoover's arguments may be ventured. He speaks of the "empirical and universal" reduction of debts from 40 to 50 per cent by reduction of the gold content of the dollar as a terrible injustice to provident men and women. Now assuredly there has been no such net reduction of debts. The value of debts rose egregiously if not intolerably as deflation went to unprecedented lengths; what has been attempted has been simply to bring them back to something like their former level. It is the difference between reflation and inflation.

Mr. Wallace's book breathes a philosophy as different from Mr. Hoover's as the philosophy of Theodore Roosevelt was different from that of Nelson W. Aldrich. He does not think of government in terms of a malevolent bureaucracy; he thinks of it in Lincoln's terms—of, by, and for the people, their leader and their shield. He does not subscribe to the idea that we have always had an "American System" that would guarantee us happiness as long as we clung to it—an idea that Herbert Croly long ago riddled in "The Promise of American Life." He holds rather Croly's idea that national happiness requires constant thrust, innovation, and pioneering experiment. Our great governmental machine pushed forward boldly into new fields under the first Roosevelt and under Woodrow Wilson. The war and the postwar reaction stopped it. Now Secretary Wallace believes it is time to resume the march. Our present miseries are in part the penalty for having halted, and the hectic pace of the New Deal is simply an effort to make up for lost time. With free land gone, with immigration shut out and our population ceasing to expand rapidly, with our industries entering upon an economy of abundance, with the revolution in transport making possible the decentralization of our cities, we face a dozen radically new conditions of national life. They are all challenges to national effort toward a sane readjustment. Coöperative effort can be put forth only through the government, and Mr. Wallace bids us not to shrink from bold governmental action. By it—

> Men will devise ways in which the monetary mechanism can be modified to distribute the rewards of labor more uniformly. They will work with disinterested spirit to modify the governmental and political machinery so that there is a balanced relationship between prices, an even flow of employment, and a far wider possibility of social justice and social charity. They will not be Socialists, Communists, or Fascists, but plain men trying to gain by democratic methods the professed objectives of the Communists, Socialists, and Fascists: security, peace, and the good life for all.

The keynote of Mr. Hoover's book is Caution; the keynote of Mr. Wallace's book is Vision. Both are needed, but Vision better fits the mood of a nation just emerging from a great ordeal with a task of reconstruction in hand. There are passages in Mr. Wallace's loosely but vigorously written work that sound, as he admits, Utopian. But was it not Lord Morley who said that he would give nothing for a map of the world that did not have Utopia on it? In his early pages Mr. Wallace vigorously sketches the shortcomings of the old America, half boom and half broke, with its constantly increasing stresses and strains. He describes with a vehemence plainly born of his recent observations in Washington the pressure groups, chiefly plutocratic, which operate there. "If the full truth were ever known about the way in which government influence has been used by great corporations," he bursts out, "public indignation would know no bounds." But the heart of his book, quite properly, is concerned with agriculture. With deep feeling he relates its Gethsemane from 1921 to 1929, its veritable crucifixion after the depression began. He makes an absorbing story out of the long fight for the McNary-Haugen scheme. Since that scheme would not have worked if adopted, its failure was good fortune for the farmer in disguise. But little by little, through groups working here and experts working there, the elements of a truly practicable plan were assembled. Then in the thirteenth year of farm depression this plan was launched, and Mr. Wallace tells with enkindling gusto how it is operating now and what he hopes will grow out of it in the future.

He expounds, too, his ideas of a proper balance in the elements of American life, and he paints a picture of a state which by wise use of its wealth and leisure will rise to new cultural levels. His book offers that compound of shrewdness and idealism, of soil and cloud, which Western agrarianism has so often produced, and which our national life can never spare. It reads as if Mr. Wallace had been brought up in the Progressivism of Theodore Roosevelt, as indeed he was. And a number of passages echo the famous words in which Theodore Roosevelt, in his New Haven speech of 1910, made light of the "loose talk about changes in our system of government" and "outrages upon the Constitution" with which conservatives always assail any real progress.

"Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears"—how often in the last year plain Americans must have repeated Longfellow's line as they thought of the ship of state breasting its stormy sea! The fine patriotism which animates both Mr. Hoover's and Mr. Wallace's appeals should still be with us and lift us above mere partisanship. A great national choice looms before us. But the essential question is not between Democratic and Republican principles, if there be any such; it is, as we said at the beginning, a question between conservatism and progressivism, between two different philosophies of government and national destiny which have impassioned upholders in both parties. For the first time since Woodrow Wilson turned so reluctantly from domestic reform to the European turmoil, a President has put the ship on the progressive tack. Will she remain there or be turned back? The answer will test the extent to which Americans still are pioneers, still are optimists and idealists, and can still repeat with conviction the poet's second line—"Our faith triumphant o'er our fears."

* *

Allan Nevins, professor of American history at Columbia University, is to deliver the Sir George Watson lectures in England in November. The subject chosen for this year is the New Deal.

Miguel de Unamuno, "spiritual father of the Spanish Republic," is retiring from the professorship which he has held for forty-three years. A correspondent to the New York *Times* writes apropos of the event: "By government decree, Professor de Unamuno becomes honorary rector of Salamanca University for life and a chair, named for him, is created, in which he will teach 'whatever subject he may deem opportune.' The name de Unanumo has been given to the Institute of Bilbao. . . .

"During his forty-three years at the University of Salamanca Professor de Unamuno never missed a lecture, with two significant exceptions, first, when he was exiled to the Canary Islands for speaking his mind about the monarchy, and secondly, when he sat as a Deputy in the Constituent Cortes of the new Spanish Republic."

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Fame HAS *sought her out...*

Fullfillment

(Representative Reviews Up to October 2nd)

THERE will always be life and a future in the book world while there are novels like *Now in November*." FRANK ERNEST HILL.

"Terror and beauty perfectly conveyed. It is quiet and intense at the same time." HERSCHELL BRICKEL *in The New York Evening Post.*

"There is about *Now In November* a grim, stark beauty and a cold, clear reality which will not leave you today or tomorrow."
Syracuse Post-Standard.

"It is almost incredible that this book, so mellow in its philosophy, so rich in its poetic texture, should be the work of a girl of twenty-four. It is a book that sings." LEWIS GANNETT *in The New York Herald Tribune.*

"I'd like to wager that first edition copies of Josephine Johnson's *Now In November* will one day be worth as much as those of any living American writer." JOHN FARRAR, *of Farrar and Rinehart.*

NOW In November is at once timely and timeless. It is a book that you may safely and joyfully add to that book shelf whereon especial ous sures are carefully hid from curi- ves." *Los Angeles Times.*

"As y will, fa u read on (and read on you styl ancinated by the beauty of the the autho the narrative powers of of hopeles) in this sad-colored book ted by the men and women, frustratures as weir own inharmonious naand destin ll as by drought and debt self, "Why, you will say to your- Wuthering H this is the American CANFIELD *in* ights . . ." DOROTHY *e Book-of-th -Month Clu News*

A STORY that subtly caden is told in a rose so of aspiration and ed, with ov rtones feeling that it i ndertones o tragic moving music. Mo like prof undly man who wrote re, the young wodepths of understat has plumbed the something fine an ding and wrought picting the coura d beautiful in deepitomize the A and faith which merican spirit."
BU
in The H TON RASCOE
rald Tribune Books

"*Now In November* ment, one which is, in my judg- America would be any novelist in listed as his, wh honored to have novel or his twe ther as his first living American tieth . . . . If any Miss Johnson can novelist besides power so simply achieve such sheer have not had the d economically, I his books." BER leasure of reading *letter to Saturday* ARD DE VOTO *in a view of Literature.*

Forecast

(This column was written Sept. 12 on the eve of publication...)

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers, 386 Fourth Ave., New York

...fame will seek her out

JOSEPHINE JOHNSON
author of *Now In November*

The Inner Sanctum can no longer hold its peace. All we have and all we are we pledge on a single prediction, and this is it:

When these lines appear, Miss JOSEPHINE JOHNSON, *author of a new novel,* NOW IN NOVEMBER, *will awake to find herself famous. To her, the world of letters will accord not merely acclaim, not merely renown, but the authentic homage which is the substance of fame itself.*

NOW In November went into a third printing within one week of publication—and without a single line of advertising, other than that contained in the relative tranquility of the *Inner Sanctum* column.

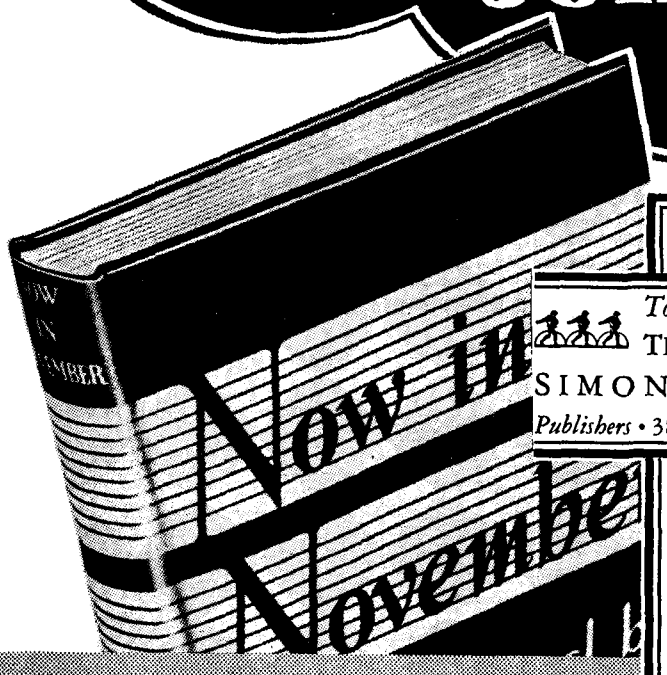
That is a rare experience in these shrill and turbulent days. *The Inner Sanctum* believes it is significant, for JOSEPHINE JOHNSON'S book is more than a brilliant first novel, more than a critical success of the first magnitude, more than a best-seller. Dealing with unchanging things—with love and destiny and the abiding consolations of nature—it is a work of art, all the more astonishing in that it flowers out of the imagination of a girl of twenty-four.

Only such a book can be a *quiet* best-seller. One person simply tells another, and in a fortnight the world of letters, with scarcely a dissenting vote, hails a new voice in American literature.

JOSEPHINE JOHNSON lives out west on the land of which she writes so passionately, far from literary teas, or the reverberations of publisher's adjectives.

But fame has sought her out .....

NOW IN NOVEMBER
BY JOSEPHINE JOHNSON



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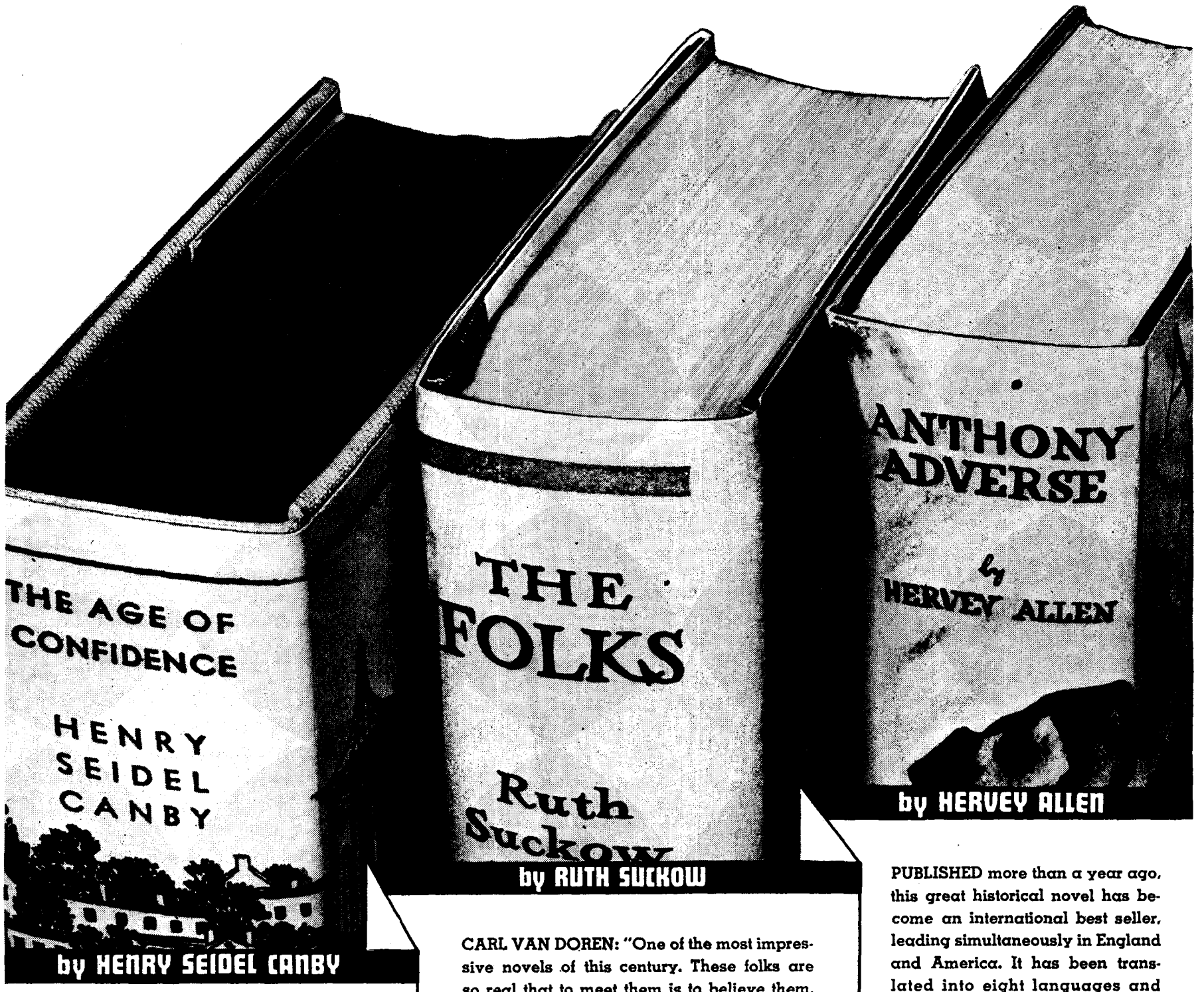

A NOSTALGIC book about life in the nineties . . . when the American temper for the last time knew serenity of mind and security. SINCLAIR LEWIS says: "At least to one reader, this reproduction of the age both of innocence and confidence, brought a decided nostalgia, and he swore that the whirr of bicycles heard from a 'front porch' on a summer evening had a magic more real and compelling and enduring than the whirr of Cadillacs, the whine of aeroplanes." Illustrated by Albert Kruse. **$2.50**

CARL VAN DOREN: "One of the most impressive novels of this century. These folks are so real that to meet them is to believe them, and to believe them is to want to go on knowing more about them." N. Y. TIMES: "A remarkable and very absorbing novel." N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE: "Deserves a place alongside The Spoon River Anthology, Sister Carrie and Winesburg, Ohio. TIME: "A solid masterpiece . . . comes as near the indefinable quality of greatness as an honest story about plain people ever can." 727 pages, illustrated by Robert Ward Johnson. **$3.00**

PUBLISHED more than a year ago, this great historical novel has become an international best seller, leading simultaneously in England and America. It has been translated into eight languages and arrangements have been made for its publication in ten countries. NEW YORK TIMES: "The best-loved book of our time." LONDON TIMES: "An extraordinary achievement." BOSTON TRANSCRIPT: "A book for the ages." 1200 pages. $3

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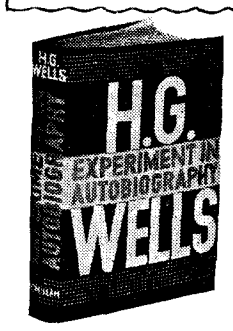

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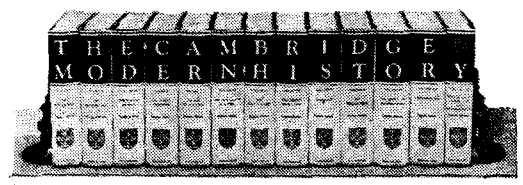

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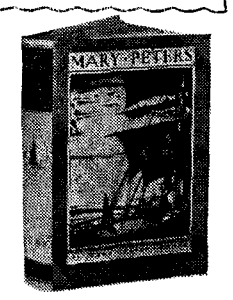

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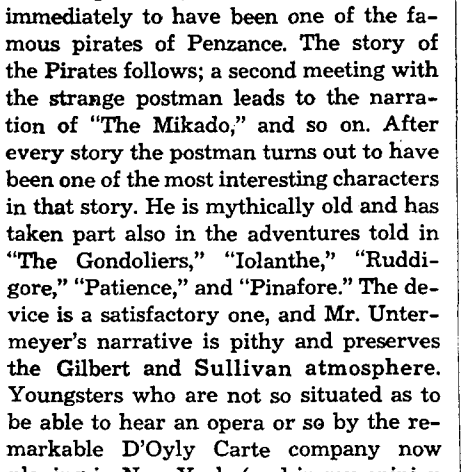
Highlights Among Children's Books

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

TO judge by the number of children's books brought out so far this season, the publishers are as assiduous in the manufacture of "juveniles" as ever they were before the depression. Of this I am glad, although it seems to me that the majority of the volumes are of a more or less stereotyped kind. To some twenty or so of these books, however, I should like to call your particular attention. My criterion has been merely that on the crowded bookshelves I found certain titles that attracted my own taste, and that, on examining the books more closely, I thought them good of their kind.

In "The Last Pirate" (Harcourt, Brace) Louis Untermeyer, a poet and critic familiar to *Saturday Review* readers, has done a good job with a good idea, which was to present anew as stories for the young the gist of the seven chief Gilbert and Sullivan operas, preserving the chief lyrics. We need not call into comparison that earlier famous adaptation, Charles and Mary Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare," though the publishers do. Mr. Untermeyer has given his stories a highly original, fantastic setting through an imaginary meeting in Cornwall with a hypothetical postman, who turns out almost immediately to have been one of the famous pirates of Penzance. The story of the Pirates follows; a second meeting with the strange postman leads to the narration of "The Mikado," and so on. After every story the postman turns out to have been one of the most interesting characters in that story. He is mythically old and has taken part also in the adventures told in "The Gondoliers," "Iolanthe," "Ruddigore," "Patience," and "Pinafore." The device is a satisfactory one, and Mr. Untermeyer's narrative is pithy and preserves the Gilbert and Sullivan atmosphere. Youngsters who are not so situated as to be able to hear an opera or so by the remarkable D'Oyly Carte company now playing in New York (and in my opinion they cannot come to the genuine unadulterated Gilbert and Sullivan too soon) can gain a good idea of the famous light operas from this book.

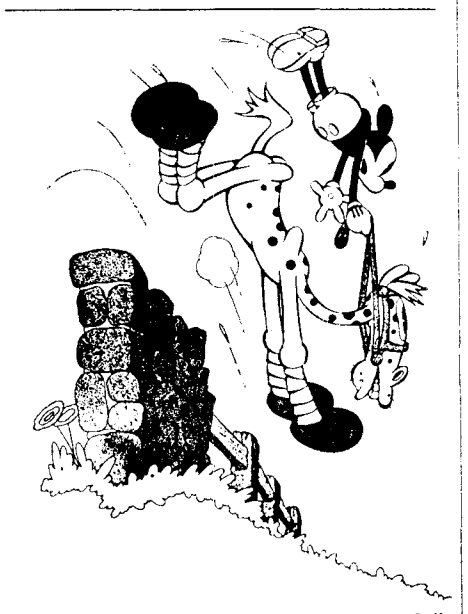
The best of the story collections for the young to appear this year, and several such compilations grace every season, is Farrar & Rinehart's "Famous Stories of Five Centuries," selected and arranged by Hugh Walpole and Wilfred Partington. Don't miss this. It is a large and comprehensive volume of many, many stories, placed under such sectional headings as



Drawing by Jay Van Everen, from "Jean Lafitte."

"Tales of Sons and Fathers," "Tales of Sport and the Chase," "Tales of Setting Out in the World," etc., etc. The introduction by Hugh Walpole on "The Adventure of Reading and Writing Books" is a prefatory "tale" that should serve admirably to acquaint the young—and, incidentally, older heads, too—with the "excitement of books." Mr. Walpole gracefully says that the *character* of this large book of prose is Mr. Partington's; and then he goes on to speak of his own early reading, and makes the account of it particularly interesting. As for the selections, they begin with an anonymous sixteenth century story, but the nineteenth supplies most of the authors. They are a fine lot, many of whose names stirred most agreeable memories in me: F. Anstey, Mayne Reid, Henry Kingsley, Charles Reade, Blackmore, Clark Russell, Dinah Maria Craik, Kingston, Rolf Boldrewood, George Borrow, Mrs. Gaskell, to name only a few. Among later writers are E. W. Hornung, Joseph Conrad, Irving Bacheller, and Sinclair Lewis. There are many more contributors from various periods of literature. I am enthusiastic about this book. It not only introduces the young to notable writers old and new but gives them so fine a taste of these writers' quality that the door is opened to a wide and rich enjoyment of good literature.

There is a special edition of Charles Dickens's "Christmas Tales" (Dodd, Mead), illustrated in color by one of my favorite English illustrators, H. M. Brock. Four stories are from "Christmas Books" and six from "Christmas Stories." I am a Dickens admirer, and some of these tales are still decidedly worth reading. There is also a good collection of well-known stories, "The Read-Aloud Book," selected and edited by Edwin Gile Rich (Lippincott), which is designed for the family gatherings (if there are such nowadays!) The material is most familiar, but all of it is good. Famous old fairy-tales, narratives from the Arabian Nights, Greek mythology, Baron Munchausen, Don Quixote, and the like, are mixed with adaptations from Shakespeare, excerpts from Swift



From "The Mickey Mouse Waddle Book."

and Defoe, and even from Pepys's account of the Great Fire of London and Melville's "Moby Dick."

Two new books chiefly of photographs of modern fire-fighting and steam-navigation are "The Fire Engine Book" and "The Steamship Book" (Harcourt, Brace), both by William Clayton Pryor who has also done "The Train Book." The pictures are excellent and comprehensive and the brief text sufficiently explanatory. These should serve to interest the modern young child in active life around him. For even younger children there is an excellent large flat picture book illustrated in two colors, pictures and story being by Ellis Credle. It is called "Down, Down the Mountain" (Thomas Nelson: New York) and is a Junior Literary Guild selection. It deals with two American children in the Blue Ridge Mountains. Both in pictures and text this is an unusual creation. And then, of course, there is the "Mickey Mouse Waddle Book," a brief illustrated story with characters than can be removed from the page and made to walk down a cardboard incline: the now famous characters of Mickey and Minnie, Pluto the Dog, and Tanglefoot the Horse. This "stunt" book is in brilliant colors and will fascinate any young child, even as in my extreme youth I used to be fascinated by the colored books from Germany, whose characters were animated on the page by a tongue of cardboard moved through a slot. Mr. Reynal of Blue Ribbon Books, the publisher, is to be congratulated on a new and brilliant idea for a book for young children. The price is only a dollar and the pictures by the Walt Disney Studios are superb.

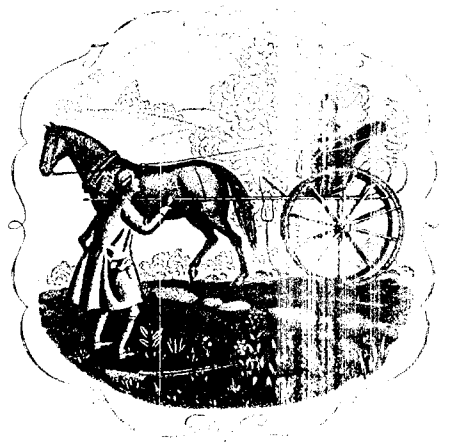
To become somewhat of a "watcher of the skies" is a natural thing even for the young, in an expanding universe. Possibly they cannot yet read Sir James Jeans, but the Viking Press has a book for those of high school or college age, "When the Stars Come Out," by Dr. Robert H. Boker, Professor of Astronomy at the University of Illinois. His style is excellently clear and the illustrations of the volume, photographs on deep sky-blue, are most graphic.

I shall mention several other period books soon, but meanwhile there are three

From "Roland the Warrior," drawn by Frank Schoonover.

historical novels for the young that deserve attention. Two have "coat" in the title. The first of these is "The Gold-Laced Coat," a story of old Niagara (Stokes), written by Helen Fuller Orton with perfectly-adapted drawings by Robert Ball. Mrs. Orton is a well-known writer for children. The background of this romance is the struggle of the French and English for the control of the Great Lakes in the eighteenth century. "The Scarlet Coat" (Macmillan), by Frances Gaither, illustrated by Harvé Stein, concerns a native of French Canada, a follower of La Salle in his last search for the Great River. Mrs. Gaither has thoroughly explored the French and Spanish background of our country and written an exciting tale founded on accurate research. From McBride comes Jeannette Covert Nolan's "The Young Douglas," illustrated by Alexander Key, about a fourteen-year-old younger member of the famous Douglas clan who became involved in the romantic chapter of the life of Mary Queen of Scots when she came to Lochleven.

Elizabeth Coatsworth, one of our best poets, has also established herself as an ingenious writer for children. Macmillan now brings out her "Away Goes Sally," a tale of old New England, which narrates the particularly fascinating winter's journey of a little girl. The illustrations by Helen Sewell are all that could be desired and the author's interpolated verses are an added charm. Marguerite Clément conducts a school for American girls in France, and her "Flowers of Chivalry" is full of spirited description of the deeds of French heroes, even to Bernard Palissy who invented the famous enamel ware. It is illustrated throughout in color by



Drawing by Helen Sewell, from "Away Goes Sally."

Germaine and Pierre L'Hardy. And little girls should not miss Eliza Orne White's "Lending Mary" (Houghton Mifflin), a companion volume to her recent "Where is Adelaide?" illustrated by the distinctive Grace Paull.

Founded on a mystery famous in the history of the sea is "The Ship Without a Crew" (Doubleday, Doran), the famous case being that of the *Mary Céleste*. Howard Pease has here constructed a noteworthy mystery and adventure story for boys. He knows his sea background. A story I can recommend also, to boys and girls of from eight years to twelve, is Mildred Criss's "The Red Caravan" (Doubleday, Doran) for which no less a person than Abbé Ernest Dimnet writes a foreword. Italy is the scene of this gypsying. And then of course I am partial, being old-fashioned in some respects, to such a story as "The Little House on Wheels," dealing with Charles and Lottie Brewster who lived on a farm in Vermont during the 1830's. Here's a caravan of a different sort, constructed by a farmer turned peddler. Marjorie Hayes wrote the book, Doris and George Hauman have illustrated it most pleasingly, and Little, Brown publishes it.

In the realm of costume romance, I advise whole-heartedly for older youngsters Mitchell Charnley's "Jean Lafitte: Gentleman Smuggler" (Viking) finely decorated by Jay Van Everen. And L. A. G. Strong's "King Richard's Land" (Knopf), a tale of the peasants' revolt, is a romance for boys by an unusually good writer. Harcourt, Brace have brought out in "Roland the Warrior," by Virginia M. Collier and Jeanette Eaton, a new form of the great story of Roland the paladin of France, well illustrated by Frank E. Schoonover. This is for children of twelve and over.

Finally let me give you three titles for younger children: "The Master Wizard and Other Polish Tales," translated and adapted by Josephine B. Bernhard and E. Francis Le Valley, and illustrated by Marya Werten (Knopf); Margery Bianco's delightful "The Good Friends," most charmingly illustrated by Grace Paull (Viking), for all young children who like animals; and last but not least "The Snail Who Ran" (Stokes), written and illustrated by Walter de la Mare's famous illustrator, Dorothy Parsons Lathrop, a tiny story of three little creatures that the very young should love, and a bit of filigree that their elders can appreciate.

A HIGHLY SUSCEPTIBLE CHANCELLOR

Drawing by Reginald Birch, from "The Last Pirate."

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ESSAYS

I have just published the first volume of what I hope will in time be known simply as ZEITLIN'S MONTAIGNE. *Several years ago Jacob Zeitlin, Professor of English Literature in the University of Illinois, convinced me that there is no really satisfactory English version of* THE ESSAYS. *He planned a translation that, while based on the Cotton-Hazlitt text, would be a completely fresh and independent one—intended especially for American readers. Elaborate notes were to make accessible the latest results of European and American scholarship. I announced five substantial volumes at twenty-five dollars the set and placed the design and supervision of the production of the work in the very competent hands of Elmer Adler. I hoped to publish in 1933, the four hundredth anniversary of Montaigne's birth.*

But the work was more arduous than we expected, the depression ensued, and the original plan it seemed, would place the work beyond the means of those likely to want it most. So volume one is not as handsome as I had hoped to make it, but *it's the first of three instead of five and the price is only $3.75. This for nearly 500 large octavo pages of very beautiful typography in a substantial buckram binding.*

I hope you will ask for ZEITLIN'S MONTAIGNE *at your bookseller's and subject it to your closest scrutiny. I call attention especially to page c—"Explanation of the setting of this text"—for I think Mr. Adler has solved with brilliance an unusually ticklish problem, that of enabling the reader to distinguish at a glance the three successive stages in the composition of* THE ESSAYS.

The volume contains an Introduction by Professor Zeitlin of over 80 pages, 57 of the Essays, 130 pages of notes which explain in clear detail all allusions, cross references and obscure meanings, and an appendix.

The second volume is in hand and will be published some time next year. The third and final volume will be ready in 1936 at the latest.

Alfred A. Knopf, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York

IF this Tenth Anniversary Number of THE SATURDAY REVIEW catches the eye of one of your non-subscribing book-minded friends please let him read it—he might change into a subscriber right before your eyes.

If he is one of those all-or-nothing fellows tell him a year's subscription costs $3.50, if he is from Missouri we can let him sample 13 issues for $1.00.

▼

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE
25 West 45th Street, New York City

Twenty-Six Estimates of Our First Ten Years

(*Continued from page* 159)

been, surprisingly frequently, some truly brilliant and memorable flashes.

The pages of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, to my mind, contained for the past decade the most accurate chronicle and the most careful prognostications of the tendencies and vagaries of the general literary scene. That is saying a great deal, to be sure, but so it is.

It is scarcely less a compliment to *The Saturday Review of Literature* to find that it is quite difficult to try to offer it any really helpful negative criticism. It seems to me, however, that in common with most of the other literary publications of our times, it errs in assigning too high a value to literature written from a social or the mass standpoint. It seems to fail to realize that the act of reading is essentially a lonely one; that the lone reader will probably be infinitely more interested in books which immediately concern himself as an individual than in plans and vagaries concerning society—"other people." It may be that the *comparatively* small audience which *The Saturday Review of Literature* reaches is partly due to that fact.

It would also seem that it is time for *The Saturday Review of Literature* to infuse and invigorate itself with the thought and feeling and attitudes of the on-coming generation, if it is to continue as vigorously as in the past. It is not hardening of the arteries which it needs to fear, I think, so much as dying suddenly of a stroke—as so many other good magazines have done when, all-on-a-day as it were, the life insurance policies of their editors and readers became effective.

For my part I say, "Happy birthday, well done, and long live *The Saturday Review.*"

Hervey Allen.

Cazenovia, N. Y.

"An Honest Job"

Sir:—A chemist writes me this morning that the most important thing in American life is good policing of the food and drug acts. He is interested in canned goods and medicaments. I am interested in books. But under our skins we feel much the same. What I want is policing of publishers to make sure that their books are quite what they say they are. I want to know what books are really worth reading, and I need opinions to fight with after I have read them. *The Saturday Review* gives me what I want. Where, I ask you, can I find a tidier shop with the goods I am looking for, with Miss Loveman behind the counter, Chris Morley to make every Saturday like Christmas, and Henry Canby to add just a touch of respectability? Ring up the cash register!

Of course, if you want criticism, I am a professional editor. *The Saturday* has too many departments for my taste, and the reviews are sometimes latish. The cartoons do not tickle me, but Leonard Bacon and his crowd do. And then the whole thing is an honest job. Ring up the sales!

Ellery Sedgwick.

Boston, Mass.

"Not Enough Attention to History"

Sir:—It is a tribute to American literary interest and taste that *The Saturday Review* is able to celebrate its tenth anniversary, especially in these tempestuous times when mere bread and butter are the first consideration for thousands of people who really enjoy good reading. I was among the first readers of the first issue and am still numbered among your paying guests. That bare fact is a testimonial far beyond the reach of any words I might add. However, I add a few. To mere barbarians like myself, outside the charmed circle of beautiful letters, *The Review* brings a weekly survey of books worth knowing. It is also a mirror reflecting the opinions, moods, and philosophies of those who concern themselves with literature. Thus *The Review* supplies a wide and many-hued stream of thought. To these somewhat utilitarian virtues, it adds the supreme virtue of catholicity. You have managed to steer an even course amid the brain storms of the decade. You have avoided preaching orthodox sermons on the same text every week. Those who must have the compass boxed, the mind of God revealed completely, and every thought-event put into a cast-iron pigeonhole have received small comfort from your policy, which is, in my opinion, right and proper, considering your function. My criticism? Were there space, I should like to pitch into some of the God-Almighty fellows (boys and girls) who occasionally review books for you and deliver ex cathedra judgments with absolute infallibility. But let them pass. My one general criticism is that *The Review* does not give enough attention to history. I do not mean professors' books on history, but the past of thought and action as it was. People who write books and reviews are historical products who work in a given time and place and link up with the past. If they knew a little history they would not so often split our ear drums with announcements of amazing, startling, exciting, thrilling new thoughts which happen to be as old as Plato. That would be a relief. It might add something to the strength, depth, and vitality of beautiful letters as a branch of historiography.

Charles A. Beard.

New Milford, Conn.

"What the Last Decade Has Been Getting to—and Why"

Sir:—In the world-upset of the past ten years, *The Saturday Review* has steadily been conscious that books, all books, have a relation to social changes, whether as causes or as results or as reflections of them. Yet it has managed to do so without ever being merely propagandist, without being unreservedly Communist or Fascist or Parliamentarian or Terrified Tory. The technique, I think, has been in a singularly varied choice of reviewers and editorializers, instead of depending solely on a staff of regular contributors. And I can guess how difficult it has been to snare some of your authorities as reviewers, because I once tried to conduct a literary page according to the same method. To discover the right person to give verdict on a certain book, and then to persuade that right person—usually forbiddingly busy—to take time for the review, and to do that a dozen times a week, and then another dozen times all over again next week—that is work!

And I like it that *The Saturday Review* seems to think that the whole matter does not consist merely in reports on books less than a month old; that it should relish older books — book-shops — the amiable personal wiles of publishers; that it should often consider what not just the last month but the last decade has, basically, been getting to, and why—this is high editing. My congratulations!

Sinclair Lewis.

South Pomfret, Vt.

"Pillar of the Capitalist Status Quo"

Sir:—America is going through an enormous crisis that will not end without changing the structure of this country from cellar to roof. And Fascism and another world war smoulder just beyond the horizon, and may soon arrive at our gates. During all this excitement, *The Saturday Review of Literature* moves along its garden path of polite literature. Occasionally, its Christopher Morley will go political to the extent of writing a fulsome and abject testimonial to Herbert Hoover, or Katherine Mayo, who slanders India with the perfect hate of a British imperialist, will be allowed to "review" a book on India. I myself, also, have been permitted a few words, because of the general politeness. It is all very confusing, as is all decadent liberalism, and I shall not venture to explain a policy I cannot understand.

Technically, there is in general a good and interesting standard of writing maintained in *The Saturday Review*. The soul, however, is that of the liberal Hamlet—speculating endlessly whether to be or not to be—and destined by history to remain a pillar of the capitalist status quo. Literature is politics, as is life itself, and your politics, I am afraid, has a faint aura of Wall Street, whether you know it or not.

But my congratulations for getting out

(*Continued on page* 182)

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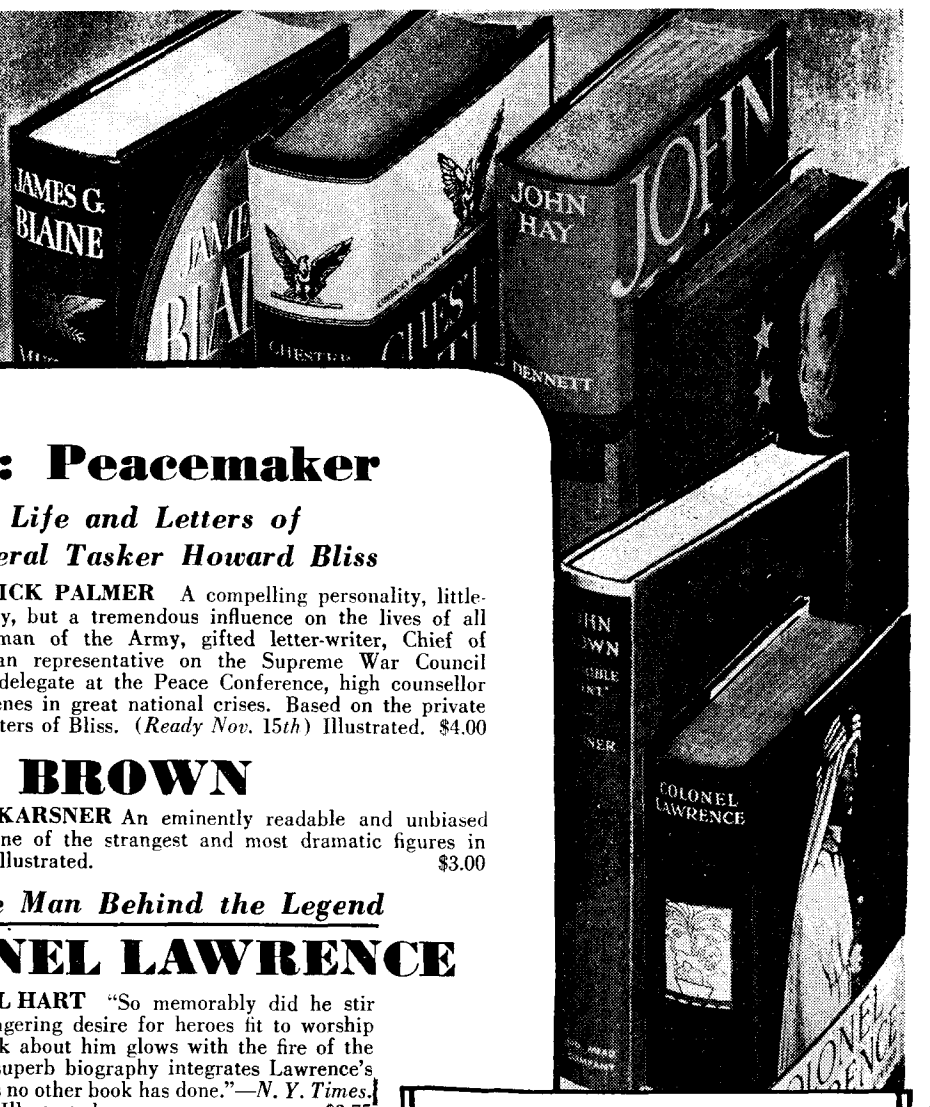
From the Fall List of DODD, MEAD



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Twenty-Six Estimates of Our First Ten Years

(*Continued from page* 180)

any kind of serious literary magazine in what is still a capitalist and comic-strip country, and thanks for the few friendly gestures you make now and then toward your proletarian enemy. There are at least a hundred first-class young American writers in the proletarian camp today, and it is possible they will soon be writing most of the good books that appear. May you never shut your eyes to Art—even when it wears the proletarian overalls, instead of Mr. Morley's professional tweeds.

New York City. MICHAEL GOLD.

"An Achievement in an Insane Decade"

SIR:—Heartiest congratulations on the tenth anniversary! That you should have been able to found and carry on such a literary weekly in the insane decade 1924-34 is a magnificent achievement and a heartening omen. One has only to try to think of the American intellectual scene with *The Saturday Review* left out to realize the place it has come to fill. For half the term of the journal I have been much in Europe. The *Review* has kept me in touch not only with new books but with the currents of our intellectual life as no other paper I know could have done.

You ask me to name your shortcomings. I am not an editor and would make the world's worst. Speaking frankly and only from my personal point of view as reader, my only objection to the *Review* is that I find it a bit too rigidly departmentalized and columnist-ified. That is a slight criticism and I am probably un-American in my taste in that respect. I would prefer more reviews, an essay of the old type, or another article. You see what a small pebble is the only one to be found in my sling.

London. JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS.

"A Straight Course Through a Perpetual Brawl"

SIR:—The announcement that *The Saturday Review* was celebrating its tenth anniversary in September came somewhat as a shock because in my subconscious mind I had come to think of it as a fixture with an eternal quality. And then I remembered exactly the day on which it was born and went to the library and found the first copy printed luxuriously upon fine paper.

Ten years is not a very long time, yet the last decade has witnessed as much experiment and as much excitement in the writing world as a century in ordinary times. Authors, editors, reviews, magazines have been born and died in those ten years, not to mention literary theories, movements, and schools. There has been a hubbub and a perpetual brawl, a spectacle sometimes entertaining, sometimes spectacular and stimulating, sometimes profoundly important and very often merely funny, and through it all the *Review* has steered a fine straight course seldom deviating more than a degree or two when one of the watch grew bedazzled. And so miraculously it has escaped that dreadful and often contagious disease of literary reviews. It has never dated.

It seems to me that few if any reviews have kept their heads so well. Its policy has always been to view the field clearly with a sense of values founded upon standards more eternal than fashionable; and so if one has kept his file of *Saturday Reviews* I think he will discover that he possesses as sound a record and valuation of literary events and products during the last ten years as it is possible to make, and one in which, viewed from the end of the decade rather than from the middle of it, was remarkably prophetic. That in such a period of ten-day wonders and celestial visitations is indeed an achievement. Long may it continue.

LOUIS BROMFIELD.

Senlis (Oise), France.

"Lacks the Divine Impatience"

SIR:—You ask my opinion of *The Saturday Review* just as I happen to be going through Poe's contributions to your predecessor, *The Broadway Journal* (1845-46); and the comparison is inevitable. Poe's reviews of his contemporaries were thorough, dogmatic, often cruel, more than often cock-sure, and almost never urbane. The soundest parts are his comments upon the methods of his trade. He often refers to general principles, but his generalizations frequently have an *ad hoc* quality that vitiates him. Nevertheless, one admires him for the enemies he made.

Your task in the *Review* is infinitely more complex. Your literary manners are more urbane, and you have made few enemies, but I am not sure your reviewers are not, for that reason, a weaker crew. For Poe's omniscience, you substitute, where you can, reviews by specialists—a clear gain; but I think the *Review* has mainly ignored that kind of close examination which I have called the comments of Poe, the craftsman. This is, I think, a loss: were the test of sound workmanship more rigorously applied, your reviewers would not treat mediocrities so amiably. You have faithfully reflected, and reflected upon, the artistic quarrels of a decade; and, being of no party, the *Review* has clung to a common-sense liberalism, but your articles have lacked that divine impatience which made Poe so formidable. You are pleasant to read, yet somehow I wish you could borrow some of Poe's acidity, or speak more often as one having authority. You have kept balance and fairness, however, as he never did—and that seems to me the great service of *The Saturday Review*.

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

"520 Public Appearances Without Predictability"

SIR:—With respect to its politic, *The Saturday Review* is not a monarchical government, and cannot but lack the character, or the force, which readers of a severe habit might require. The Editor does not rule his periodical as did the late Stuart P. Sherman his, as does the now T. S. Eliot his. The *Review* does not come to us from week to week like fresh chapters in the progressive revelation of a doctrine. The principle is democratic, the action fickle and discontinuous.

With respect to its quality, *The Saturday Review* ministers assiduously to the best of us, makes overtures to the dullish middlings among us, and panders ever so little to the rabble; but to be a public purveyor at all is to have in oneself somewhat of the meretricious. The diet certainly supports life, and if a mixed company must partake of it, we know how to enjoy our disdainments along with our relishes, and are not more disadvantaged here than at other places. But under the name, "Designed for Reading," there was lately spread a banquet of excellences purified of grossness; it must have been designed for the noblest.

With respect to the manifold of its features, the *Review* has made 520 public appearances without ever declining into predictability or having to wear a fixed expression. Its firecrackers and sweetmeats make one think it is always Christmas, and there is as much particularity in the last inch of its space as in the first. Evidently it labors from love, and therefore is rare among public journals.

That is all that occurs to me. Except this, with respect to its English. The writing is so good, and at the same time the writers are so many, that I judge we have here something better than coincidence. We have editorship.

JOHN CROWE RANSOM.

Vanderbilt University,
Nashville, Tenn.

"*Affection Comes from the Personal Touch*"

SIR:—In the letter sent out from *The Saturday Review* office to those invited to comment on its tenth anniversary, there is an interesting phrase—"unlike most celebrators of anniversaries, we are asking for real criticism, not for a mere testimonial." That sentence reminds me of a characteristic—and to me delightful trait of *The Saturday Review*:—its lack of any solemn claim to omniscience. Its presentation of opinion on contemporary literature has never been in the nature of a pronouncement from an oracle, but rather easy, low-toned statements from well-informed (and also well-bred) individuals, telling you honestly what they think but with no notion that what they think is Law.

Dr. Canby asks for criticism as well as praise. The only criticism, I think, that one could fish up to make, would be to object to *The Review's* not being what it has never tried to be, the anonymous, authoritative Chief Justice on the bench of the Supreme Court of Literature. The signing of the reviews, and the fact, very well known to everyone, that the editor allows each contributor (once asked to review a book) complete freedom to say whatever he wishes, makes a personal rather than an "organization" matter out of its comments. Each opinion printed in it, is the opinion of the person signing the review, rather than the "judgment" of *The Saturday Review*.

Its readers feel this. Much of their affection for it comes from this personal touch. Even when they have never been near New York, nor so much as laid eyes on any one of its contributors, they approach it each week as if entering a room full of old friends. When they lay it down, they report, "Well, Bill Benét says so-and-so about such-and-such a book," or "Chris Morley thinks what's-his-name's latest is fine," or "Henry Canby has no use for such-and-such," quite as if reporting the conversation of personal friends.

I don't know whether Dr. Canby will accept this as criticism. I'm afraid it is praise. At any rate, it is the truth.

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER.

Arlington, Vt.

"Rarely a Reader"

SIR:—Back in July I had your letter asking me for a 200-word letter covering (I quote you) "in what way the *Review* has represented the literary conflicts, defeats, and achievements of the time—where we have fallen short, where we have succeeded."

The truth is that I am rarely a reader of review and critical periodicals. Such articles as I have read in the *Review* have always seemed to me illuminating and valuable. If I had been one of your constant readers of course I would say more. Whether favorable or unfavorable I cannot of course now say.

New York City. THEODORE DREISER.

"I Have Found More Culture Than Sophistication"

SIR:—As a European, I feel at home in the New World. At least physically. Some of the great American principles apply very well to physical and social life. It is a fine thing "to give a chance" to everybody. It shows a great respect for life. Intellectually it is a little dangerous; it does not always show a keen appreciation of the quality of life. For this reason, a European reader or a European critic has often found himself lost in the overwhelming mass of kind and understanding literary criticism printed every day in the United States. He was used to more sharpness and choice. On the other hand, he found now and then in the American press a reaction against this kindness which passed under the name of sophistication. There the tone was harsh and the critic often well-informed, sometimes brilliant, assaulted authors whom he clearly had not tried to understand but whom he had tried to reduce to the common denominator of cheap and clever commonsense.

If I like *The Saturday Review*, and if I deem it a great pleasure and a great honor to write in its columns, it is because I have found there more understanding than kindness, and more culture than sophistication. BERNARD FAY.

Paris.

"Richly Satisfying"

SIR:—I am afraid that I was still in the "Lady of the Lake" stage when *The Saturday Review* began; but from the time when an unexpectedly liberal teacher at school tossed me a copy of it and asked me to find the "topic sentences" in an editorial for or against Cabell—I have forgotten which—it has been my almost constant companion. Every six months I rebel against it for its continued devotion to belles-lettres and to older lady novelists at the expense of young torch-bearers; but I soon return to it for its cool instructed judgments in a day when others cannot resist fleeing into protective cults and literary mutual hate societies. Inadequate, I think, in its discussions of works in economics and political dispute, it is richly satisfying in its surveys of the literary present and its scholarship on the literary past. A paper that can print in close succession special articles by Edith Wharton and Sidney Hook is surely awake to the furthest poles of our culture.

With regards and all good wishes on the occasion,

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE.

New York City.

"Not Always as Lively as I Could Wish"

SIR:—In a rather hectic day in town, the following seems to be all that I can blast out of my system in respect to your admirable sheet.

The Saturday Review of Literature is not always as lively as I could wish, and occasionally I become the least bit somnolent while engulfing it. I strongly feel, however, that that nation is secure which possesses a fine, solid, intelligent, well-edited review appearing chastely and regularly, come tide, come storm. It carries even more assurance of public tranquility than a well-uniformed police force. Far be it from me accordingly, to advocate any jazzing up of these measured columns. They have found their place in the American scheme of things, and may they hold that honorable and dependable post forever and aye.

STUART CHASE.

New York City.

"A Definite Standard is Beyond Price"

SIR:—I couldn't even offer any real criticism of *The Saturday Review* because during these last few years I have only seen it at intervals. But I know it—and owe to it—enough to send my heartiest congratulations on its Tenth Birthday. There can be no question—and especially in these broken and slippery days—of its value to all who care for literature, to living writers and for the best they stand for. A definite standard is beyond price. May it have as many more happy birthdays as Methuselah, and may its Editors flourish!

WALTER DE LA MARE.

Taplow, Buckinghamshire, England.

Two Suggestions

SIR:—You have my heartiest congratulations upon your success in keeping *The Saturday Review* alive during these troubled years. It has certainly made a place for itself.

You ask for suggestions. There is only one of any importance that occurs to me. This is that you should give us yourself each week during the main publishing season an editorial-review of some especially significant work, emphasizing particularly, perhaps, but not exclusively, American works. It would be a big job, but I should like to see you do it. There is one other, very small, matter. I rather think your readers would be interested in having more news of book sales, especially in cases of books singled out for praise by juries such as the Pulitzer committees, or by groups of our most competent critics. I see reports here and there in the press of the sales in popular fiction, but seldom of the biographies, histories, volumes of poetry, and so on, to which you rightly give a good deal of your space and critical support.

With all good wishes for the future, believe me

WILBUR L. CROSS.

Hartford, Conn.

"Typical American Production"

SIR:—It is remarkable how narrow and nationalistic literary criticism still is today. Only the smallest number of critics have any interest outside of the writing of their own country, and they assess the literary production of other lands on the basis of qualities typical of their own. This is all the more strange since at bottom the great literature of all ages has been cosmopolitan. Astounding, truly, that at a time when travel is so general, the mass of critics should remain so nationally confined.

Those who do not wish to restrict their outlook to their own land must necessarily fall back upon the literary journals of

(*Continued on page* 184)

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The Same to You!

We salute the *Saturday Review* on its tenth birthday and, anticipating our own by a few months, join in the thrill of being a decade old. We gratefully acknowledge our share of the debt owed it for its vigorous support of good books and, looking forward to many more years in its company, most heartily wish it well.

This novel, based on the fascinating story of that well-remembered figure, "the incomparable Bolitho," has evoked a chorus of critical praise of which we cite two typical examples:

"It is one of the most beautiful love stories I have ever read — beautifully felt and beautifully written."—PEARL BUCK

"Fascinating...It throbs with feeling...moves with a dramatic urgency, with a beauty of descriptive phrase and a felicity of epithet that hold the reader under tension from beginning to end."—AMY LOVEMAN, *Saturday Review of Literature*. $2.50

MY SHADOW AS I PASS
by Sybil Bolitho

"She has produced a book that holds the reader's interest to the end... *To the North!* lays the reader under obligation to the author because she has made a pleasure of her task and, while dealing with facts, has colored them with imagination and sympathy." Thus writes Henry E. Armstrong in *The New York Times* of a volume which, often in the words of the explorers themselves, tells the whole, dramatic story of man's 2000-year struggle to wrest new land, new knowledge and glory from the Arctic. Ill. $3.75

TO THE NORTH!
THE STORY OF ARCTIC EXPLORATION FROM EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRESENT
by Jeannette Mirsky

"A grand story. I wish to blow loud bugles for him... Albert Halper is producing. Watch him!... get *The Foundry*"—Sinclair Lewis. $2.50

THE FOUNDRY
by Albert Halper

WHILE ROME BURNS
by Alexander Woollcott

The best-seller—a huge volume of delightful reading—grand entertainment! Over 50,000 copies sold. $2.75

On Thursday, October 11th, we will publish Frieda Lawrence's biography of her husband, D. H. Lawrence. She has welded all she knew of him and nearly a hundred of his letters into a clarifying narrative from which the true Lawrence emerges. It will be recognized as, and remain, the ultimate record of a strange genius, an irreplaceable item in the biography of literature. Illustrated. $2.75

"NOT I, BUT THE WIND"
by Frieda Lawrence

Seven hitherto unpublished stories, noteworthy for their variety and ranking high among Lawrence's works. $2.00

A MODERN LOVER
by D. H. Lawrence

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Twenty-Six Estimates of Our First Ten Years

(*Continued from page* 182)

other countries to get perspective on the latter. This is the only means of escape from a provincial, Babbitt-like attitude. I must admit that in reading *The Saturday Review* I get the impression that I have before me a typical American production in both the good and the bad sense. But even more forcibly I feel that the staff of *The Saturday Review* is striving honestly and successfully to evaluate literary affairs with a broader outlook than the merely American. If *The Saturday Review* did not exist, I would most genuinely miss it. It would have to be created.

LION FEUCHTWANGER.

"Overvalues the Sensationalists"

SIR:—The editor of a literary newspaper, as I understand his job, must carry water on both shoulders: he must contrive to treat some books as news items and others as literature. He must please a majority of his subscribers and all of his advertisers. This you have done with skill and I congratulate you on surviving the depression. However, as you have asked for criticism I give it with friendliest understanding of your problem.

To my thinking you have given undue space and consideration to the books which by reason of their "shocking" or "daring" content have been news items. Nothing is so dead as the pornographic sensation of last month and in your editorials you have said so but the casual reader who sees the advertising matter and the long reviews of these books is often confused by the display. He takes space for content and over-values your editorial toleration. I should like to have you more often and at greater length dwell upon the books that have the reflective quality. Your personal writing is always on the side of the man of taste and skill but your reviewers are too often advocates of the animalistic fiction and drama of the day.

I know the uselessness of my criticism but as you asked for it, here it is briefly stated: I think the *Review* has overvalued the sensationalists.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

Hollywood, Cal.

"Kept Your Head Through a Literary Reign of Terror"

SIR:—The lot of the liberal is hard. When, after the French Revolution, France swung back to the right, the pamphleteer, Sieyes, was suspected of having helped feed the guillotine. When asked categorically, What did you do during the Terror?, he thundered back at his accusers, "I lived." To the same question, *The Saturday Review of Literature* can make the same answer.

There are those who accuse you of having steered a cowardly middle course. I have heard this lately from an earnest, honest, able writer of the proletarian school. This is unfair to the *Review*. You have not sided with any group; Humanism, or the religion of art, or, just now, the proletarian school; because to me you have had a conviction worth living for. It is this. There are some human activities, like philosophy, art, science, and above all literature, which can and should be carried on outside of and above politics, in the best sense of that preposition. You know that the writer who cannot recognize social injustice when he sees it cannot possibly be really significant. But you know also that "Huckleberry Finn" is a greater novel than "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in spite of the latter's far greater value as political propaganda.

I congratulate you upon having kept your head. May you keep it through another ten years of our literary Reign of Terror, if it must last that long, and may you live on to enjoy a serene old age.

CHRISTIAN GAUSS.

Princeton, N. J.

A Telegram

IT SEEMS TO ME THAT THE BUSINESS OF A CRITICAL REVIEW IS TO EXPLAIN BOOKS, TO RELATE BOOKS TO LIFE STOP FOR IN BOOKS GOOD OR BAD, CONTEMPORARY LIFE IS PORTRAYED THROUGH ITS CHANGING PHILOSOPHY STOP THE FILES OF THE SATURDAY REVIEW WILL REVEAL TO THE HISTORIAN WHAT WRITERS WERE TRYING TO TELL THEIR READERS, WHAT READERS WERE DEMANDING OF THEIR WRITERS AND SO WHAT WAS DEEPLY IN MAN'S HEART AS HE HURRIED OUT OF HIS OLD WORLD TO HIS VAST ADVENTURE IN THE NEW ONE.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

Rochester, Minn.

My Early Years in Reading

(*Continued from page* 161)

place to sleep"? I have heard that a wonderful sermon was once preached from that text. I wish I might have heard it—"he took of the stones.... for his pillows"!

What about Bret Harte? I don't think you mention him, do you? He didn't write voluminously, but who could ever ask for two better short stories than "The Luck of Roaring Camp" and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat"? And his "Plain Language from Truthful James" (the "Heathen Chinee"), read to me by my mother, is one of my earliest recollections.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," which was of course on your shelves, my mother started reading aloud to me as a sort of bedtime story. But the tale was blood curdling and the reading out loud far too slow, so I finished it in a hurry by myself. Then on the theory of "thorough," I got hold of Harriet Beecher Stowe's other books. But as we all know none could hold a candle to "Uncle Tom." Even "Dred, a Tale of the Dismal Swamp," whose title was most alluring, failed to terrify.

You speak of the Victorian novelists, who in due course followed my Dickens and my Scott. Thackeray was the first and George Eliot the second. As with you, my Merediths and my Hardys came only after I was through college. Thackeray and Eliot, both covered practically in toto, consumed a considerable part of those middle distance years from fifteen to nineteen. As you so well point out, the life of school and college boys and girls forty years ago was far less hectic than today. One did not have to be going every minute. We used to think that half the day was enough for exercise, tennis or boating or scrambling up the foothills of the Catskills. And as the afternoons had more hours for exercise, my brother and sister and I used to put in the mornings reading. Then, too, there were no distractions by motor cars, radios, telephones, or the other noisy contrivances of the newer age. In a quiet country neighborhood in the late '80's one's inward forces had not to waste themselves upon petty excitements.

Well, obviously in the course of long summer vacations, prep school and college, if one puts in the mornings reading for three hours a day, one can cover considerable ground. For me that ground was all of Thackeray, the same of Eliot and Defoe, Bulwer-Lytton (does any one live who has not read "The Last Days of Pompeii"?), with a lot of other things thrown in, like Fielding with his "Tom Jones" (terribly improper in those days), and Victor Hugo, mostly in translation, I am sorry to say. But his "Ninety-Three" and his five full volumes of "Les Miserables" made thrilling reading for any youth in his teens. Of course, too, those were the days of General Lew Wallace and his "Ben Hur, a Tale of the Christ," and then "The Fair God." In the late 80's "Ben Hur" was almost as much in vogue as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in the 70's.

The name of Victor Hugo calls up fresh youthful memories, for it was a passage from his description of the Battle of Waterloo that served me in my first school declamation contest. (Declamation contests had a great vogue when I was a lad). I can still recall those rolling, sonorous lines of Hugo—a bad translation very likely but good enough for me: "A few squares of the Old Guard, immovable amid the flow of the rout as rocks in running water, held out till night. Night coming on, and death also, they awaited the double terror which was surrounding them. Ulm, Wagram, Jena, Friedland were dying with them," and so on. And then at the end, when Hugo pictures the defeated Bonaparte returning alone late that night to the scene of his disaster—"It was Napoleon—endeavoring to advance again—mighty somnambulist of a vanished dream!" Are those passages ever declaimed in public school nowadays?

It was during those same long summer holidays that we covered the other books "thrown in," to which I have just alluded. First came Charles Kingsley ("Water Babies," of course long years before) with his perfectly grand "Westward Ho!" and the puissant Amyas Leigh; followed by "Hereward the Wake" of early England. After him Wilkie Collins—"Moonstone," "The Woman in White," and other real thrillers, and all of our own Edgar Allan Poe, still unsurpassable. In these present days I hear little mention of Charles Reade, but I am sure young people must still devour "The Cloister and the Hearth," just as we did; closely followed by "Hard Cash," "It's Never Too Late to Mend," and others. And then of course Nathaniel Hawthorne. There was a quality, an atmosphere about his books that even as a youth I had detected in no others I had ever read. "House of the Seven Gables," "The Scarlet Letter," "The Marble Faun"—all of them appealing and unforgettable.

Time seemed almost everlasting in those care-free days, and thrice I started the summer with "Vanity Fair" and made it cover five or six mornings. Everyone must have his favorite book which, at least in his younger days before the years press down, he reads again and again. So if the roll were called and "Vanity Fair" named, I should often declare "Ad sum."

As to Thackeray's final place in English literature, I must say I was surprised last summer at the answer which I received from one of Great Britain's most eminent men of letters. I had asked him how long Galsworthy's work would live. "Longer than Thackeray's," was his unhesitating reply. To me this seemed little less than sacrilege. What! The mighty, the Olympian William Makepeace Thackeray, playing second fiddle to any twentieth century novelist—no matter how excellent. How many times—and never without youthful emotion—had I read that passage from "Vanity Fair": "No more firing was heard at Brussels—the pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field and city; and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart."

Yet I was so impressed with that remark about Thackeray that only last year I started to read "Vanity Fair" once again, just to see for myself. And I have to confess, with a certain melancholy, that many of the things in "Vanity Fair" which forty years ago seemed brilliantly clever now sound rather commonplace and dull. Our humor is of another age. And I will add that if Thackeray must yield place to the twentieth century there can be no successor more worthy than John Galsworthy of tender memory.

Of the books which I read again and again one was your Blackmore's "Lorna Doone." Could one ask for a better example than "Lorna Doone" as a book to stimulate all that latent romance in Young America which you emphasize so strongly? I must say that the Doone country, when one visits it now on a placid July day, looks neither so formidable and perhaps not so romantic as Blackmore pictured it. But why spoil that fine, first careless rapture of youth, fired by the matchless Lorna?

If you have read as far along as this point, you will have perceived that even for a boy my reading was pretty much one-sided—novels and romances having a heavily preponderating place. In those days there wasn't much science that was available for a growing lad to read, and modern biography hadn't been invented. But certainly I ought to have plodded through more history. Perhaps, however, for that age romance was not so bad—certainly if one's after life was to be filled with the pressure of daily affairs. At any rate, one gathered, as the poet says, a sense of life, lovely and intense.

I am glad you spoke of Trollope, even if he hadn't a place on your family bookshelves in the 90's. Nor did he in my early youth. But I became gloriously acquainted with him just after my college days when I was lazily recuperating from a long illness. I was turned loose in a new library where "Phineas Finn" and "Phineas Redux" were the first titles that caught my eye. I read greedily every word of them and then of course went through all the Parliamentary series, the Clerical series and so on. But curiously enough, I have never found a library, institutional or otherwise, that contained Anthony Trollope's complete works. Almost every year I chance upon a new title of his that I had never heard of before, and one of my English friends makes a point of picking up these odd volumes and sending them to me.

Those post-college years, the early ones, also of course marked the time when Kipling and Stevenson came into their own. It was a cold winter morning in my sophomore year that one of my friends marched into my chilly room in Thayer Hall, threw a volume down on my desk and said "There's a new young English writer and I'll bet he makes his mark." The book was Kipling's "The Light that Failed." In American circles that piece of Kipling's work, although now perhaps almost forgotten, had seemed to attract attention even before his Indian tales.

Those same post-college years gave me my first real introduction to Browning and then to Whitman. For two successive winters I attended classes which took themselves very seriously in studying and interpreting first Browning and then Whitman. Tolstoy too came in for considerable of my time. I began with "Anna Karenina" and wound up with "War and Peace," a real winter's job.

You did far better in your youth by our American poets of the last century than I did. Longfellow had a small place, but Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, and Bryant almost none. Not until I went away to school did I get any Emerson, and then it was his essays rather than his verses. No, as to verse our household contented itself largely with Sir Walter Scott, "The stag at eve had drunk its fill," young Lochinvar, and so on; with (like you) the "Lays of Macaulay" and with Tennyson, for we certainly lived in a "kind-hearts-are-more-than-coronets" atmosphere. We had so much of Ecclesiastes, Isaiah, and the Psalms poured out upon us that my father would have said we had no need for modern poetry.

Alas, my dear sir, how interminably I have run on. And instead of simply comparing early family libraries with you, as I started to do, I have wandered all over the lot and apparently given you the history of my early life, so far as reading is concerned. And I haven't even been able to philosophize and draw lessons from it all, as you have so delightfully done. But it is your fault. You should not have made your recital so stimulating as to arouse many vivid memories of my own.

Since those early years, call it the first twenty-five of my life, I have never had the same prolonged periods for reading that I had then. For even good summer holidays or long Pacific voyages have been punctuated with affairs that interrupt and distract. Thus while I have kept pegging away in my own weak way and manner at books, ancient and modern, I can never be glad enough that I was brought up from my earliest years to a habit of reading that, luckily enough, took me over a lot of ground in the first two decades of my life. But who can ever capture again those first raptures of an eager boy, so keen to get through his first reading of "The Spy" or of "Oliver Twist" that he would carry the book all over the house with him, snatching sentences at odd moments, the last thing to lay down beside his bed at night, the first to take up with the morning sun? Do those enthusiasms ever come again?

Ever sincerely,

THOMAS W. LAMONT.

The United States Children's Bureau issued in 1914 a pamphlet entitled "Infant Care" which has achieved the proud position of a best seller. The book, which has been circulated all over the world, is about to pass the 800,000 mark. Compiled by a group of famous "baby doctors" in 1914, it was revised in 1929. It is a simple and straightforward presentation of the problems which confront the mother in raising her child during the first years together with specific advice for the treating of common ills and prevention of more serious ones.

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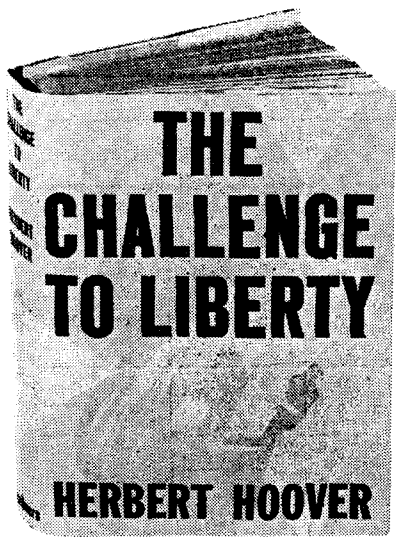
The Challenge to Liberty



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R.E.Lee

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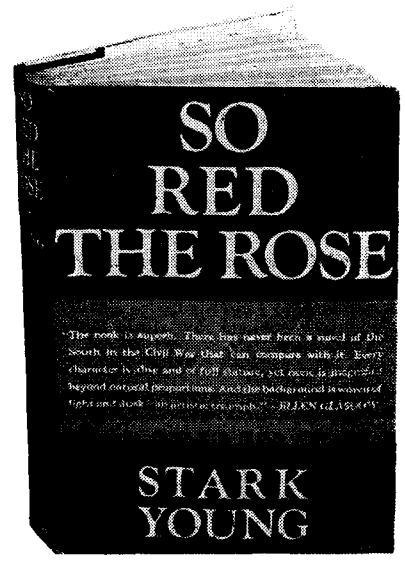

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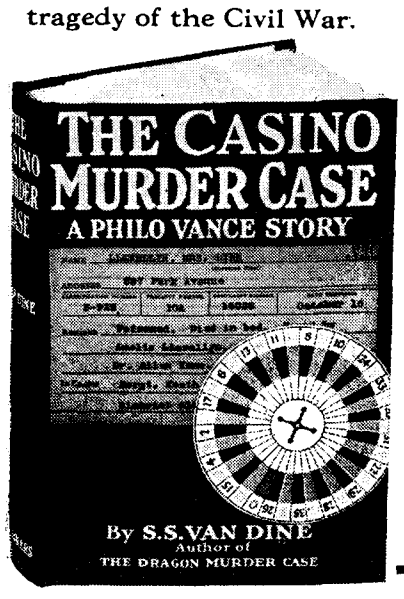

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By Margaret Kennedy

"Unglossed in its portrayal of sordid relationships, shot through with a deliberate and outspoken vulgarity, 'The Constant Nymph' paradoxically stands out by reason of its beauty." From the review by Amy Loveman, February 14, 1925.

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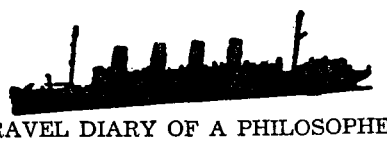
By the Author of MAIN STREET and BABBITT

SINCLAIR LEWIS

ARROWSMITH
By Sinclair Lewis

"A harsh book, a hard book, in spite of Leora, an illuminating book in a good sense. . . . a well written and intensely interesting book; not a great novel, because Lewis knows little of the subtler springs of human nature."
From the review by Henry Seidel Canby, March 7, 1925.



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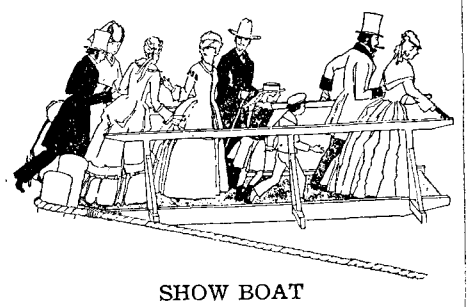
"Count Keyserling is an outstanding figure among the few genuinely internationally minded. . . . The translator . . . has rendered a service to international understanding comparable to that rendered by Carlyle in introducing the Anglo-Saxon world to the author of 'Wilhelm Meister' and 'Faust.'"
From the review by Kuno Francke, April 25, 1925.

BARREN GROUND
By Ellen Glasgow

"Realism crossed the Potomac twenty-five years ago, when Miss Glasgow wrote 'The Voice of the People.' . . . 'Barren Ground' is a great novel."
From the review by Archibald Henderson, July 18, 1925.



SHOW BOAT
By Edna Ferber

"The local colorists of another generation would enjoy 'Show Boat,' while finding it a little brittle, intellectual, 'got up.'"
From the review by Henry Seidel Canby, August 21, 1926.

Ten-Strikes of a Decade

By AMY LOVEMAN

WE were born in the good old days. For when *The Saturday Review* first saw the light the war was far enough in the past no longer to overshadow every interest of the moment, and the Armistice was near enough to leave some ground for hope that we had fought the war to end war. The age had moved on to introspection. "All the sad young men," having in the previous lustrum shown up America at its worst, were now much concerned with psychological inhibitions. Freudianism was well entrenched in literature and in criticism, and the general interest in human nature was pushing biography into the forefront of interest. Not only the present but the distant past was coming into favor. The Middle Ages, the Stuarts, the Napoleonic period were finding fresh interpretation. Seriousness unbent sufficiently to indulge in crossword puzzles, and a new publishing house was carried to instant success on the tide of that pastime. Amy Lowell, around whose poetry clustered laurels and whose personality was none the less impressive for its peccadilloes in regard to dogs and cigars, created a stir with a life of John Keats which American scholarship acclaimed with enthusiasm and British received with a certain condescension. The United States, on the other hand, with true Christian charity, took to its heart E. M. Forster's "A Passage to India" which had met with a storm of acclaim in England. The Anglo-Saxon nations united in producing a best-seller when from the gifted pen of Anne Douglas Sedgwick, American born and British by the accident of marriage, came "A Little French Girl" who won her way into the good graces of public as well as critics. Publishing houses now defunct or persisting under other cognomens were functioning busily. Seltzer was publishing the child wonder of the period, Nathalia Crane, whose "The Janitor's Boy and Other Poems," before tongues ceased to wag about it, had landed its author and her parents in the headlines of the papers and enlisted the valiant championship of Mr. Louis Untermeyer. Huebsch had issued Sherwood Anderson's "A Story Teller's Story," and Boni & Liveright had brought out Waldo Frank's "Chalk Face." Glenway Wescott, with "The Apple of the Eye," Kenneth Burke with "White Oxen," Laurence Stallings with "Plumes" were attracting attention. The established novelists of England were producing—Galsworthy intent on the Forsyte fortunes in "The White Monkey," May Sinclair and Arnold Bennett bringing out minor works in "Arnold Waterlow" and "Elsie and the Child." The interest in the negro as the subject of literature, to become so marked in the next few years, got under way with Walter White's "The Fire in the Flint" and Julia Peterkin's "Green Thursday," and the foreign influence continued with books by such writers as Selma Lägerlöf, Pio Baroja, Knut Hamsun, Thomas Mann, Paul Morand, Romain Rolland, already engaged on "A Soul Enchanted" the last volume of which is just appearing, Vicente Blasco Ibáñez, and Ladislas Reymont whose "The Peasants" won the Nobel Prize for literature for the year. Gamaliel Bradford, man of prolific letters and diaries as the last two years have shown, in "Bare Souls" was pursuing his taste for psychography, and Marcel Schwob in "Imaginary Lives" was proving how skilfully he could practise the psychoanalytic method. That was 1924, the year of *The Saturday Review,* Volume One, Number One.

1925 was a good publishing season; the publishers proclaimed it, the critics admitted it. Prosperity was just around the corner, near enough for an ingenuous jeweller to advertise Christmas gifts "from platinum bar pins to five dice in a gold box" to his customers with the deprecatory quotation from Seneca: "The greatest gifts depend not so much on amount as on the time when they are given." In accordance with the spirit of his optimism costly sets began to make their appearance, the works of Stephen Crane, a de luxe Oscar Wilde, a luxurious edition of Jowett's Plato, the South Seas Edition of Robert Louis Stevenson, the Bibliographical Edition of the Works of O. Henry. People began to "look at" things, like Dr. Collins at biography and Richard Washburn Child at Europe. Sedate, elderly persons went around quoting

James James
Morrison Morrison
Weatherby George Dupree
Took great
Care of his Mother
Though he was only three.

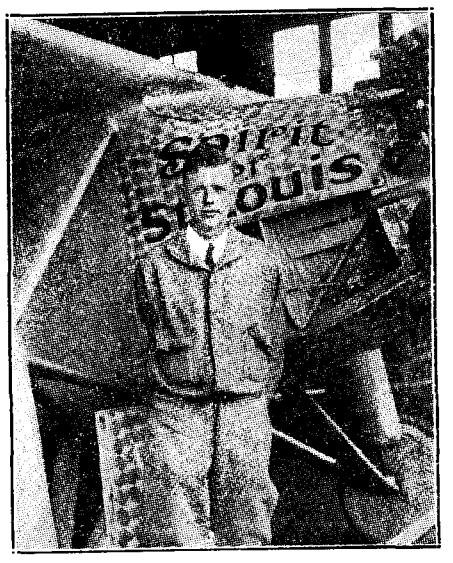
The Saturday Review, on the brink of its excruciating plunge into printing in Cleveland, offered a prize for the best conclusion to Conrad's unfinished novel, "Suspense," which it published serially and which Doubleday, Page brought out in book form. Hermann Keyserling leaped to celebrity with "The Travel Diary of a Philosopher"; Barton published his two-volumed "Lincoln"; Viscount Grey's "Twenty-five Years" came out. A galaxy of impressive novels appeared—Sinclair Lewis's "Arrowsmith," Virginia Woolf's "Mrs. Dalloway," Elinor Wylie's brilliant and opalescent "Venetian Glass Nephew," Du Bose Heyward's "Porgy," Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," Ellen Glasgow's "Barren Ground" which placed her in the forefront of American writers, Willa Cather's "The Professor's House," Christopher Morley's "Thunder on the Left," F. Scott Fitzgerald's "The Great Gatsby" just translated to the glory of a reprint edition, Louis Bromfield's "Possession," Anne Parrish's "The Perennial Bachelor," Margaret Kennedy's "The Constant Nymph," that *rara avis,* a novel original enough in content to sweep like a fresh breeze through literature, Ford Madox Ford's "No More Parades," John Dos Passos's "Manhattan Transfer," Robert Nathan's "Jonah," Sherwood Anderson's "Dark Laughter," books by Wells, Walpole, Swinnerton, May Sinclair, Edith Wharton, Hilaire Belloc, G. K. Chesterton, David Garnett. A very paragon of a year. *O tempora, o mores!*

The mightiest had fallen by 1926. Debunking was busy with Washington, William E. Woodward pulling "the first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen" from the pedestal on which he had stood since the Revolution. Jefferson was having a revival as the re-

(*Continued on page* 188)

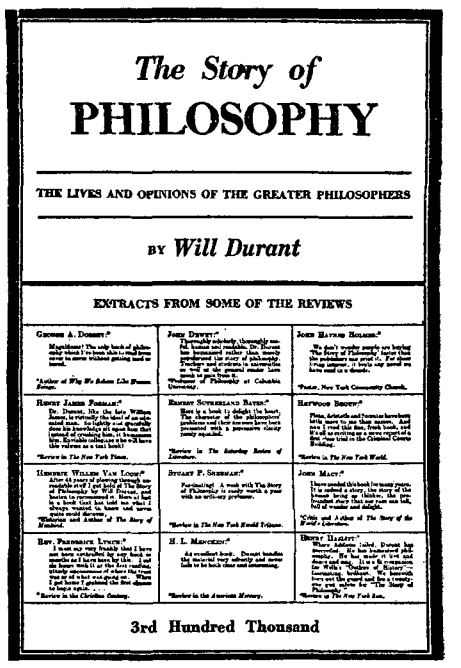
REVOLT IN THE DESERT
By T. E. Lawrence

"A great work and a most paradoxical one, for here is romance acted and written of by one who despises it."
From the review by John Buchan, March 19, 1927.



WE
By Charles A. Lindbergh

"No word in Lindbergh's account of exultance or exaltation, no hint of loneliness, of amazement, or of doubt. The recital is as simple as though it were the record of a morning walk."
From the review by Amy Loveman, August 6, 1927.


The Story of
PHILOSOPHY
THE LIVES AND OPINIONS OF THE GREATER PHILOSOPHERS
BY Will Durant
EXTRACTS FROM SOME OF THE REVIEWS
3rd Hundred Thousand

THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY
By Will Durant

"Particularly enlightening to those . . . who have regarded philosophy as something 'up in the clouds', it will convince the most skeptical that the great philosophers have, on the contrary, had their feet planted most firmly on this earth."
From the review by Ernest Sutherland Bates, July 3, 1926.

THE SUN ALSO RISES
By Ernest Hemingway

"Unquestionably one of the events of a year rich in interesting books. . . . If the characters are intrinsically uninteresting, it is the greater tribute to the power of the author's style that the story never loses an almost painful tension."
From the review by Cleveland B. Chase, December 11, 1926.

DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP
By Willa Cather

"I indulged in a critic's day-dream; and found myself not too patiently trying to explain this book—so reticent, so distinguished, so beautiful—to a rebellious young person in very short skirts. . . . If there are any artistic faults in this book, I confess I was far too stirred to note them."
From the review by Lee Wilson Dodd, September 10, 1927.

THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY
By Thornton Wilder

"A tale which I am grievously tempted to call a masterpiece. . . . This book is a poem; if you will, a romantic poem—for its true matter is human love."
From the review by Lee Wilson Dodd, December 3, 1927.

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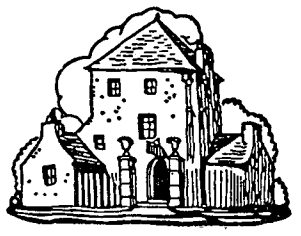
RANDOM HOUSE

Announces

Fall  *1934*

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REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST

His life work of seven novels in a beautiful, compact, complete set of four volumes. 4300 pages, boxed. $12.50

WILLIAM SAROYAN

THE DARING YOUNG MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE

And Other Stories. The first published book of the most important new short story writer since Faulkner $2.50

SPENDER & AUDEN

Poems of Stephen Spender $1.50 *Poems of W. H. Auden* $2.50

These two brilliant young Oxford poets "have brought life and vigor into contemporary English poetry."—*New Republic.*

RAMESES to ROCKEFELLER

By Charles Harris Whitaker. The complete story of architecture: its triumphs, its failures, its social aspects. "A brilliant interpretation—penetrating, eloquent and wise" —*Lewis Mumford* Profusely illustrated, $3.50

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GERTRUDE STEIN

PORTRAITS AND PRAYERS

Intimate sketches of her personal friends, including Picasso, Cezanne, Sherwood Anderson, James Joyce, Ernest Hemingway, and many more $2 50

JAMES GOULD COZZENS

CASTAWAY

One of the most remarkable—and most distinguished—short novels in years It deserves a place in literature beside "The Turn of the Screw" $1 75

¶ Current RANDOM HOUSE Successes. *Ulysses* (40th thousand); The plays of Eugene O'Neill (12 volumes), The poetry of Robinson Jeffers (6 volumes). The new Random House Fall Catalogue includes a new play by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart, the long-awaited Autobiography of André Gide, a book of the photographs of Man Ray, new limited editions by William Faulkner, A. E. Coppard and others, and the new Nonesuch Press books. Send for a free copy!

Random House, 20 E. 57th St., N. Y.

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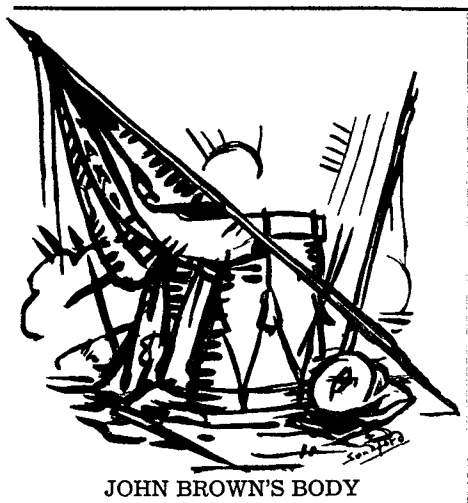
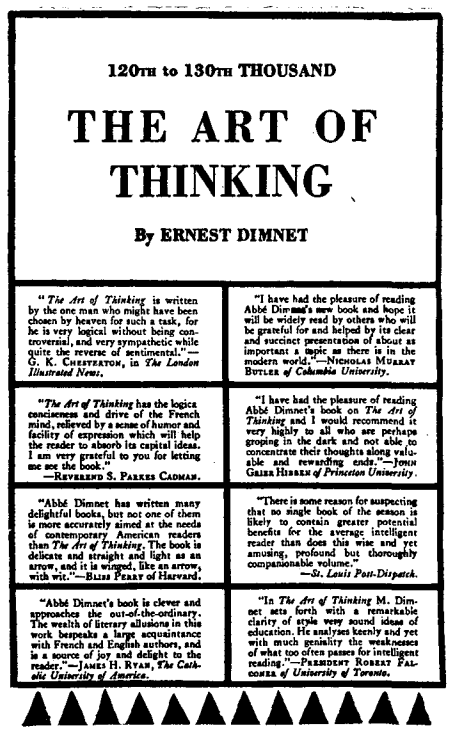


JOHN BROWN'S BODY

By Stephen Vincent Benét

"It is an immense credit to Benét that he has been able to recreate the rough and tumble, sweet and sour of an epoch with a modern imagination, and yet hold it all in one grand theme."
From the review by Henry Seidel Canby, September 29, 1928.


120TH to 130TH THOUSAND
THE ART OF THINKING
By ERNEST DIMNET
"The Art of Thinking is written by the one man who might have been chosen by heaven for such a task, for he is very logical without being controversial, and very sympathetic while quite the reverse of sentimental."—G. K. CHESTERTON, in The London Illustrated News.
"I have had the pleasure of reading Abbé Dimnet's new book and hope it will be widely read by others who will be grateful for and helped by its clear and succinct presentation of about as important a topic as there is in the modern world."—NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER of Columbia University.
"The Art of Thinking has the logica conciseness and drive of the French mind, relieved by a sense of humor and facility of expression which will help the reader to absorb its capital ideas. I am very grateful to you for letting me see the book."—REVEREND S. PARKES CADMAN.
"I have had the pleasure of reading Abbé Dimnet's book on The Art of Thinking and I would recommend it very highly to all who are perhaps groping in the dark and not able to concentrate their thoughts along valuable and rewarding ends."—JOHN GRIER HIBBEN of Princeton University.
"Abbé Dimnet has written many delightful books, but not one of them is more accurately aimed at the needs of contemporary American readers than The Art of Thinking. The book is delicate and straight and light as an arrow, and it is winged, like an arrow, with wit."—ELIZA PERRY of Harvard.
"There is some reason for suspecting that no single book of the season is likely to contain greater potential benefits for the average intelligent reader than does this wise and yet amusing, profound but thoroughly companionable volume."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.
"Abbé Dimnet's book is clever and approaches the out-of-the-ordinary. The wealth of literary allusions in this work bespeaks a large acquaintance with French and English authors, and is a source of joy and delight to the reader."—JAMES H. RYAN, The Catholic University of America.
"In The Art of Thinking M. Dimnet sets forth with a remarkable clarity of style very sound ideas of education. He analyses keenly and yet with much geniality the weaknesses of what too often passes for intelligent reading."—PRESIDENT ROBERT FALCONER of University of Toronto.

THE ART OF THINKING

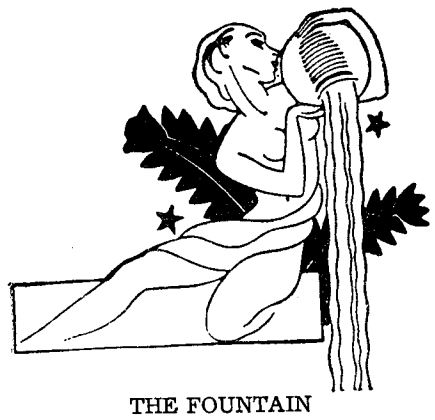
By Abbé Ernest Dimnet

"He gives ferments rather than recipes; he has practised the art of thinking until its product is itself a work of art."
From the review by John Dewey, December 1, 1928.

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

By Erich Maria Remarque

"That kind of fiction more convincing than many alleged autobiographies. Here the resolution between man and idea, the abstract and the concrete in war, is complete."
From the review by Henry Seidel Canby, June 8, 1929.



THE FOUNTAIN

By Charles Morgan

"Five hundred pages of printed paper which I recommend to the reader who still regards books as the shortest road to that spiritual and emotional companionship without which life would be almost as dull as the cauliflower existence of the fort near Bodegraven."
From the review by Hendrik Willem Van Loon, June 4, 1932.

Ten-Strikes of a Decade

(*Continued from page* 186)

sult of having been dead for a hundred years, and Albert Jay Nock and Francis Hirst among others were writing about him. Sandburg's "Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years" was selling like a novel, and Will Durant's "The Story of Philosophy" bound the intelligentsia and the man in the street in a great fellowship. The launching of Book Clubs stirred up a great tempest in the publishing world, and started unknown novelists like Elizabeth Madox Roberts with "The Time of Man" and Sylvia Townsend Warner with "Lolly Willowes," off to big sales. "The Intimate Papers of Colonel House," edited by Charles Seymour, opened the floodgates to the stream of war memoirs which still pours on, and the first volume of Mark Sullivan's "Our Times" set a style for anyone who like our unblushing self attempts to dispatch the years in a few minutes. Spengler's "Decline of the West" was eagerly debated, and Thomas Beer's "Mauve Decade" stirred up the critics. Paul de Kruif brought science into fashion with "Microbe Hunters," and the shadow of Mussolini fell over the land. Books on Italy's dictator came thick and fast. Ernest Hemingway came into prominence with "The Sun Also Rises," on the title page of which Gertrude Stein coined a catch phrase of the present when she spoke of "the lost generation." Fiction in addition to Hemingway's novel could point with pride to Ellen Glasgow's "The Romantic Comedians," Elinor Wylie's "Orphan Angel," Louis Bromfield's "Early Autumn," Galsworthy's "The Silver Spoon," and H. G. Wells's "The World of William Clissold."

"A slow season," the publishers said of 1927. Debunking kept merrily on, criminals came into high favor with society, "tough citizens" getting more than their deserts in biographies that ranged from Calamity Jane to Boss Tweed, a taste for detective stories became the index to respectability, notable trial series began to crop up on all sides, and evil-doing in general became domesticated. By way of contrast public taste turned romantic with a passion for "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," which the critics expected the public to ignore and the public took to its heart. The impetus thus gained carried on to Willa Cather's "Death Comes for the Archbishop." "Elmer Gantry" bristled into the public consciousness, and Sinclair Lewis dared the wrath of God in public. Thomas Mann produced his masterpiece in "The Magic Mountain," and Rosamond Lehmann roused hopes she has not fulfilled with "Dusty Answer." Virginia Woolf's "To the Lighthouse," H. M. Tomlinson's "Gallions Reach," and C. E. Montague's "Right Off the Map" lent distinction to fiction. The sensation of the year was T. E. Lawrence's "Revolt in the Desert," and Lawrence wrapped in an Arabian burnoose graced all the papers. Edwin Arlington Robinson "made" a book club with his long narrative poem "Tristram," and John Livingston Lowes broke the British embargo on American scholarship with "The Road to Xanadu." Charles A. and Mary Beard turned scholarship to the profit of the unscholarly in their admirable "Rise of American Civilization." Lindbergh reached the peak of fame with his flight across the ocean, and "We" became a best seller by virtue of being his account of his achievement. Ludwig's "Napoleon" strode to the top of the booksellers' lists. "But is it biography?" asked *The Saturday Review* critic with an astuteness ahead of general opinion.

1928 and a rising Coolidge market. Enough prosperity to offset the grimness of war recollections, and the war and its aftermath coming out into the open in literature. Memoirs of the war leaders and studies of Russia and its men of the hour came thick and fast. Lord Oxford published his "Memories and Reflections," Edward Benes "My War Memories," and Sidney B. Fay traced "The Origins of the War." Arnold Zweig's "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" made a deep impression with its restrained portrayal of the impress of war on a sensitive mind. A rather thin year for fiction was 1928, though it had Julia Peterkin's "Scarlet Sister Mary," Virginia Woolf's "The Waves," and Aldous Huxley's "Point Counter Point" to show. But a good year for poetry. Stephen Vincent Benét's "John Brown's Body" proved again that a narrative poem can capture the public fancy and wrote itself down as a permanent contribution to literature. Elinor Wylie's "Trivial Breath" and Edna St. Vincent Millay's "The Buck in the Snow" further established the powers of their authors.

1929. Ah, lost days when the sky was the limit and the nation was riding for a fall. Over five thousand volumes 1929 boasted as its book production. Those were the happy days when the unknown author could find a publisher for the asking; when tripe accumulated and standards decayed. It was the year, too, of Joan Lowell and "The Cradle of the Deep," of the Rialto Theatre in Hoboken and a style for the out-of-date that was beginning to make its way into literature, and of war novels that spawned a host of imitators of their kind. "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "A Farewell to Arms" swept to favor. They still go marching on, not only in their own right but in the tales that follow their fashion in content and manner. War memoirs, too, were plentiful in 1929, Poincaré's, volumes on Foch, studies of the generals and leaders behind the lines. Walter Lippmann won acclaim with his "Preface to Morals" and Joseph Wood Krutch was indulging in pessimism in "The Modern Temper." Stuart Chase came out with "Men and Machines," "horns of elfland faintly blowing," the first muttering of the impending storm of technocratic discussion. The parlor disputants began to talk humanism, and the presses poured forth discussions in increasing flood as fashion set its seal upon the topic. High spirits broke into favor and the long novel (as yet undreaming of its possibilities in an "Anthony Adverse") engaged the public fancy in J. B. Priestley's "The Good Companions." Ellen Glasgow brought out "They Stooped to Folly," and Galsworthy finished "The Forsyte Saga" with "A Modern Comedy." Francis Hackett's long-heralded "Henry VIII" made its appearance at last, Bernard Fay wrote a biography of Franklin, and Claude Bowers—then a newspaper man, now ambassador to Spain—won a Pulitzer Prize with "The Tragic Era." The posthumous volume of Elinor Wylie's poems, "Angels and Earthly Creatures," added to American literature one of its most distinguished volumes of verse. "The Omnibus of Crime," edited by Dorothy Sayres, attested to the growing taste for mystery stories which had now advanced to the status of necessities on every publisher's list. Publishing houses were multiplying, and lists growing longer, and reviewing mediums battening on advertising. All went merry as a marriage bell. And then October, 1929. 'Twere better the rest were silence.

It may be that the depression wrapt the past in an aura of glory and that sick hearts turned with nostalgic yearning to days remote from the present when not seeking a cure for the problems of the moment; at any rate a return to the Victorian scene shared place with interest in the past and present of America in 1930. "The American Leviathan," by Charles A. Beard and his son, "The Giant of the Western World," by Francis Miller and Helen Hill, "The American Public Mind," by Peter Odegard, were companioned by personal narratives like Elizabeth Page's "Wagons West" and James Boyd's "Lone Cowboy," while round the Victorian past gathered such books as Wingfield-Stratford's "Those Earnest Victorians," E. M. Benson's "As We Were," and R. D. Blumenfeld's "Bicycles and Bustles." The success of the year was Axel Münthe's "Story of San Michele," which awoke one day to find itself famous and to take its publishers by surprise. Beset by its problems, the publishing world sat in judgment on itself, and sponsored an investigation into the book business which resulted next year in the Cheney report. An interesting report it was, and valuable, too, for the trade, but business in the publishing world as elsewhere continued in the doldrums.

Best sellers in 1931 were no longer what best sellers once had been. Nevertheless, Dimnet's "The Art of Thinking" rolled up an imposing record as did also "The Epic of America," "Only Yesterday" (what water had run under the bridge in a decade's time!), and Pearl Buck's "The Good Earth," which ran away with all the fiction honors. In the meantime trouble of all sorts was brewing in the world. "Can Europe Keep the Peace?" seemed an open problem to Frank Simonds, while Sherwood Eddy talked of "The Challenge of the East," and H. R. Knickerbocker of "The German Crisis." Books on Russia were plentiful as blackberries in July. The centennial of Washington's death was being celebrated with pageants throughout the nation, a disfiguring model of Mt. Vernon in Bryant Park, New York, and books of all sorts about him. Ray Stannard Baker published Volumes III and IV of "The Life and Letters of Woodrow Wilson," William Gibbs McAdoo wrote of "Crowded Years," and the first part of Trotsky's "History of the Russian Revolution" appeared. Sackville West's "All Passion Spent," Hugh Walpole's "Rogue Herries," Oliver La Farge's "Sparks Fly Upward," Mazo de la Roche's "Jalna," and Willa Cather's "Shadows on the Rock" gave pungency to fiction.

1932 was the year of "The Fountain," and of William Faulkner's "Sanctuary"—about as far removed from the quiet, contemplative mood of Mr. Morgan's book as night from day. Sheer hideousness, not approached by any other novel until Louis Fernand Céline's "Journey to the End of the Night" appeared this year, characterized "Sanctuary," which yet made evident an indubitable literary power. It was well that for contrast the readers of 1932 could turn to Ellen Glasgow's "The Sheltered Life," Hall and Nordhoff's "Mutiny on the Bounty," and to biographies like Allan Nevins's "Cleveland," "The Jour-

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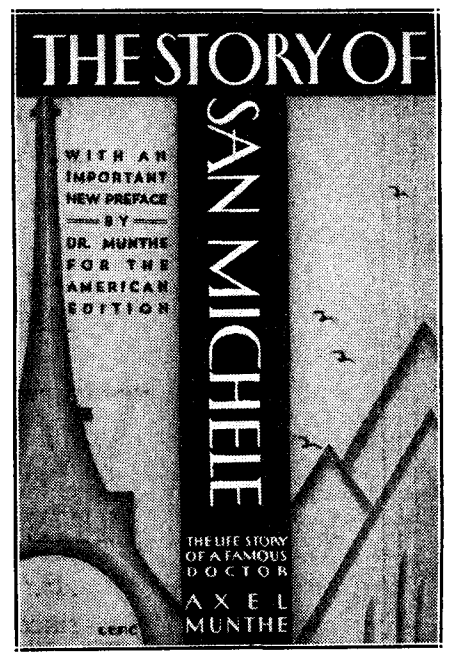
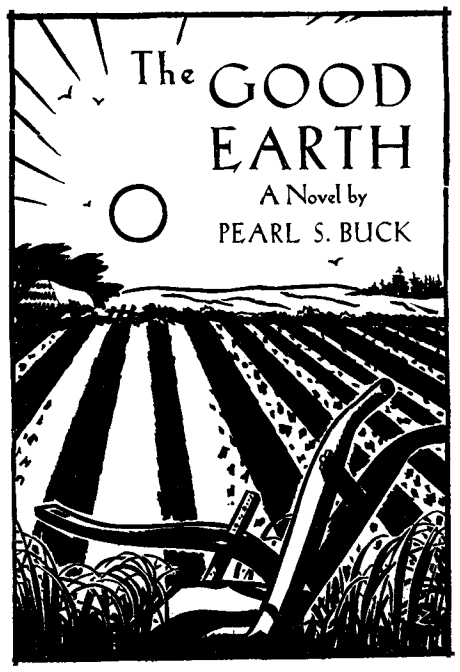


THE STORY OF SAN MICHELE

By Axel Munthe

"Unique in contents, joyous in tone, quick in pace. . . . The good doctor may be pulling our leg a little, but we do not mind."
From the review by Henry R. Viets, February 1, 1930.



THE GOOD EARTH

By Pearl S. Buck

"A beautiful, beautiful book. At last we read, in the pages of a novel, of the real people of China."
From the review by Florence Ayscough, March 21, 1931.

ANTHONY ADVERSE

By Hervey Allen

"If my knowledge of American fiction were more thorough, I would say bluntly that 'Anthony Adverse' is the best historical novel that this country has produced. Pleading possible ignorance, I am almost certain that it is the best, and quite sure that it is the most ambitious."
From the review by Ben Ray Redman, July 1, 1933.

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LUST FOR LIFE

Instantaneous Success!

1st PRINTING
10,000 COPIES
Sold out on publication

2nd PRINTING
5,000 COPIES
Just off press

3rd PRINTING
5,000 COPIES
Now running

By IRVING STONE

Now you, too, can enjoy it . . .

For months your bookseller has known of this remarkable novel. It has set the whole book world astir. Let your bookseller show you a copy and tell you why he believes you will enjoy it.

Rather than quote strings of adjectives, we have selected a paragraph or two from the review by HARRY HANSEN which epitomizes the flavor and importance of LUST FOR LIFE. He calls it:

"A novel filled with gusto . . . Mr. Stone has caught, in his story-telling, a glint of the passion with which Van Gogh threw himself into painting.

"It will fight Anthony Adverse for popularity as soon as the country becomes aware that it packs a full $2.50 worth into its 488 pages."

I Am A Cossack

By Boris Kamyshansky

A life of thrills! Charming, adventurous, barbarous, sophisticated, the half-mythical Cossack! Now one of them reveals himself in this true story of his life in Czarist Russia and his daring escape from the Soviets. $2.50

Saga Of Saints

By Sigrid Undset

The story of how Christianity came to Scandinavia, beautifully told by the famous novelist and Nobel Prize Winner. The book has an all pervading sense of tremendous exploit that was ever present in the deeds and beliefs of those who toiled for "the White Christ."

Illustrated. $2.50

White Wampum

By Frances Taylor Patterson

October selection of the Spiritual Book Associates, Inc.

The true story of the Mohawk Indian girl Katiri Tekakwitha whose gentle and valiant spirit successfully braved torture and persecution when she dedicated her life to Christian Martyrdom. The book has general interest in the vivid picture of Indian customs and the harrowing conditions that faced the Jesuit Fathers in America in the 17th Century. $2.00

Christ and The Third Wise Man

By John Oxenham

A new novel by the author of "The Hidden Years"—a story of the Nazarene, replete with sensitive beauty. It tells of the youngest Wise Man who watched the boy Jesus grow into manhood, and recognized him as the veritable Son of God. $2.00

Coming NEXT WEEK

Vale

By Dean Inge

The popular Dean of St. Paul's, upon his retirement, presents this short retrospect of his life, from his childhood through his twenty-three years' tenure of the deanery. He has expressed the hope that no other memoir of him may be written. $1.60

BLACK GOD

A novel of The Congo

By D. MANNERS-SUTTON

All the Romance... mystery and black magic of Africa pulsate through it,

. . . this story of the coming of "civilization" to a Congo settlement; the story of missionaries and ju-ju magic; of ivory traders and courtesans; of Googli, the ex-cannibal; of the women raised from the dead; and of the Zulu M'Kato who sat by the Little River for twenty years willing his enemy's destruction.

A BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB *Selection*
. . . recommended by a host of critics

"Imagine if you can a combination of Conrad's Heart of Darkness and Norman Douglas' South Wind, plus a swiftness not found in either, and you will have an idea of Black God."—Golden Book

"The story of the Black Master is one of the most startling jungle dramas I have ever read; it alone would make BLACK GOD well worth while."—*William Soskin.*

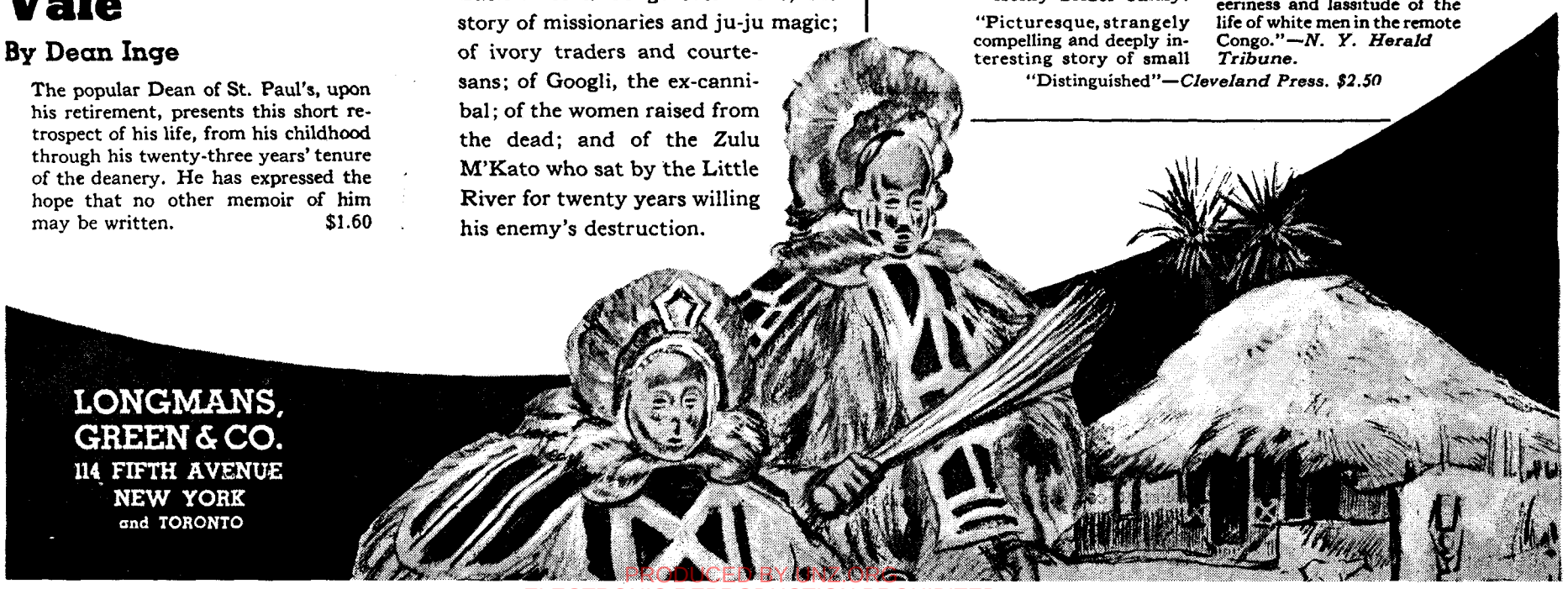
"Not recently has so much irony, so much beauty, and such a gallery of personalities been included in a story of concentrated revenge."
—*Henry Seidel Canby.*

"Picturesque, strangely compelling and deeply interesting story of small town life, love and lust—in the jungle."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"A novel of exceptional pungency and fine ironic vision with vivid impressions of exotic life, and a heightened realization of the inscrutable forces of nature."—*Phila. Inquirer*

"The reader feels that he has absorbed the color, and the heat, the eeriness and lassitude of the life of white men in the remote Congo."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

"Distinguished"—*Cleveland Press.* *$2.50*



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The Clearing House

Conducted by AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

A club in St. Johnsbury, Vt., writes C. D. E., has chosen the topic of "Great Rivers" for its winter program, intending to open discussion with a few general papers on the historical and commercial importance and geological nature of certain outstanding waterways and then follow those with papers on the specific rivers. She wishes help in finding material on which to base the program.

GREETINGS to St. Johnsbury! If the fascinating subject of rivers needed anything to add a fillip to its interest it would find it in the fact that "St. Johnsbury is calling." There lives in my mind the recollection of a most enchanting small town set among the hills of the lovely state of Vermont, glimpsed all too hastily on a motor trip from the Adirondacks to the White Mountains a few years ago, and often recurred to in memory as one of the most charming spots in a region altogether delightful. That was St. Johnsbury, and C. D. E.'s letter has evoked a vivid image of it. Incidentally the Connecticut, which separates Vermont from New Hampshire, is no river to be passed by without mention if only for the sweet picturesqueness of its course all the way from the border to Massachusetts. But American rivers are not what C. D. E. is pursuing at present; they are to come later. What she wants now, or at least what she specially mentions, are the Nile, the Euphrates, the Chinese rivers, the Volga, the Rhine, and the Thames.

As general background for her subject C. D. E. might consult W. S. Dakin's GREAT RIVERS OF THE WORLD (Macmillan) and for a more superficial aspect A. H. Verrill's RIVERS AND THEIR MYSTERIES (Duffield) and J. H. Faris's ROMANCE OF THE RIVERS (Harpers). The articles in the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA and the NEW INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPÆDIA (Funk & Wagnalls), under the head Rivers and the subheads quoted there, and also under the names of the special streams, are highly interesting and informative. But, of course, C. D. E. has consulted them already. As for the Nile, which is the first on her list, there is a vast amount of material. Nothing could be more interesting in this connection than the records of the great explorers. Stanley's THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT and IN DARKEST AFRICA, with their accounts of the Nile and its headwaters, are of course among the most fascinating travel books of modern times. THE CONGO, which in the course of its broader narrative describes another of the great African rivers, is no less so. Sir Samuel W. Baker, discoverer of the Albert Nyanza, who, ascending the Nile to that lake from which it issued was met by two other English explorers descending it after their discovery of the Victoria Nyanza which discharged the Victoria Nile there, presented his observations in a volume entitled THE ALBERT NYANZA (Macmillan). This work is still in print, while, amazingly enough, Stanley's works, and Livingstone's record of another of the great African streams, THE ZAMBEZI AND ITS TRIBUTARIES, no longer seem to be. As for Stanley, his explorations were re-presented only a year or two ago by the German novelist, Wassermann, in a biography published under the name bestowed upon the explorer by the natives, BULA MATARI (Liveright). Another book C. D. E. might find in a library is Amelia A. B. Edwards's A THOUSAND MILES UP THE NILE (Winston), a work lavishly illustrated with woodcuts made after the drawings executed by the author on the spot. Finally, I can't go on to other rivers, though I've already dwelt unduly long on the African, without mentioning one of the most fascinating documents of empire to be found, Lord Cromer's MODERN EGYPT (Macmillan), a work which presents a picture of the modern Nile, the Nile Valley, and Egyptian conditions as they were in 1907 when he wrote, which, despite the fact that it is highly technical, is completely absorbing. The references to the Nile are imbedded throughout the two volumes of the study, but if C. D. E. will turn to the chapter on Irrigation in the second volume she will find admirable material there for her purpose. And now on to other streams. Oh, but I almost forgot that there's a novel just out, D. Manners-Sutton's BLACK GOD (Longmans, Green), which has the Congo River as one of the protagonists. Perhaps the St. Johnsbury Club would like to wedge it into the program.

The Euphrates has less available literature than the African rivers, though description of it began as far back as Pliny. Perhaps the best source for material on it, since it is its importance to human history which will most interest the club, is the volume on Mesopotamia in the CAMBRIDGE ANCIENT HISTORY (Macmillan). (Incidentally the series of Cambridge Modern Histories is just appearing in a cheaper edition which should bring it within range of those who have hitherto sighed for it in vain.) A further volume which should yield rich material is Peter's NIPPUR: OR EXPLORATIONS AND ADVENTURES ON THE EUPHRATES (out of print). For the Chinese rivers I think C. D. E. and her club will have to go to the books of description of China. Harry Franck's ROVING THROUGH SOUTHERN CHINA and WANDERING IN NORTHERN CHINA (Appleton-Century) are lively accounts. The Volga, the longest river in Europe, is a tough customer. All the literature specifically bearing upon it seems to be in Russian, and again general travels (their number is legion) and encyclopædia articles are the best references available.

As for the Rhine and the Thames, literature of course teems with allusions to them. There's a Wayfarer volume on the former—A WAYFARER ON THE RHINE (Houghton Mifflin), by M. H. Letts, if C. D. E. wants a brief account, and there's THE RHINE (Winston), by K. Stieler and others, if she wants an exhaustive and important one. Here's another chance for a novel, an old-fashioned one, if the club wants it, not very exciting, perhaps, if read far from the scene, but full of interest if taken along with the background as I took it. I bought G. P. R. James's HEIDELBERG (Tauchnitz), in that most bewitching of German cities, and swallowed it with avidity. But even more than the story I carry in mind the neat fashion in which the German bookseller at one clip sliced open the uncut pages of the volume.

Last but not least, the Thames. Frank V. Morley (brother of our own *Saturday Review* Christopher) has written the ideal book on it, RIVER THAMES (Harpers). Also, THE AUTHOR'S THAMES (Coward-McCann), by G. S. Maxwell, should prove directly in the field of the club's interest. Its members might enjoy, in connection with their study, rereading Jerome K. Jerome's THREE MEN IN A BOAT (Holt), that hilarious account of a picnic up the Thames. And they shouldn't forget that Dickens is full of allusions to the river—more especially in GREAT EXPECTATIONS where its marshes form a sombre background for the story, and in OUR MUTUAL FRIEND which has some powerful and effective scenes built around it.

RECENT HUMOROUS WORKS

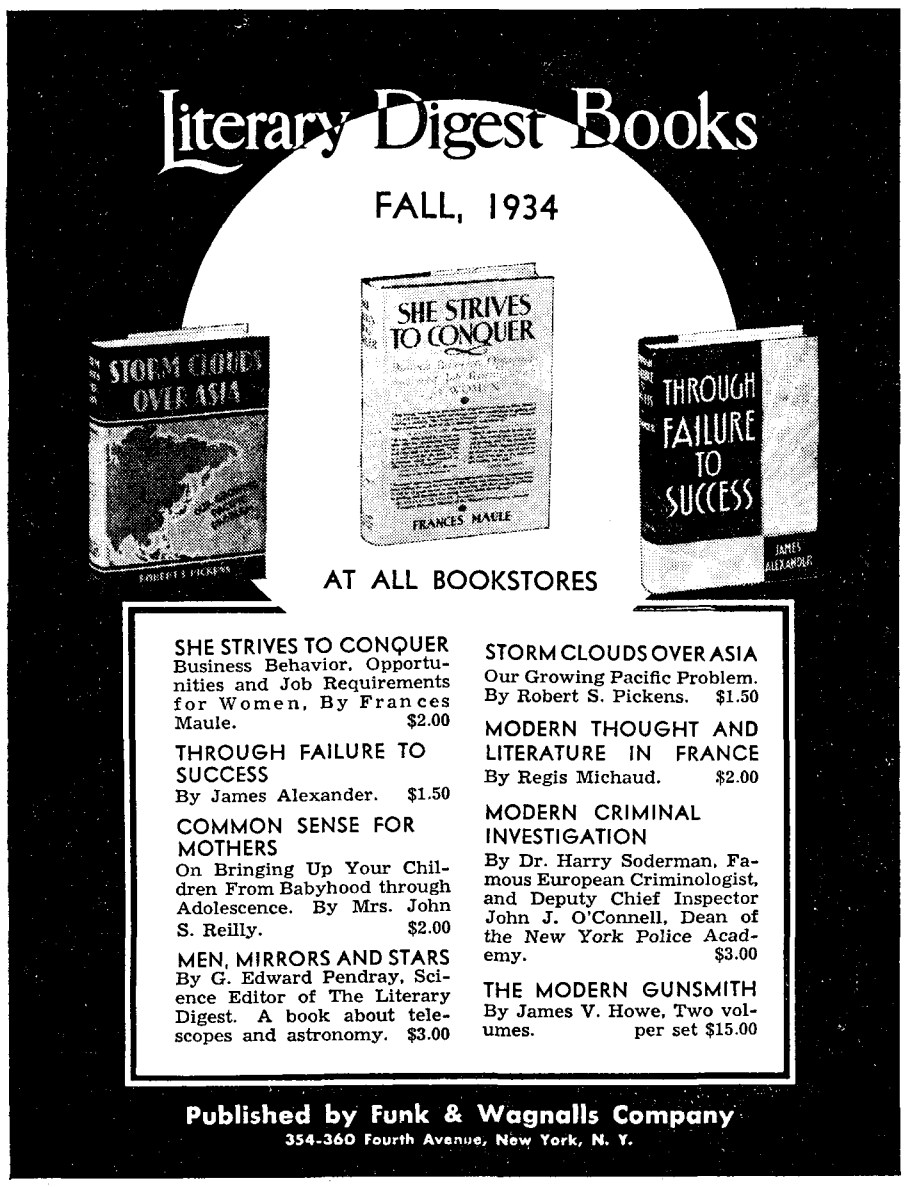
G. W. of Mound City, Mo., is also eager for suggestions for a club program. She wants three or four books to list under the topic, "With Humorous Intent."

It isn't a new work, but Julian Street's THE NEED FOR CHANGE (Dodd, Mead) has just appeared in a new dress in honor of its Silver Jubilee, so possibly it will fall within the club requirements of "books of today." William Lyon Phelps has gone on record to the effect that it is "the funniest story in the world," and Irvin S. Cobb and Booth Tarkington are also enthusiastic in its praise. Of course Don Marquis's ARCHY'S LIFE OF MEHITABEL ought to be included in the club program; it brings back two old friends to their delighted readers. Ellis Parker Butler's HUNTING THE WOW (McBride), an amusing collection of skits, is about to appear and, of course, there's that ne plus ultra of humorous works for the devotees of its author, NOTHING BUT WODEHOUSE (Doubleday, Doran), an omnibus collection of the inimitable P. G.'s stories.

PRECIOUS STONES AND JEWELS

J. C. of Philadelphia, Pa., is "anxious to gather available printed material containing stories and myths connected with famous precious jewels and stones—both specific and general."

Her own home town is responsible for the best volumes she can find, for Lippincott publish George F. Kunz's THE CURIOUS LORE OF PRECIOUS STONES and THE MAGIC OF JEWELS AND CHARMS. Mr. Kunz was until his death the gem expert of Tiffany & Co. and the most learned man in his field in the country. The first of the books mentioned above is a history of precious stones, and a compendium of stories and legends about them; the second is a scholarly study of great detail but nevertheless highly interesting to the layman. A third volume in the field also comes from Lippincott, THE BOOK OF TALISMANS, AMULETS, AND ZODIACAL GEMS, by William T. Pavitt and Kate Pavitt.


Literary Digest Books
FALL, 1934
STORM CLOUDS OVER ASIA
ROBERT S. PICKENS
SHE STRIVES TO CONQUER
FRANCES MAULE
THROUGH FAILURE TO SUCCESS
JAMES ALEXANDER
AT ALL BOOKSTORES
SHE STRIVES TO CONQUER
Business Behavior, Opportunities and Job Requirements for Women, By Frances Maule. $2.00
THROUGH FAILURE TO SUCCESS
By James Alexander. $1.50
COMMON SENSE FOR MOTHERS
On Bringing Up Your Children From Babyhood through Adolescence. By Mrs. John S. Reilly. $2.00
MEN, MIRRORS AND STARS
By G. Edward Pendray, Science Editor of The Literary Digest. A book about telescopes and astronomy. $3.00
STORM CLOUDS OVER ASIA
Our Growing Pacific Problem. By Robert S. Pickens. $1.50
MODERN THOUGHT AND LITERATURE IN FRANCE
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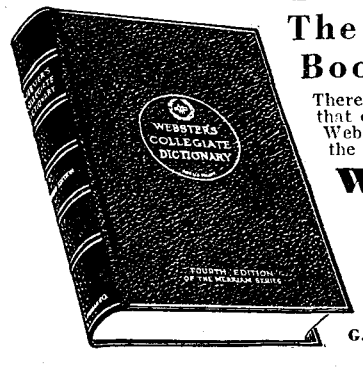
By Dr. Harry Soderman, Famous European Criminologist, and Deputy Chief Inspector John J. O'Connell, Dean of the New York Police Academy. $3.00
THE MODERN GUNSMITH
By James V. Howe, Two volumes. per set $15.00
Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company
354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



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The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MASKS OFF AT MIDNIGHT *Valentine Williams* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	*Arriviste* millionaire killed at Long Island fancy-dress ball at which Trevor Dene of Scotland Yard is guest.	The best English writer of American murder yarns here spins one with more intrigue than deduction.	Absorbing
STILL DEAD *Ronald Knox* (Dutton: $2.)	Heavily insured son of Scottish laird found dead twice, at intervals, which unusual occurrence Insurance man Bredon investigates.	A little too wordy and recondite at times but puzzle is a nice one and hard to solve.	Agreeable
A GIRL DIED LAUGHING *Viola Paradise* (Harpers: $2.)	Giggle of girl in New York apartment cut short by death. Asst. D. A. and clever bell hop solve crime.	Barring few creaky passages at very end—that tough spot—this one has all that it takes.	Excellent
MURDER IN THREE ACTS *Agatha Christie* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Cleric, nerve specialist, invalid die from nicotine poisoning but Hercule Poirot spots the envenomer.	M. Poirot's little gray cells start functioning so late in book that suspense changes to exasperation and ennui.	Not so good
THE CASINO MURDER CASE *S. S. Van Dine* (Scribners: $2.)	Three poisonings, one of them fatal, among poisonous Park Ave. family, bring Markham, Heath, and Philo Vance hotfooting it.	A few sidelights on gambling and toxicology enliven otherwise routine and weakly motivated opus; attempted melodrama fails to flash.	O.K., but no masterpiece
THE CRIME OF THE CHROMIUM BOWL *E. Best Black* (Loring & Mussey: $2.)	Bodiless head in Paris café decoration starts Peter Strangely on long and intricate chase.	Detective a bit too omniscient but swift action and excellent background make it worth reading.	So-so

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NAMES

Aldington

The author of that savage and brilliant tragedy, THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER, and the profound and lyrically beautiful ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES, writes in **WOMEN MUST WORK** the history of a vivid and passionate woman who determined to find for herself some reason for being alive. Nov. 7th. $2.50

Anderson

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Arlen

HELL, SAID THE DUCHESS! A lovely, frothy, welter of monstrous crime, "as if Bram Stoke and the Marquis de Sade had combined." Oct. 24th. $2

Atkinson

Like Maugham's THE GENTLEMAN IN THE PARLOUR and Tomlinson's TIDE-MARKS, Brooks Atkinson's **THE CINGALESE PRINCE** is a philosopher's day-book of adventure in strange ports and seas. Nov. 7th. $2

Baum

In **MEN NEVER KNOW,** the author of GRAND HOTEL traces with amazing and dramatic insight the strange new pattern that four days of romance made in four strangely intertwined lives. Dec. 26th. $2

Benét

The finest work by Stephen Vincent Benét, author of JOHN BROWN'S BODY, says William Lyon Phelps, is **JAMES SHORE'S DAUGHTER,** a memorable study of Americans at home and abroad. $2.50

Conrad

Year after year new lovers of fine English prose are discovering or re-discovering the rhythms of Joseph Conrad's style, his superlative craftsmanship, his revelation of the inner reality of things. His novels hold their places among the first in our latter-day English literature. Uniform Edition—$2 Each

Coward

This season we add to Noel Coward's plays **CONVERSATION PIECE,** in which Yvonne Printemps plays a witty, wistful drama peopled with regency rakes and dainty courtesans in naughty, salty Brighton of 1811. Oct. 24th. $1.75

Elizabeth

The characters in **THE JASMINE FARM,** says Elizabeth, author of *The Enchanted April,* think they'll never be happy again, but of course they will, one always is. The story deals with an English Marchioness who is disappointed in her only and exquisite daughter. Nov. 21st. $2.50

Engle

Paul Engle's best-selling book of poems **AMERICAN SONG** has been an outstanding literary event of the season. We look forward to further great things from this vital young Iowan at Oxford. $1.75

Ferber

Her SHOW BOAT, SO BIG, CIMARRON, THE GIRLS, AMERICAN BEAUTY compose a colorful panorama of America. To be added to these in January: the lusty saga of a Wisconsin paper-mill millionaire, **COME AND GET IT.** *Spring.*

Fisher

Two novels, IN TRAGIC LIFE and PASSIONS SPIN THE PLOT, have carried Vardis Fisher close to the precincts of greatness. **WE ARE BETRAYED** will be the third volume of this heroic tetralogy. *Spring.* $2.50

Gibbs

EUROPEAN JOURNEY—Sir Philip's book of travel, of serious inquiry, of personal reminiscences exploring Europe 16 years after the war. A record of things seen and heard not among rulers, but among the ruined. Nov. 7th. $3.00

Gibbon

Of Lewis Grassic Gibbon's CLOUD HOWE, Herschel Brickell said, "It is so full and rich and deep a knowledge of life that I can find no satisfactory explanation except that the author has a touch of genius." The manuscript of Gibbons new novel, **GREY GRANITE,** which we publish in the Spring, is an even bigger book, more complex, richer in human values. $2.50 ea.

Glasgow

THE OLD DOMINION EDITION contains eight of Ellen Glasgow's most famous novels which in their wit, their fine, incisive beauty, and their rich value in social history, have no peers in our modern literature. $2.50 each

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The author of HENRY VIII, the outstanding biography of our time, completes, after six years in the writing, his life of **FRANCIS THE FIRST,** the most fascinating of the three great monarchs who shared the world of the Renaissance. Nov. 21st. $3

Hart

THE CROOKED LANE, Frances Noyes Hart's brilliant murder-mystery of gay Washington, is even better, says Will Cuppy, than her famous best-selling novel THE BELLAMY TRIAL. $2.50

Herbert

HOLY DEADLOCK. Here's the merry wit of THE WATER GIPSIES at his "gorgeous best." Rollicking satire of divorce. $2.50

Hichens

We present with pleasure **THE POWER TO KILL,** a truly great novel of human passions and murder by the author of THE PARADINE CASE. Oct. 24th. $2.50

Jesse

In **A PIN TO SEE THE PEEPSHOW** Miss F. Tennyson Jesse has written an English MADAME BOVARY, the story of the mind and body of a woman who lives in suburban London and works in a smart dress shop in Mayfair. And between these two poles there is the whole gamut of emotions. Nov. 7th. $2.50

Kipling

The New Edition of his **COLLECTED VERSE:** 1885:1932 belongs in the library of every devoté of the greatest story-teller and stirring poet of our times. *Completely revised.* Oct. 10th. $5

Lagerlöf

An idealist pure and simple, Selma Lagerlöf is worshipped for the witchery of her fancy by a generation of realists. In **MEMORIES OF MY CHILDHOOD** and a forthcoming book of later reminiscences she continues the story of her life which she began in MARBACKA. $2.50

Lamb

With the brilliant sense of actual historicity that marked GENGHIS KHAN and THE CRUSADES, Harold Lamb now builds an imaginative biography of the sensuous Persian poet, author of *The Rubaiyat,* **OMAR KHAYYAM.** $2.50

Lewis

He has "creative imagination which no other living writer can command," said Lewis Gannett of **WORK OF ART.** "He is more like Dickens than any other novelist of our day." $2.50

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In **CHAPTERS FROM THE ORTHODOX** the witty, satirical mind that created *archy and mehitabel* conceives a series of modern mysteries and miracles performed in an off-hand way by Jesus and Satan and sometimes Jehovah himself on incognito visits to New York. Oct. 24th. $2.50

Maugham

EAST AND WEST is the thirty short stories which Mr. Maugham considers his best. "More and more the conviction grows upon me," writes Curtis Patterson in Town & Country, "that he is the foremost living writer in English." $3

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MORE HARBOURS OF MEMORY—just published—is a rich volume of mellow, leisurely, reflections on ports and people, out of a deep sea wanderer's past. $2.50

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The most perennially readable writer of his time has, among others, contributed these classics to the precious heritage of print: JOHN MISTLETOE ($2.50); HUMAN BEING (Now $1.00); **FIFTH AVENUE BUS** (1,300 pages—$2.00); ESSAYS ($2.50); POEMS ($2.00).

Nichols

A VILLAGE IN A VALLEY continues the story of those adventures in a country cottage which made DOWN THE GARDEN PATH and THE THATCHED ROOF classic records of a witty gardener's and home maker's delights. Nov. 21st. $2.50

Norris

"She writes the romantic life everyone likes to live," says one critic in reviewing **MAIDEN VOYAGE,** Kathleen Norris' best love story in five years. $2

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THE ANTEROOM is a proud and lovely book, three days in the lives of the Mulqueens of Mellick, about whom Kate O'Brien wrote the Hawthornden Prize Novel WITHOUT MY CLOAK. $2.50

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In **AGNES IRWIN,** the teacher, a brilliant adventurer in biography, writes the story of a pioneer in woman's education. A delightful book! Nov. 7th. $1.50

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Kenneth Roberts' perennially popular ARUNDEL, THE LIVELY LADY, RABBLE IN ARMS—"greatest novels of American history"—are to be joined on November 7—by a lusty new companion-at-arms, **CAPTAIN CAUTION.** $2.50

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THE DARK ISLAND is the history of a beautiful, elusive and strangely honest woman whose first love was for the Island of Storn and its dangerous, blue-reefed sea. An essential tragedy as beautiful in its moods as ALL PASSION SPENT. $2.50

Smith

The gay story of three people who found the fountain of youth is told by Thorne Smith in **THE GLORIOUS POOL**—coming Dec. 5th. Have you sent for your copy of THORNE SMITH: His Life and Works, 10c the copy from Doubleday, Doran & Co., Garden City, L. I. $2.00

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LITTLE ORVIE, says Burton Rascoe, is Mr. Tarkington's superb style and romantic fancy dedicated to the adventures of an eight-year-old boy, the boy that maybe Penrod was Nov. 7th. $2

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Wells

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, Mr. Wells' brilliant summary of all the living sciences, is "of greater value than the whole four years of conventional college education," says Harry Elmer Barnes. Nov. 1st. $3.75

White

FOLDED HILLS concludes the story of Andy Burnett which with THE LONG RIFLE and RANCHERO make a dramatic social history of the golden days of Spanish California. Dec. 6th. $2.50

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The New Books

Drama

DODSWORTH. A dramatization by Sidney Howard of the novel by Sinclair Lewis. Harcourt, Brace. 1934. $2.50.

Mr. Howard's dramatization of Sinclair Lewis's novel was extraordinarily successful—it escaped all the usual faults and became a first-class play in its own right. The choice of Walter Huston for the title role couldn't have been bettered, and the piece has recently started on a second season after its long run last winter.

Mr. Howard and Mr. Lewis both contribute interesting prefaces to the published version, pointing out differences between play and novel technique and how some of their difficulties were surmounted. Mr. Lewis even quotes some forty pages from his novel to illustrate how adroitly the dramatist succeeded in condensing it. Both make the point, often overlooked, that a really good dramatization is something very different from mere condensation or the patching together of literal excerpts. Frequently, the playwright must drop the novelist's episodes altogether and create some brief scene of his own giving an equivalent emotional content. And he must be equally ready, as Mr. Howard was, to scrap whole scenes of his own dramatization, when rehearsals prove them better left out.

Fiction

SEED OF ADAM. By Violet Campbell. Dutton. 1934. $2.50.

In this story of fashionable people and what are commonly referred to as the underprivileged classes whose lives touch theirs dramatically once or twice and in so doing materially alter their courses,—the stately English tempo prevails less than ordinarily. Naturalism is carried to an extreme pitch, with two highly distasteful accounts, one of a man's strangulation of a servant girl, the other of a face-lifting operation performed on a sensitive woman. Miss Campbell makes one point forcefully—the fact that every human being has need to have a secret which gives the individual a sense of power, something to hug to himself day and night,—and with the abnormal type it must be a vicious secret. However, her situations are too deliberately erected. True, she mirrors to a certain extent the undercurrents of savage desire and passionate feeling, the strange eddies and happenings beneath the patine of the most outwardly conventional lives, and catches, too, the tones and overtones of youth's *Liebestraum*,—yet for all that the reader cries inwardly, there is more even to shallow people, to human nature, than portrayed here. The novel on the whole is melodramatic and without "plausible harmony."

SILVER. By Thomas C. Hinkle. Morrow. 1934. $2.

This story of a mustang of the old Wild West, the Antelope Hills country, belongs definitely to the trashy, unoriginal class of book of which the type was exhausted twenty years ago. Not so much as a ray of humor of the Will Jamesian variety redeems the infantile character of writing and narration. As to horse lovers it is an affront to their knowledge and could only appeal to the ignorant and rank sentimentalist of the West or East alike.

E. L. V. A.

EVEN SUCH IS TIME. By Doreen Wallace. Macmillan. 1934. $2.50.

When a novel is built around the spiritual progress of the central character, all of the author's eggs are in one basket. Miss Wallace finds herself in this precarious situation. She sketches the progress of young Benny Lee, an ordinary English boy, through his early life as farm hand, through a mistaken try at Oxford, and finally through his return as a professional veterinarian, to the simplicities of his boyhood. Benny's family are well drawn as secondary characters—his silly mother, legalistic brother, accomplished sister—, but they cannot breathe life into him. We wonder just what Miss Wallace was aiming at in portraying a central character so unpersuasive, so priggish, and so slow-minded in his laborious development.

Details of the narrative are often effective. The atmosphere of the English countryside, especially in the eastern Fens and in the Cotswolds, is excellent. Some of the minor characters, notably Becky the tubercular violinist, are good enough to take their places in a much better book. But this is the best that can be said of Miss Wallace's accomplishment. The novel as a whole depended upon her Benny Lee, and he was somehow, curiously, beyond her.

R. B. M.

DAWN AFTER DANGER. By Anne W. Strawbridge. Coward-McCann. 1934. $2.

In this dim little novel of married life, Miss Strawbridge attempts to show how a neglected wife was able to gain her husband's love. At the beginning, the trouble was that Henry Keets was much more devoted to the management of his anthracite mines than he was to his bride. Later, he was guilty of moral backsliding, the incitement being a former flame, the intellectual and exotic Hesther Pell. Things looked black for Mary Keets, the wife, until Hesther, in a spasm of self-sacrifice, came to Mary and told her how to win Henry Keets's love. Aided by the opportune arrival of a baby, Mary acted on Hesther's advice and was immediately able to transform her husband into a lover.

The characters are dull, fuzzy creatures, and their motivation is usually inadequate. We are interested neither in what they do nor in what they think about. When Miss Strawbridge enlarges upon the situation in the anthracite mines she seems to be living in some other age. Altogether, the novel lacks competence and vigor.

R. B. M.

GENERAL BUNTOP'S MIRACLE. By Martin Armstrong. Harcourt, Brace. 1934. $2.

A collection of short stories which begins with so markedly successful a fantasy as "Presence of Mind," and concludes with an exercise in sentiment such as "Blind Victory," is worthy of special attention. Yet it must be admitted that Mr. Armstrong's new book is not, between these two strong props, very solidly constructed, nor too truly representative of his undoubted technical and temperamental gifts for short fiction. A large number of his pieces in "General Buntop's Miracle" are the merest anecdotes, ingeniously recounted and wholly lacking in substance. They avoid most of the conventional pitfalls, and have the great quality of being set down in logical and unaffected prose, but there is nothing really memorable or considerable in them. The author seems to find it difficult to characterize any of his people in detail; all are amusingly but sparingly drawn, with the not surprising result that they are quickly forgotten. At his best, dealing with matters on the border line between the humorous and the horrific, Mr. Armstrong is admirable. Elsewhere he is unable to achieve an adequately effective climax after promising preparations, as in the title story. His evident means are so great, and his imaginative powers so original and so varied, that with the application of a more rigorous discipline he should be assured of an important place in the far from overcrowded field of those writing short stories of more than mechanical excellence.

T. P., Jr.

History

CHINA. By L. A. Lyall. Scribners. 1934. $5.

For one hundred years the red poppy has been a red flag to the Englishman thinking about China. The first armed conflict between China and Great Britain, in the thirties of the last century, is known as the "Opium War" in most of the histories of the period written by Americans. British historians, however, have in the past resented this designation, denied that the drug was responsible for the conflict, and have dismissed the usual version as anti-British propaganda fostered by the Chinese. Now comes Mr. Lyall who reverses a long-established British interpretation and does honor to himself as a truthful historian by frankly admitting British guilt and giving a straightforward explanation of a situation which has created an immense amount of ill-will between Chinese and Englishmen. "We can but conclude," he declares, "that the war was due to the seizure by the Chinese of some two million pounds' worth of contraband opium, and to the desire of the British government to protect the large revenue derived from opium by the East India Company and the profit made from illicit trade in opium by British merch-

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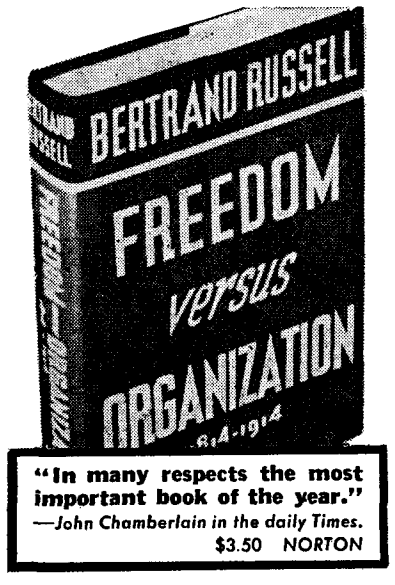

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Double-Crostics: Number 28

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS

I. 60-13-24-49-39-123-143-68-63-101. Manner of a famous lexicographer.
II. 138-5-157-110-33-126-15-147-166. Furious attack.
III. 16-34-74-133-54-7-141. Novel by Charles Kingsley.
IV. 64-149-124-52-161-44. Insensibly, without feeling.
V. 79-130-19-177-56-142-145-158. A Southern statesman.
VI. 25-18-105-89-153-58-73-100-127-9. One of the Graces.
VII. 116-59-170-160-128-164-90-76. Waylaid.
VIII. 23-10-57-146-81-140. A person of violent temper.
IX. 84-55-176-117-77-148-98. Boat in "The Lady of Shalott."
X. 20-94-118-135-162-87-75-169. Trifled with; twirled lightly.
XI. 12-178-137-65-108. English poet and novelist (1840-1928).
XII. 80-42-179-26-111-168-172-11-156-163. Expels, excludes.
XIII. 132-82-171-28-99-71-175. Precious stone.
XIV. 47-30-14-70-151-155-152-121-92-113. Deigned to grant.
XV. 50-85-103-3-134-32. A Thackeray character.
XVI. 27-106-102-61-112. Victim of Diana's hunting.
XVII. 40-72-83-17-129-136-165-22. Character in "Pilgrim's Progress."
XVIII. 93-4-67-2-36-53-88-48-115. Engulfed, absorbed.
XIX. 97-45-107-69-119-1-174-6-43-62. With gratitude.
XX. 167-29-95-109-37-144. Scene of "Revolt in the Desert."
XXI. 150-21-35-173-159-41-104. Convex, protuberant.
XXII. 180-46-91-96-154-31-120-51. Diminished in breadth.
XXIII. 114-86-122-131-125. Gives value received.
XXIV. 38-8-78-139-66. To save parsimoniously.

WORDS

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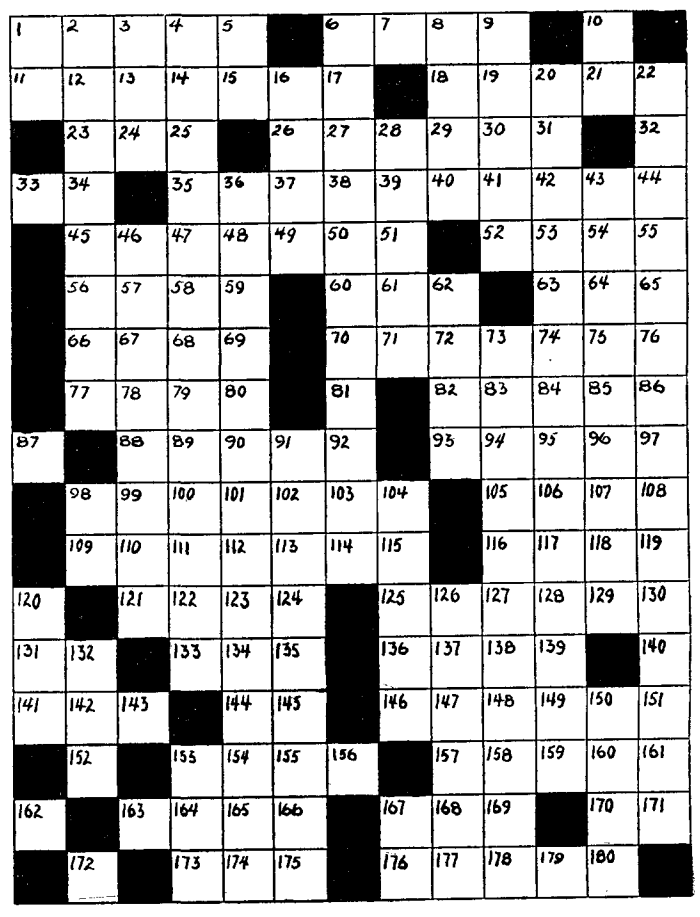

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NUMBER 27)

JOHN STUART MILL—"ON LIBERTY"

Whatever crushes individuality is despotism, by whatever name it may be called, and whether it professes to be enforcing the will of God or the injunctions of men.

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ants." He shows clearly that in proceeding against the Chinese, Captain Elliot, the British Superintendent of Trade, exceeded his powers and acted in direct violation of instructions received from his home government. With similar fairness, insight, and sympathy he handles other delicate Sino-British problems, all this definitely placing his book in the class of good-will literature.

While Mr. Lyall gives several interesting chapters to the general characteristics of the Chinese and their early development, most of the book is devoted to the modern history of the country much of which he was himself a part. He went to China in 1886 and joined the customs service, serving for forty-one years and becoming an accomplished sinologist. He was an eye-witness to the epochal social and political upheaval which followed such events as the war with Japan, the Boxer uprising, and the overthrow of the Manchu Dynasty. Of these he writes with vigor and understanding.

V. D.

International

SOUTH AMERICAN PROGRESS. By C. H. Haring. Harvard University Press. 1934. $2.50.

Professor Haring's book was originally prepared in the form of lectures to be given at the Lowell Institute in Boston just before the beginning of the Pan-American Conference at Montevideo last winter. Its purpose is not to indulge in controversy or prophecy but to make an accounting of what a century of independent life had brought the South American republics. Beginning with a chapter of general background, Professor Haring discusses the rise of modern Argentina—the country most resembling our own—Chile's struggle for democracy, Brazil's progress through empire to republic, rivalries on the River Plate, the balance of power on the Pacific, church and state in Colombia, and the relations between the South American countries and the United States. Under these heads will be found a brief and sensible résumé of the histories of the republics, with suitable reference to contemporary conditions and problems and such comparatively timely topics as the Chaco war, the Leticia squabble, and Brazil's efforts to control coffee prices.

A. R.

Latest Books Received

BIOGRAPHY

Father and Son. Sir E. Gosse. Oxford Univ. Pr. (World's Classics). 80 cents. *Carlos María Ocantos.* T. Anderson. Yale Univ. Pr. $1.50.

HISTORY

The Church in the Middle Ages. F. J. Foakes-Jackson. Cambridge Univ. Pr. (Macmillan). $1. *Bernardo de Gálvez in Louisiana.* J. W. Caughey. Univ. of California Pr. $3.50. *The Ancient Mayas.* R. B. Stacy-Judd. Los Angeles: Haskell-Travers. $3.50.

INTERNATIONAL

Storm Clouds over Asia. R. S. Pickens. $1.50.

MISCELLANEOUS

Choosing a Career. Ed. G. Bijur. Farrar. $1.75. *The Stock Market.* S. S. Huebner. Appleton. $3.50. *Immateria Medica.* T. C. Marshall. Stratford. 50 cents. *Go and Go-Moku.* E. Lasker. Knopf. $2.50. *Opera Synopses.* J. W. McSpadden. Crowell. $2.50. *This Is New York.* Ed. G. Seldes. New York: Kemp. $1. *The Technique to Win in Fund Raising.* J. P. Jones. New York: Inter-River Pr. *Ritual of Parliamentary Law for Ordinary Assemblies.* E. C. McKelvey. Macmillan. $1. *Liberty under Law and Administration.* H. Cummings. Scribners. $1.50. *Experiments in Reading.* Book. I. W. A. McCall, L. B. Cook, and G. W. Norvell. Harcourt. *Time I Was Dead.* C. Aldin. Scribners. $5. *I Think I am Slowly Recovering.* W. Norman. Day. *Through Failure to Success.* J. Alexander. Literary Digest Books. $1.50. *First Among Friends.* C. Aldin. Scribners. $2. *Courage for Today.* P. Bradley. Bobbs. $1.50. *The Book of Sunnybank.* A. P. Terhune. Harper. $2.50. *My Body and How It Works.* D. W. Baruch and O. Reiss, M.D. Harpers. $1.50. *Government Experimentation in Business.* Wiley. $2.50. *The Author's and Writer's Who's Who.* London: Shaw. *Government-Operated Enterprises in the Canal Zone.* M. E. Dimock. Univ. of Chicago Pr. $2.50.

PAMPHLETS

Production and Stage Management at the Blackfriars Theatre. J. Isaacs. Oxford Univ. Pr. 80 cents. *The Civil War in Austria.* J. Deutsch. Chicago: Socialist Party, National Headquarters. 25 cents. *Experimenting with Our Money.* N. Carothers. Farrar. 40 cents. *Orthodox Economics and the Recovery Program.* W. E. Spahr. Farrar. 25 cents. *Persian Words in English.* A. A. Daryush. *Some Notes on Indian English.* R. C. Goffin. Oxford Univ. Pr. *The German Influence on the English Vocabulary.* C. T. Carr. Oxford Univ. Pr. *Foundations of Socialism.* M. Hillquit. Chicago: Socialist Party, National Headquarters. 10 cents.

PSYCHOLOGY

The New Field of Psychology. M. Bentley. Appleton. $3.

REPRINTS

The Sexual Life of Savages. B. Malinowski. Harcourt. $3.75. *The Things Which Belong.* C. Holme. World's Classics. Oxford Univ. Pr. 80 cents.

TRAVEL

Buddhists and Glaciers of Western Tibet. G. Dainelli. Dutton. $5. *Spain on Fifty Dollars.* S. A. Clark. McBride. $1.90.

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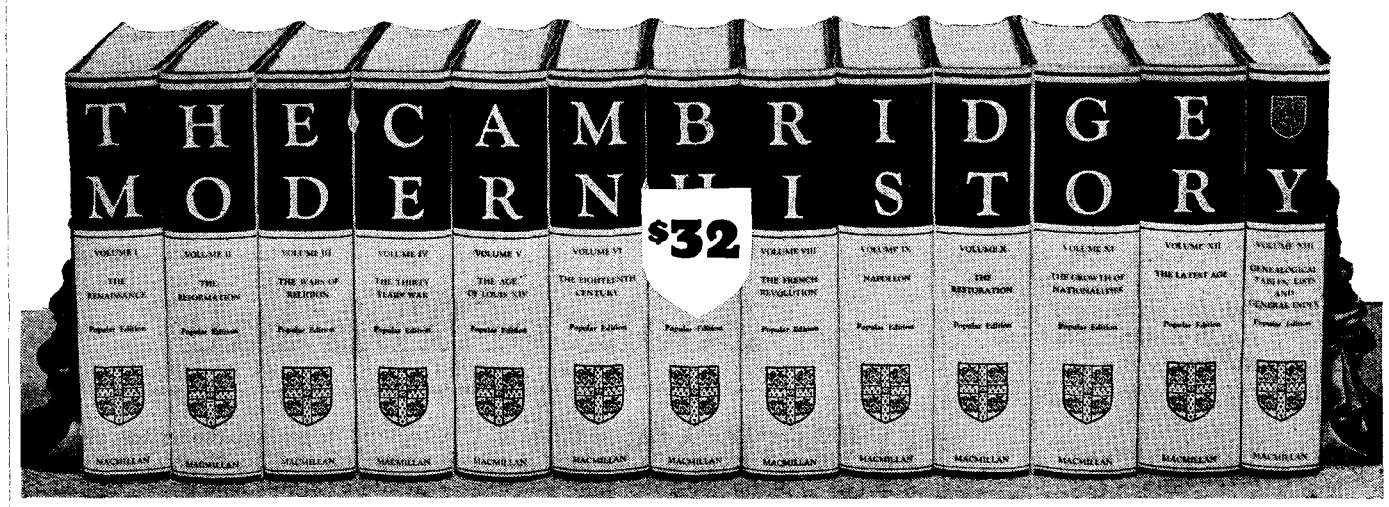

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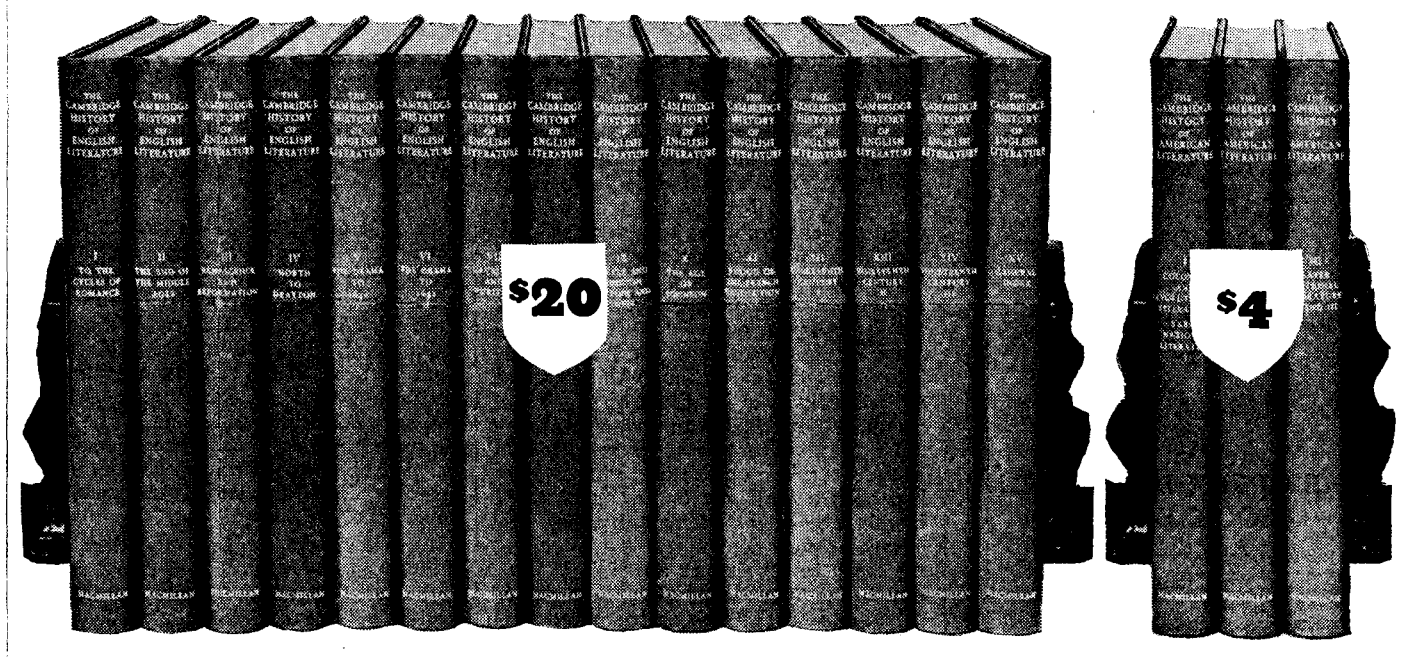

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Hearty Greetings

To a Ten-Year-Older on our own Quindecimal Anniversary

GOTHAM BOOK MART
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Ten-Strikes of a Decade

(*Continued from page* 188)

nals of Arnold Bennett," and D. H. Lawrence's Letters.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast, and having in 1932 despaired profoundly and loudly, the publishing world, whistling to keep up its courage declared when 1933 set in that a revival of business was written in the stars. The stars in their courses stood still, however, blocked by the advent of "Anthony Adverse," which towered as much over everything else in its sales as it did in its size. Still books were better than they had been, publishers thinking it unwise to hold back their best for a sunnier day. Sholom Asch's "Three Cities," Jules Romains's "Men of Good Will," among the novels, Bruce Lockhart's "British Agent," Alice Roosevelt Longworth's "Crowded Hours," "The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas," John Strachey's "Coming Struggle for Power," "The First World War," which set the style in picture books, all found good reception. The proletarian novel grew more and more frequent. Marxianism in fiction became an issue for critics. Works on economics, politics, government came thick and fast. Technocracy burst into sudden prominence, held the public gaze focussed for a moment, exploded and disappeared from sight. What remained was "Anthony Adverse" here and "Anthony Adverse" there, and enough pages to the copies of "Anthony Adverse" printed to cover nobody knows how many miles of road. It even had a birthday party in its honor, and now it's going on the screen. The good old days were never like these, not ours at least in 1924 when novels were short and style was staccato, and asterisks had to work hard to keep pace with what was thought, not said. Well, "Ulysses" is allowed into the country now. Prohibition is a thing of the past. The banks are liquid as never before. The New Deal is on, and the President says we are "On Our Way." Perhaps—perhaps, these bad times are preparing to be the good old days.

Books of This Fall

RING out the old, ring in the new. No, we don't care in the least that it's a trite quotation, and Victorianism is coming back into favor enough for the younger generation soon to recognize it. Perhaps in some of the moments when they're not absorbed in proletarian novels they may even lapse into reading Tennyson. Tennyson, by the way, wasn't such an old fogey himself. He was interested in the farmer and "proputty, proputty, proputty," and he had something to say about the education of women long before colleges for them were an accepted fact (as anyone who goes to see the d'Oyly Carte performance of "Princess Ida" may discover in indirect fashion), and years before the event he "saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails," and saw them, too, "fill with shouting," while "there rain'd a ghastly dew From the nation's airy navies grappling in the central blue." Well, we're not here to take up the cudgels for Tennyson but to talk of forthcoming books. We were betrayed into ambling from our subject (into our preamble, we suppose we should say) by our quotation. That just naturally came into our mind as we pulled the last sheet of our survey of a decade of publishing from the typewriter, and we set it down without more ado. But we'll turn to business now.

On the whole the books that are now appearing or which are still to appear this fall promise well. If there are few among them that are exceptional, there are many that are excellent. The general level, indeed, is high, with the trivial book in a small minority and the informative and skilful well represented. Public affairs have exerted a chastening influence on literature, and in place of the stunt book, the silly novel, the unimportant travel work of pre-depression times a flock of studies of economic conditions, treatises on money, examinations into government programs, and historical works bearing upon current problems has been released. Indeed, perhaps the outstanding characteristic of this year's publishing is the number of such volumes. Germany has for the moment ousted Russia from primacy of place so far as international affairs are concerned though there is still a plentiful crop of literature on the Soviet republic. There has been a vigorous pamphlet literature, most of it controversial in nature, while on the other hand there has been a tendency to novels of great length. The novel, incidentally, has discovered a new technique, that of telling the story in reverse, as does W. R. Burnett in his "Goodbye to the Past" (Harpers), and has become so enamored of it as to bid fair to make a fad of what was an interesting device in the first instances of its use.

The proletarian novel, which has been usurping more and more interest for some time past, still waxes strong. Albert Halper, whose "Union Square" last year attracted considerable notice, produced one of the outstanding examples of the type in "The Foundry" (Viking), a novel in which the action was closely focussed about a few figures and the shop played a part as important as the persons. That the forthcoming lists show perhaps less of books of this type than those which immediately preceded them, is possibly due to the fact that strikes all over the country have supplied object lessons which render the depictions of the novelists unnecessary. Or perhaps the writers are taking time off to gird themselves for the fray. However that may be, other phases of the American scene have come in for attention. Samuel Rogers, for instance, in "Dusk at the Grove" (Little, Brown), presents a chronicle of family life set against the background of Rhode Island which sets forth with quiet grace relationships quite usual but rendered interesting by the delicacy of their presentation; Bernard De Voto in "We Accept with Pleasure" (Little, Brown), offers a portrayal which more than most depictions of a futilitarian society, has a purposiveness beyond the mere exhibition of the lack of attractiveness of the latter. The forthcoming "Golden Spike" (Farrar & Rinehart), by Floyd Dell, "The Golden Vanity" (Morrow), by Isabel Paterson, and "Morning Shows the Day" (Coward-McCann), by Helen Hull, all are portrayals of phases of life in these United States. We have read the last named book in advance galleys and find its description of small town life extraordinarily faithful in its reflection of personality and incident. It is a good book, with the same kind of unpretentious incident and quiet building of effects which made "Heat Lightning" notable. The South, which recently had patrician society described in Stark Young's "So Red the Rose" (Scribners), has a prize-winning story in L. M. Alexander's "Candy" (Dodd, Mead), a tale of negro life, while Iowa and the folks at home get exhaustive description in Ruth Suckow's "The Folks" (Farrar & Rinehart). More in the Sarah Orne Jewett vein than that of the present-day realists is Mary Ellen Chase's story of Maine, "Mary Peters" (Macmillan), a true New England tale. Two young writers have forged to the fore who demand attention. Josephine Johnson, in "Now in November" (Simon & Schuster), has set the critics to enthusiastic praise; despite her youth she evidently has powers of understanding and reflection of distinguished sort, and because of it a freshness of approach which lends tang to her book. Michael Saroyan, whose tales have been collected in a volume with the piquant title, "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze" (Random House), has been contributing to *Story* and other magazines tales of striking sort. His seems to us one of the most promising talents to have shown itself for considerable time. He has originality, directness, drive, and with them something to say.

But we are writing as though time were a thing of no account and space something to be ignored. As a matter of fact both are scant, and we must make haste through our list lest we be cut short before we can mention such other novels as Robert Nathan's moving pageant of Jewry on hegira to the Gobi Desert—"Road of Ages" (Knopf), or Grace Zaring Stone's "The Cold Journey" (Morrow), a panorama of American pioneering, or Nora Waln's "Ten Thousand Li of Stone" (Little, Brown), or Booth Tarkington's "Little Orvie" (Doubleday, Doran), one of his stories of adolescence. And there's "Lust for Life" (Longmans, Green), by Irving Stone, built about the picturesque career of Vincent Van Gogh, and Ford Madox Ford's "Henry for Hugh" (Lippincott), and "The Executioner Waits at the Door" (Harcourt, Brace), by Josephine Herbst. Our executioner in the form of a printer will soon wait at the door if we make haste so slowly, so perforce we'll make a flying leap through the foreign novels by merely stating that there are new tales either here or still to come from Romain Rolland, Jacob Wassermann, Hans Fallada, Johan Bojer, Guy Mazeline, Sholem Asch, and Jules Romains. And there's Franz Werfel's "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh" (Viking), fiction so convincing that it reads like fact, and moving and tragic fact at that, unrolling as it does a canvas of valor and heroic resistance to persecution, and unswerving loyalty to an ideal. And then, too, we can't pass without special mention that lovely peasant tale, Ignazio Silone's "Fontamara" (Smith & Haas), with its bitter satire on the Fascist regime, and its touching portrayal of simple souls who would be amusing if they weren't pathetic. Nor can we skip Sybil Bolitho's "My Shadow as I Pass" (Viking), fiction in form but in reality a biographical sketch of that strange and talented writer, the late William Bolitho, and a highly charged love story withal.

Lists are long and time is fleeting, but we can't pass on to another category without including in that of fiction a few of the recent mystery stories. There's a new one by H. Russell Wakefield, "Hearken to the Evidence" (Doubleday, Doran), which is more than a mere narrative of crime detection; its interest rests on psychological effects, and its tension, despite the fact that the mystery is not the source of excitement, never relaxes for a moment. Freeman Wills Crofts, in "Crime in the Solent" (Dodd, Mead), has turned out a tale that has the adroitness and interest which that competent craftsman can be contented to produce. Mignon Eberhart's "The Case of Susan Dare" (Crime Club) and S. S. Van Dine's "Casino Murder Case" (Scribners) offer a chance to readers who watch the lists for novels by these popular writers.

So much for fiction. Now to biography, and to a race against time. The worst has happened. The night is wearing on and we are in a desperate situation. A yawning cavity confronts us in the forms. Our sins have found us out, and our calculations are proved false. Well, the printer is at our elbow and as we write the linotype machines click off our copy. (We munch, too, as we write, feasting on sandwiches of incomparable size, brought in from somewhere in the neighborhood of the Tombs.) But to our business. The season promises well, with a life of Francis I (Doubleday, Doran), by Francis Hackett and no less than two on Cromwell, one by John Buchan (Houghton Mifflin), the other by Hilaire Belloc (Lippincott); the third and fourth volumes of Winston Churchill's "Marlborough: His Life and Times" (Scribners), and Henri Barbusse's "Life of Stalin" (Macmillan). Biographies seem to come in braces this year. As there are two lives of Cromwell, so there are also two of Maximilian of Mexico, one entitled "Phantom Crown" (Bobbs-Merrill), by Bertita Harding, which bears the subtitle, "Maximilian and Carlotta," and the other by Jose Luis Blasie (Yale University Press). The latter, by the ill-fated Emperor's private secretary, has some unorthodox revelations to make as to the relations between Maximilian and his wife. One of the most interesting historical biographies of the season, certainly for the layman who like ourself may have been ignorant of any detail of the period, is M. R. Hopkinson's "Anne of England" (Harcourt, Brace). We came away from a reading of it with a feeling that where we had known in the past only of a queen we had discovered a woman. Readers of war records will be interested in the third and fourth volumes of Lloyd George's "Memoirs" (Little, Brown) which are shortly to appear.

In the field of American history there are a number of biographical chronicles which merit attention. That excellent series of biographies, edited by Allan Nevins and published by Dodd, Mead, which has already furnished two Pulitzer Prize winners, has two new works to add to its number, David S. Muzzey's "James G. Blaine," reviewed by William Allen White on another page of this issue, and George F. Howe's forthcoming "Chester A. Arthur. A Quarter Century of Machine Politics." A book which should prove of very immediate interest is "The Roosevelt Omnibus" (Knopf), edited by Don Wharton, wherein are gathered articles, photographs, cartoons, and current material of all sorts on the President.

It is seldom that a biography which has almost the character of a mystery story appears, but "The Quest for Corvo" (Macmillan), by A. J. A. Symons, might almost fall into the mystery category. An amazing tale, this of the spectacular Frederick W. Rolfe and the method in which his personality was recreated by his biographers;

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we recommend it to the curious. What should prove to be one of the most interesting literary biographies of recent times is announced in the forthcoming "An Experiment in Biography" (Macmillan), by H. G. Wells. Wells has so constantly and for so many years set forth his personal convictions and theories in his novels that an account of the background and experience which nurtured them should prove extremely interesting. In "Not I but the Wind" (Viking) Frieda Lawrence furnishes letters which despite the much that has been written in the past few years of her husband have something to add to the record. Quite charming in its portrayal of life in Rome and America during the last half of the last century is Margaret Chanler's "Roman Spring" (Little, Brown). Mrs. Chanler, a half-sister of Francis Marion Crawford, and the daughter of an American artist who had taken up his residence in Rome, constantly met during her Italian days Americans and foreigners of note. She writes of them, and of the Rome she knew so well in her girlhood and childhood, with charm and vivacity, and with a nice literary ability. Her book is one of the most pleasing of its kind to have appeared for some time. Three other volumes which should make appeal to those with a taste for literature are "The Letters of Gamaliel Bradford" (Houghton Mifflin), "The Autobiography of John Cowper Powys" (Simon & Schuster), and "Afternoon Neighbors" (Macmillan), by Hamlin Garland.

One of the most highly praised biographies of last year was Halliday Sutherland's "The Arches of the Years" (Morrow). A second volume of the author's recollections, "A Time to Keep," is about to appear. We approached it with trepidation (galley sheets having been vouchsafed us), fearing that as is so all too frequently the case a second volume would be less effective than the first. From the very opening page our fears were lulled to rest. We found it delightful, as charming as the book that had gone before. Another work by an author whose first had proved highly successful has followed also in Peter Fleming's "One's Company" (Scribners). Other books which, were the clock not speeding on toward midnight, and home a long distance from the printers, we might dally over but cannot now, are Margaret Goldsmith's "Franz Anton Mesmer" (Doubleday, Doran), Olga Tchirikova's "Sandrik. Child of Russia" (Dodd, Mead), and R. G.'s "Prelude to the Past" (Morrow), the latter in its first part a sort of German counterpart of "The Testament of Youth."

Listen, my children, and ye shall hear news that should be welcome to those to whom history is a matter of lively interest. "The Cambridge Modern History" (Cambridge University Press: Macmillan) is about to appear in a thirteen volume edition at a much lower cost than when originally put out, one that brings it within the range of the modest purse. A word to the wise—. History is a term to cover as long or as short a period as one will; even less than half a century is sufficient to deserve the name. Probably few of the books that look back over the recent past will have the interest for the general reader of the history written by Irwin (Ike) Hoover, "Forty-two Years in the White House" (Houghton Mifflin). Here is the kind of personal gossip that all of us love, intimate pictures of the incumbents of the White House, off guard, and rarely heroes to their biographer. It's early, to proceed to another title, to begin predicting Pulitzer Prizes but there's at least a good chance that George Fort Milton's "The Eve of Conflict" (Houghton Mifflin) will be in the running for it. We were praising Mrs. Chanler's descriptions of modern Rome a few moments ago; now we turn our enthusiasm to George Baker's "Twelve Centuries of Rome" (Dodd, Mead). We have had time so far to read only the first part of Mr. Baker's book, but we found that extraordinarily interesting. Whether because America of today presents so many parallels (dangerous appearance of parallels, our scholarly friends tell us) to ancient Rome, or whether because Mr. Baker has managed to separate the threads of his story so adroitly, and to hold the general narrative to so straight a course that Roman history emerges in a more lucid fashion for us than ever before, but for one reason or other or both his history has the fascination of a new story. We are awaiting the day when we can sit down to read it from cover to cover. But now we must not linger over it longer, or else we'll not even get in the title of what looks like a highly important work, "The Rise of Modern Europe" (Harpers), edited by William Langer,—or get a chance to mention Hudson Strode's "The Pageant of Cuba" (Smith & Haas), which reads like a novel and is a history of Cuba, or E. B. Du Bois's "Black Reconstruction in America, 1869-1880" (Harcourt, Brace), or the "Oxford History of England" (Oxford University Press), by G. W. Clark, which is in fourteen volumes and deals with the later Stuarts.

And now that we have dispatched history and biography, we find that we still have several categories on our list, but too little space for our comments. So, as the fiction magazines would say, "to be continued in our next." A. L.

The gift to Princeton University of part of the library of Napoleon has been recently announced. "Among the volumes," reports the New York *Times*, "are a number of translations of popular English novels of the Emperor's day. . . .

"Many of the books are illustrated. Among the largest and most elaborate of them is a four-volume picture book of India, the pages of which are slightly larger than half of a standard newspaper page. This book, entitled 'Les Hindous,' by F. Balthazard Solvyns, contains full-page colored pictures of the life and inhabitants of India."

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What Becomes of Best-sellers?

Saturday Review Detective Bureau Finds Them Thriving in the Reprint Series

By YOUNG QUERCUS

THE first book reviewed by this journal was Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan." Charter subscribers with their early copies intact will find it on page one of the issue for August 2, 1924. Young Quercus, who made this discovery on looking through the files in search of interesting material for the tenth anniversary, was struck by the editors' sense of prophecy; for "Saint Joan" is now generally regarded as its author's masterpiece; it gives, in retrospect, a feeling of permanency to that first front page; although the play has not had a New York revival, the book is still in print in the original edition.

It is a good deal to ask of a book that it stay in print for ten years. But the phenomenon may seem even more remarkable than it is. According to the general impression, the life of a new book is a little longer than a butterfly's, but considerably less than a tadpole's. We cannot remember who first made the statement, but it is certainly a familiar one, that the average book is dead in three weeks. One accepts this kind of statement *uncritically*—possibly because it has a statistic in it—without reflecting that it has no more bearing on the life of a good book than the average intelligence quotient of the citizens of Manhattan Island has on the intellectual life in New York. It's not the average that counts. And even the average, in the case of books, is probably figured too low, for the estimate must be to some extent based on the ballyhoo that attends the birth of a new book, and subsequently disappears, like a placenta.

All this occurred to Young Q. during his three-day journey through the back numbers. If all these books, once so fresh and alive, have now disappeared from circulation, certainly a magazine devoted to reviewing them has very little to celebrate on its tenth anniversary. But the back numbers did not remind Young Q. of the snows of yesteryear. On the contrary, titles jumped out of the pages with a surprising vitality. We resolved to read books we had missed; to reread others which imperceptibly had enlarged our experience.

What becomes of a good book after the ballyhoo dies down? Fortunately the answer is easy: it goes into the reprints. Did you, like Young Q., happen to miss "So Big," or "Arrowsmith," or "Whiteoaks of Jalna," or "Death Comes for the Archbishop," when they first came out? Possibly you feel only scorn for Young Q.'s reading habits; but out of the half dozen reprint catalogues before him, Young Q. could make you a list of books you've always wanted to read and never got around to. How about these (and here are some Young Q. *has* read)— "The Magic Mountain," "Point Counter Point," "Mrs. Dalloway," "The Education of Henry Adams," "Revolt in the Desert," "Elizabeth and Essex"? How about "The Tragic Era," and "Humanity Uprooted," and Harold Nicolson's "Some People"?

These are books which are still alive, not only in terms of memories or sentiments or influence, but in sales. Otherwise there could be no point in keeping them in the reprint series, which by and large do very little *kudos* publishing, and which nearly all keep titles on their lists only so long as a definite yearly quota of sales is maintained: a quota which makes possible the printing of large enough editions to allow for the price of a dollar or less. The appearance of a book in a reprint catalogue is a pretty sure sign that it's still being read. "The Sun Also Rises" is on two reprint lists; "Of Human Bondage" on no less than four; and of course if you go back to Dickens and Jane Austen and other authors out of copyright, you'll find them in countless cheap editions.

The development of reprints has been one of the significant features of the book world during the last ten years. There were of course well established reprint lines long before 1924; Everyman's Library, the Home University Library, Burt's and Grosset's popular reprints, had been going strong for decades. But a fundamental change has taken place, or rather two fundamental changes. First was the development of The Modern Library, the success of which stimulated the older reprint publishers to follow some of its examples. The second was the establishment of the non-fiction reprint series.

The Modern Library first saw the light around 1920, as a sideline of the publishing house then called Boni and Liveright. In the early years there seems to have been an attempt to include only books which came under a reasonable definition of "modern," while differing from the popular reprints in having proved a certain standard of literary value. We haven't one of their early lists, but we believe they went no further back than Gissing, Henry James, and Dostoievsky. Although the Modern Library was perhaps not one of the parent firm's chief enthusiasms, the early volumes, bound in imitation leather covers that smelled like bicycle oil, but otherwise left to make their own way, conclusively proved that there was a demand for cheap editions of "highbrow" authors like D. H. Lawrence, Norman Douglas, and Bertrand Russell, and for classics like Chekov, Maupassant, and Hardy, who had not been picked up by Everyman's.

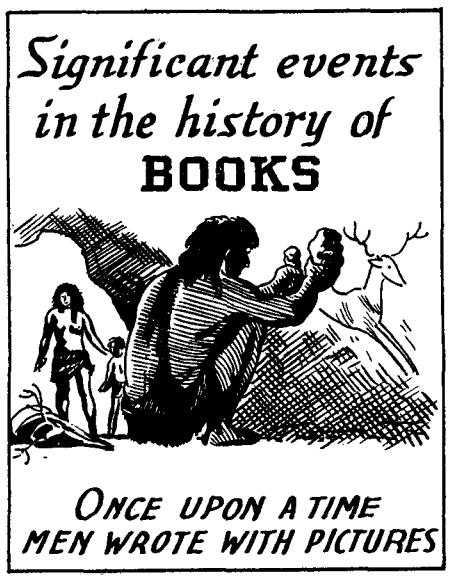
The Modern Library went under new management in 1925, and began to develop in a more positive direction. The books became more attractive in appearance; enthusiastic promotion was put behind them; the editorial policy, while maintaining its standards as to the contemporary authors selected for inclusion, took a broader attitude about the word "modern," and reached back as far as Homer. They now list some two hundred titles, including fourteen "Giants," which are special bargains like "War and Peace" and the complete novels of Jane Austen in large dollar volumes.

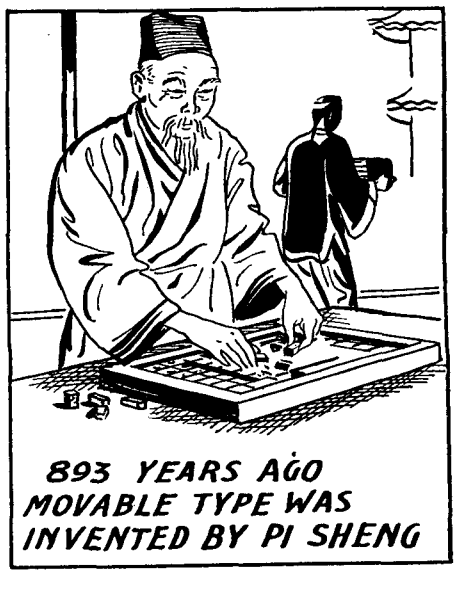
It was not long after the establishment of the modern library that the older fiction houses saw the value of the (comparatively) highbrow reprint market. Grosset and Dunlap began the Novels of Distinction at a dollar a volume, the distinction being that the Kathleen Norrises and Edgar Wallaces, staples of the reprint series theretofore, continued to sell at 75 cents. The Novels of Distinction include such authors as Sinclair Lewis, Willa Cather, Ernest Hemingway, Hugh Walpole, Arnold Bennett, Somerset Maugham, John Galsworthy.

The first of the non-fiction reprint series was The Star Dollar Books, started in 1925 by The Garden City Publishing Company, an affiliate of Doubleday, Doran (then Doubleday, Page). This new departure, like the Modern Library at first, was treated somewhat like a stepchild: the books were given dull uniform jackets of vertical stripes, and sent out under the not very inspired slogan: "Star Books are the type of books that make the home." They went sufficiently well, however, so that in 1927 the sponsors began paying more attention to them; gave them individual picture jackets and later put them in charge of a separate and energetic sales force, like Grosset's and Burt's, which got the books into the drug stores as well as the bookstores of the country. Those were the years when non-fiction sales records were being set by such books as "Revolt in the Desert," Ludwig's "Napoleon," and "The Story of Philosophy." Star Books, well equipped now to get the most out of the reprint market, grabbed off these books and many others. Constant mail-order advertising supplemented the retail distribution; titles were added, kept in print, or dropped, as they met their quotas; and business boomed.

So much so that a competing organization was inevitable, and it came in the shape of Blue Ribbon Books, a non-fiction reprint house which four existing publishers clubbed together to inaugurate and to supply with material. Blue Ribbon, following the path of Star Dollar, was comparably successful with such titles as "Microbe Hunters," "Mother India," and "Why We Behave Like Human Beings." But Blue Ribbon, not content even with a good reprint list, had some bright ideas in the shape of Pop-Ups and Rainbow Books which made a real contribution to juvenile reprinting. The Pop-Ups ("Cinderella," "Mickey Mouse," "Pinocchio," and others) included cut-out cardboard illustrations which automatically rose into a third dimension when the books were opened. The Rainbows had a new process for colored pictures. Partly owing to Blue Ribbon's originality and enterprise, you can find very handsome children's books at low prices in several of the reprint lists. . . . And in the standard field, the stimulation of Star, Blue Ribbon, and Modern Library undoubtedly contributed to the further development and promotion of the older series like Everyman's.

In hitting the high spots of the reprint lists we must mention the excellent World's Classics (Oxford) at 80 cents a volume, which include many standard titles and some good ones you won't find elsewhere; and we must also mention the latest developments in the reprint field. One of these is that the fiction-non-fiction distinction has been broken down; Grosset has a "Non-Fiction of Distinction" list, and Garden City has added dollar novels. Of course, Modern Library, World's Classics, and Everyman's have long included both. Another, and very recent, development is in the direction of reprints at higher prices than a dollar. Norton started the handsome White Oak Library less than a year ago, to include distinguished books which might or might not have had a large original sale, but for which there is a permanent demand: such books as Mumford's "The Golden Day," Santayana's "Character and Opinion in the United States," and Sullivan's "Autobiography of an Idea." These are reissued at two dollars. And the latest of all the reprint events are the Garden City Specials, an enterprise commencing with eight books (Roget's "Thesaurus," Mather's "Modern Painting," Durant's "Mansions of Philosophy," etc.), too special in appeal or too expensive to produce for the dollar price. Several of them are lavishly illustrated; and the prices range from $1.26 to $1.89. These prices may remind you of the drug-store remainder counter, and there is no doubt that if successful, the G. C. Specials will cut into the remainder market—may even help to make remainders unnecessary.





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Terry and Kelly Sales

PART II of the library of the late Rev. Dr. Roderick Terry of Newport, R. I., will be sold at auction November 7th and 8th at the American Art Association—Anderson Galleries, it has just been announced. Two weeks earlier, on October 24th and 25th, the Thomas F. Kelly library, including, in addition to general literature and standard sets, a collection of works pertaining to Ireland, will be dispersed at the galleries. The three Terry sessions will be watched with particular interest on both sides of the Atlantic as an indication of price trends in the field of definitive rarities. The dispersal of Part I of the Terry collection last May was the most significant event in American auction history since the Lothian sale of January, 1932.

The fourth recorded example of the edition of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" printed in English at Darmstadt in 1772 "for a Friend of the Vicar" is offered at £35 in Catalogue 51 recently issued by William H. Robinson, Ltd., of 16 and 17 Pall Mall, London. The edition owes its sentimental interest to the fact that the "Friend of the Vicar" was Goethe, for whose enjoyment Johann Heinrich Merck, who later printed "Goetz von Berlichingen," published it privately for distribution among a small circle of intimates. The three other known copies are in German public collections.

Nothing imparts quite so brilliant a lustre of desirability to an item listed in a bookseller's catalogue as the anticlimactic notation "Sold" following its description. Thereby the acquisitive instinct is stirred to its depths, which are profound indeed (and the seat, admittedly, of man's least noble but most assertive emotions). Forthwith the catalogue reader takes position alongside Tantalus, bobbing for centrifugal pomegranates, but even Tantalus was not afflicted with the consuming necessity of knowing who owned them and how much they had cost. These considerations aside (though they are highly resistant to aside-pushing), it is heartening to note the comparative frequency with which "Sold" is appearing in the new fall catalogues.

It Is Written

When you buy a new book, it is not likely to have any writing on the flyleaf. (I suppose the thing has happened, because far less probable repositories of scribblement are of authentic record—many a householder at Thanksgiving time has extracted soggy communications from the interior of a turkey, and names and addresses laboriously limned on eggshells have set wedding-bells to ringing.) But one of your first acts, after acquiring a new book, may well be the inditing of an inscription, either to establish your equity in it or to proclaim yourself as its bestower on an identified or unidentified beneficiary. With few exceptions (such as critical comment, market lists, recipes for muffins, and idle pencillings of the telephone-booth and restaurant-tablecloth school), flyleaf inscriptions denote either ownership or donorship.

You present the book, and the recipient, unendowed with those nuances of taste which governed your selection, stares your gift-horse in the mouth and pastures it in an inaccessible recess on his shelves. The cavalcade of the years sweeps by; your gift becomes a sought-for first edition (it was "Sister Carrie," or "The Virginian," or "The Single Hound," or "My Antonia"); your depraved acquaintance projects an indefinite stay in Algeria, and his bookshelves are emptied into the market-place, whether bookshop or auction room makes no matter. Your offering of an earlier day—unread, unfingered, firm, intact—is duly catalogued: "As fresh as when issued. Beautiful copy save for contemporary inscription on flyleaf."*

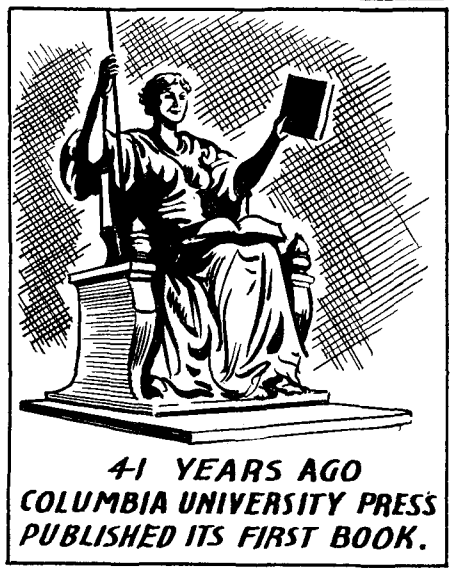
The conviction has grown upon me as season has followed season that the convention of the deleterious inscription is the most illogical crotchet in the canon of book-collecting. Is it anything more than a survival that persists in the face of rationality, like the buttons on a man's jacket sleeves? Precisely wherein consist its potentialities for harm? I confess I am still sufficiently in thrall to this perduring whim that I would not have Alfred Goldsmith or Ernest Dawson swarm over Long Island or Long Beach respectively in search of a flyleaf maculate with "To Wilbur from Aunt Hattie Xmas 1894." But if the inscription already blazons a vendible volume, then *stet*, and not to Aunt Hattie's or the book's hurt.

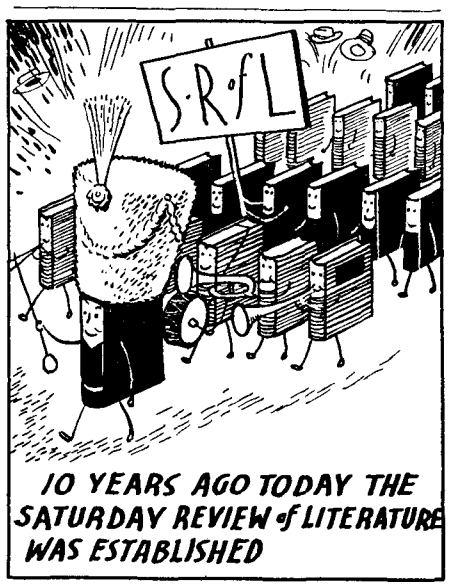
The casual inscription often has a bibliographic value for which the scientific investigator is grateful. If the just-cited bestowal to Wilbur carries an 1895 date on the title, the student may be sure that Aunt Hattie acquired a reasonably early copy; her handiwork may thus become a *point d'appui* for further research.

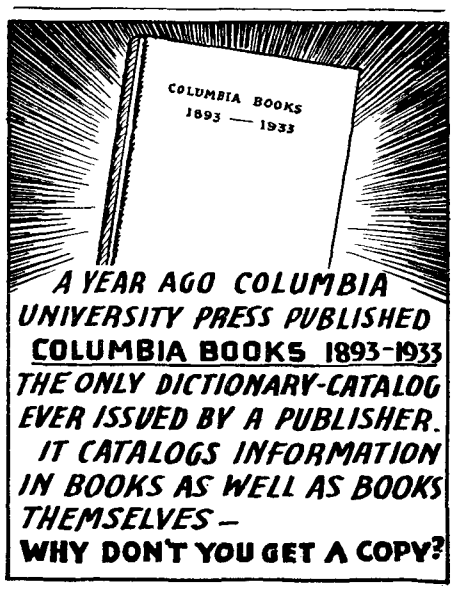
The apparently irrelevant inscription, moreover, may prove to be highly relevant. A presentation Emerson was picked up for a few cents on Fifty-ninth Street not many years ago because the bookseller blandly passed over a flyleaf inscription signed "RWE." A superb copy of Hearn's "Some Chinese Ghosts," described by the auction house that offered it as having "writing on flyleaf," went to an astute collector who recognized the signature as that of one of Hearn's most devoted friends and adherents in New Orleans—a man named in half-a-dozen biographies. A copy of one of the commoner condensed texts which Dickens used for his readings does not lose in sentimental value from having the inscription "Heard Mr. D. give this in Birmingham Thursday night. Was greatly disappointed" even if the signer was a nonentity. Authentic presentation copies wherein recipients and not givers have set down provenances abound, but unless the recipient were himself a man of parts (sometimes, of course, he has been a more-parted person than the giver), both bookseller and collector, grown hypercynical, make little of the fact.

JOHN T. WINTERICH.

* This assumes that your signature, at least on a flyleaf, is quotable at zero.







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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Old Quercus greets this Tenth Anniversary in excellent spirits. There's a lot going on in the book business that pleases him enormously. ☞For instance Mr. W. W. Norton is celebrating his own 10th year by adding Santayana's *Character and Opinion in the United States* to the White Oak reprints. ($2) ☞Since January 1922, when we first read this book, we have been Uncouth Swain for it and have touched the tender stops of various quills in its honor. ☞Farrar & Rinehart have a 5th Anniversary this season: they frolic it by using the good old word *queans* in their catalogue; a grand word, it makes Q. feel young again. F. & R. use it in describing the ladies in Mark Hellinger's book—Mr. Hellinger being the latest writer to be described as "the inheritor of the genius of O. Henry." ☞We repeat, mystery readers must not miss Rex Stout's *Fer de Lance*. ☞F. & R. are starting a series of pamphlets on economic problems. ☞Another good friend, the Gotham Book Mart, is having a 15th Anniversary and Miss Steloff announces a Quindecennial Sale, with unusual values, beginning mid-October. ☞Everybody seems to be celebrating something: Chris Cella, the effervescent innkeeper on East 45th Street, has invented a new cocktail in honor of Archie Binns's *Lightship*. ☞The ingredients of a *Lightship*: one part cognac, one part Bacardi and Jamaica, one part gin, one part Amer Picon and Italian Vermouth. ☞Our illustration this week shows how Ike Mendoza, the Ann Street

bibliophile, spent his vacation at his farm up-state.

☞Poor Old Quercus is shaped more like a Mae West spinnaker than he was ten years ago but still full of curiosity about all details of the book trade, the best fun known to man. ☞The Argosy Bookshop has sailed uptown to 114 East 59 Street. Rey Biemiller, one of our alert fuglemen, says Argosy has a delightful collection of 300 walking-sticks for sale—they caused Rey to reread Mr. Holliday's good book *Walking Stick Papers*, which we'd like to see back in print. ☞The sticks are from the collection of the late Mr. Warren Crane. "Argosy," writes R. B., "confess they know little about canes as collectors' items but would be happy to find someone to empty the barrels and boxes from which they now bristle." ☞Duttons, 681 Fifth Ave., will show (Oct. 8-20) an exhibition of woodcuts by Henry R. Diamond, an artist whose talent we have often admired; this show is specially recommended to interest lovers of Long Island scenes. ☞Henry Ford put up a memorial to Old Man McGuffey (of the Readers) at Washington, Pa. ☞But has Henry read anything else since the Readers? ☞It was a happy thought of Little, Brown & Co. to bind A. Edward Newton's new book (*Derby Day and Other Adventures*) in a black and white check exactly similar to Mr. Newton's famous check suits. ☞Speaking of that, we like very much Harriet Shoen's *Let's Make a Book* (Macmillan, 75c), an inspiration for children on rainy days. It tells simply and alluringly how to fold and sew together all kinds of books—from a simple scrapalbum to an actual volume. ☞Old Quercus applauds the nomination of Bob Moses as candidate for Governor. Old Q. has followed Mr. Moses's career ever since Bob was an enfant terrible among the American students at Oxford. ☞But just one question: in fixing up Bryant Park, where has Mr. Moses put the good old bust of Washington Irving? ☞Every time we pass the Greenwich Savings Bank at Broadway and 36 we think it is going to burst into poetry. The inscription begins:—

Some go their heedless way
Among the passers by

and then it continues in disappointing prose. We go on up the street chanting

But prices still are high
And taxes hard to pay.

⁂

☞Nicholas Murray Butler said lately that he fears people don't read Shakespeare any more. We disagree. We believe that—partly due to improvement in college methods of teaching—he is more read than he ever was. ☞Only the other day Quercus was shown a private letter written by a publisher on vacation to a group of friends. Three times in the course of his letter he referred to his great excitement in rediscovering the plays themselves and rereading the two little books on Shakespeare by John Masefield and Pearsall Smith. ☞Nothing is more interesting than to learn what a publisher reads when he doesn't have to, so we quote this letter—wondering if you can guess which of the New York publishers it is:—

> For years I had wanted to read P. G. Wodehouse, and here was my big moment. I began with *Summer Lightning* and found it hilarious. I had missed reading *The History of Mr. Polly* in my youth; being still an unrepentant Wellsian I enjoyed it immensely. Then I revelled in Mark Twain and Sherlock Holmes—golden hours when time stood still. Then some Shakespeare: *Macbeth* and *Julius Cæsar* and *Timon of Athens* I found indescribably exciting. To read a play right through at one sitting for sheer breathless adventure of the mind is an experience few of us find time to enjoy. Now I find myself making a habit of it. Like Logan Pearsall Smith you will find me "babbling my adoration." The right sort of Shakespearean criticism—Brandes, Coleridge, Frank Harris, Masefield, Pearsall Smith—catapults you right back to Shakespeare himself.

☞Bravo! ☞We are often puzzled by some publishers who regard reading as a chore and have no real passion for books at all. Why didn't they go into the liverwurst business?

⁂

Another good news: the Oxford Press has added Edmund Gosse's superb *Father and Son* to the grand old World's Classics series. O. U. P. make the excellent comment that this book is the counterpart in actual life of *The Way of All Flesh* in fiction. Both those books ought to be read by every college student capable of meditation. Goodspeed's Book Shop (7 Ashburton Place, Boston) offers ($50) the Latin Dictionary used in school by Henry Adams, with some characteristic youthful memoranda. Also an alluring list of Dollar Firsts. Quercus looks forward to seeing *The Smart Set Anthology*, dipped by Burton Rascoe and Groff Conklin from the old *S. S.* magazine—which Reynal & Hitchcock describe as "a literary bombshell thrown among the dimity convictions of the age" (meaning of course the age of the old *Smart Set* heyday—say 1910 to 1920). It amuses us to reflect that in 1950 people will be thinking of 1930-35 as an Age of Dimity. ☞Nunc dimity. . . .

College Library Prizes

By E. S. McCAWLEY

President of the American Booksellers' Association.

IN the chapter "On Forming a Library" in his book "End Papers," A. Edward Newton tells how the first annual award for the best undergraduate library came to be made at Swarthmore four years ago, and how its continuation was assured.

Other colleges have been inspired by this example: Smith, Wellesley, and University of California at Los Angeles among them. During the past summer the Joint Board of Publishers and Booksellers has taken considerable interest in the idea and has now appointed a special committee composed of Henry Hoyns, Eugene Reynal, and the writer of this article to investigate what has been done and to put these facts before booksellers, publishers, and educational institutions in order to direct wider attention to the building of libraries by students during their undergraduate years.

In the spirit in which Mr. Newton established his prize, the Joint Board states that it is not the purpose of the members of the committee to suggest stereotyped collecting of the classics on the part of entrants into such contests; rather it is their hope that there will be a decided evidence of personal taste in the collection. Specialization along definite lines would natually be expected.

In attempting to suggest some standards of practice in holding such contests in various institutions we might assume certain fundamental points:

That the purpose of the prize is to foster an interest in good books.

That the personal library should have as its nucleus books of a general cultural nature, and that a weighted factor be allowed for a special interest.

That the books must be the bona fide property of the contestant, and that evidence must be presented that they have been read with pleasure and profit.

That three judges be appointed by the president of the college and the head of the Department of English.

The money value of the collection should not be a weighted factor in the final judging, otherwise the real book lover of modest means is penalized at the start. The deciding factor should be the enthusiasm and intelligence in the choice of subject matter as evidenced by personal interviews.

The Joint Board feels that there might even be a sufficient response from schools and colleges throughout the country so that a national award might be made for the best undergraduate library selected from the winners of local or sectional awards by a committee of judges. There would be unquestioned public interest in a composite list of several hundred books representative of the taste and interest of college men and women in America.

The Joint Board urges booksellers in college towns to call the attention of college teachers and librarians to the plan.

For general information the usual prize offered is $50 in books.

Speaking as President of the American Booksellers' Association and a member of the Joint Board of Publishers and Booksellers, I feel that in promotional efforts of this nature lies a real progress for booksellers and publishers in gaining life-long friends for both branches of the industry, as well as a purely altruistic effort to widen cultural and literary horizons for the men and women of America during their college years.

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Romance and Adventure

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
MAN LOST *Arthur Stringer* (Bobbs-Merrill: $2.)	Adventure	Steve and Diana search the Labrador wilderness for her missing brother and find love.	Open Spaces
CAP'N ALF'S LOG *Edith Austin Holton* (Crowell: $2.)	Romance	The lady goes after Joe Lincoln's laurels in a pleasant time-killer.	Cape Cod
YOUNG WOMAN *Carmen D. Barnes* (Kendall: $2.)	Light Novel	"Schoolgirl" grows up, in case anyone's interested.	NG
SALT OF THE SEA *"Sinbad"* (Lippincott: $2.50.)	Adventure	Adventure in every sense of the word, this yarn is about the exploits of Red Saunders, giant red-headed master of the South Seas schooner *Black Pearl*. Recommended.	See title
THREE LOVES *Alice Ross Colver* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Love story	Larry heads for the picturesque sticks for leisure in which to paint. Ensues assortment of feminine troubles with clinch ending.	Ice Cream Soda

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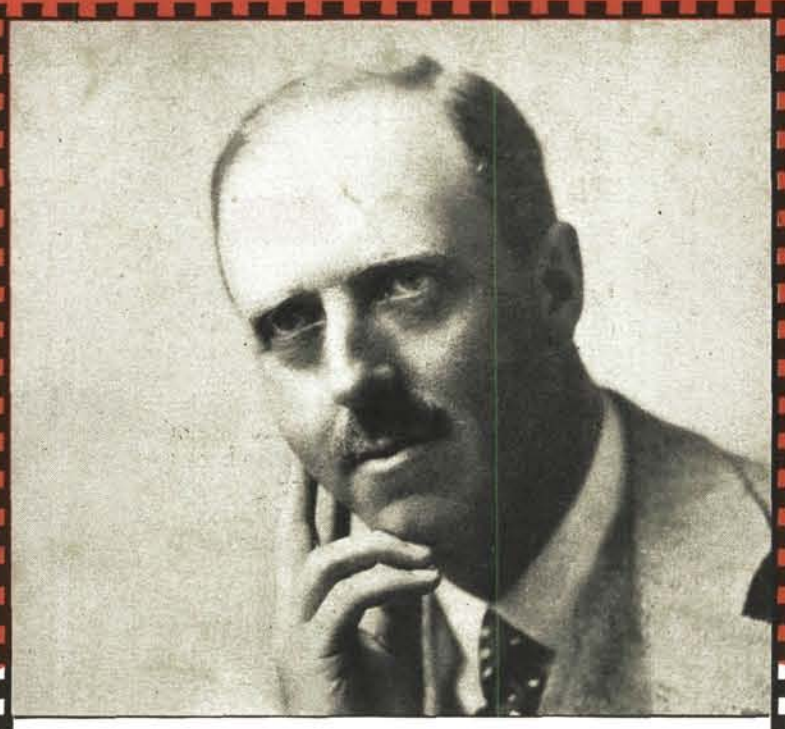

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